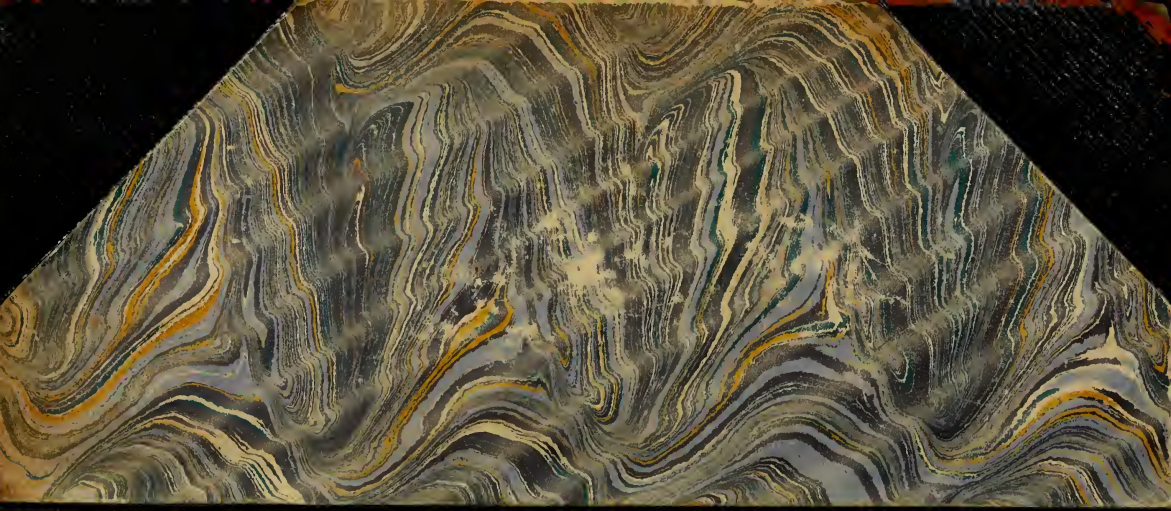

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-SEVENTH.

LONDON:

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THE

SIXTY-SEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS;

CONTAINING

CchurchILL and FALCONER.

THE

POEMS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

GOTHAM.

IN

THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether *Eaſt* or *Weſt*,
A real country, or one made in jeſt)
Nor yet by modern Mandevilles diſgrac'd,
Nor by *Map-jobbers* wretchedly miſplac'd,
There lies an *Iſland*, neither great nor ſmall,
Which, for diſtinction-ſake, I GOTHAM call.

The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
A Goſpel title, tho' the people there
The pious Chriſtian thinks not worth his care.
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the *Weſtern World*.

Caſt by a tempeſt on the ſavage coaſt,
Some roving buccaneer ſet up a poſt;
A beam in proper form tranſverſely laid,
Of his Redeemer's Croſs the figure made,

Of that Redeemer, with whoſe laws his life,
From firſt to laſt, had been one ſcene of ſtrife;
His royal maſter's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more proceſs, the whole race enſlav'd,
Cut off that Charter they from Nature drew,
And made them ſlaves to men they never knew.
Search ancient hiſtories, conſult records,
Under this title the moſt Chriſtian Lords
Hold (thanks to conſcience) more than half the ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any Monarch dare,
Who liv'd to Truth, and breath'd a Chriſtian air,
Pretend that Chriſt (who came, we all agree,
To bleſs his people, and to ſet them free)
To make a convert ever one law gave,
By which converters made him firſt a ſlave.
Spite of the gloſſes of a canting Prieſt,
Who talks of charity, but means a feaſt;
Who recommends it (whilſt he ſeems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them heaven, whom they have robb'd of earth,
Never ſhall one, one truly honeſt man,
Who, bleſt with Liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a ſavage ſire
Could from his wretched race, for childiſh hire,
By a wild grant, their All, their Freedom paſs,
And ſell his Country for a bit of glaſs.
Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and France,
In ſlav'ry bred, as purchaſers advance,

Let

Let them, whilſt Conſcience is at diſtance hurl'd,
With ſome gay bawble buy a golden world;
An Engliſhman, in *charter'd* Freedom born,
Shall ſpurn the ſlaviſh merchandize, ſhall ſcorn
To take from others, thro' baſe private views,
What he himſelf would rather die, than loſe.
Happy the ſavage of thoſe *early* times
Ere Europe's ſons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, curſed gold! ſlept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its miſchiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the trueſt wealth;
In toil he found diverſion, food, and health;
Stranger to eaſe and luxury of Courts,
His ſports were labours, and his labours ſports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve ſerene;
No rules he held, but what were made for uſe;
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
Falſe lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.
Happy, thrice happy *now* the ſavage race,
Since Europe took their *gold*, and gave them *grace!*
Paſtors ſhe ſends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And on ſure grounds the Goſpel pile to rear,
Sends *miſſionary* felons ev'ry year;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;
Her rank oppreſſions give them cauſe to riſe,
Her want of prudence means, and arms ſupplies,

Whilſt her brave rage, not ſatisfied with life,
Riſing in blood, adopts the *ſcalping-knife*;
Knowledge ſhe gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their ſtate, how deep their woe;
The worth of Freedom ſtrongly ſhe explains,
Whilſt ſhe bows down, and loads their necks with chains;
Faith too ſhe plants, for her own ends impreſt,
To make them bear the worſt, and hope the beſt;
And whilſt ſhe teaches on vile Int'reſt's plan,
As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
Like Phariſees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the ſons of Hell.
But whither do theſe grave reflections tend?
Are they deſign'd for any, or no end?
Briefly but this—To prove, that by no act
Which Nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt man and man, which might, if Juſtice heard,
Stand good, that by no benefits conferr'd
Or purchaſe made, Europe in chains can hold
The ſons of India, and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accurſed hour,
She ſaw, and made the country her's by pow'r;
Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my raſh folly controvert the claim,
Or wiſh in thought that title overthrown,
Which coincides with, and involves my own.
Europe diſcover'd India firſt; I found
My right to Gotham on the ſelf-ſame ground:
I firſt diſcover'd it, nor ſhall that plea
To her be granted, and denied to me.

I plead

I plead poſſeſſion, and 'till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that poſſeſſion hold:
With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine;
Her's be the Weſtern world, be Gotham *mine*.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let ev'ry inſtrument of muſic play,
Ancient and *modern*; thoſe which drew their birth
(Punctilios laid aſide) from *Pagan* earth,
As well as thoſe by *Chriſtian* made and *Jew*;
Thoſe known to many, and thoſe known to few;
Thoſe which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And thoſe which ſwell the flow and ſolemn note;
Thoſe which (whilſt Reaſon ſtands in wonder by)
Make ſome *complexions* laugh and others cry;
Thoſe which by ſome ſtrange faculty of ſound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground;
Thoſe which can tear up foreſts by the roots,
And make brutes dance like men, and men like brutes;
Thoſe which whilſt Ridicule leads up the dance,
Make clowns of Monmouth ape the ſops of France;
Thoſe which, where *Lady* Dullneſs with *Lord* Mayors
Preſides, diſdaining light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feaſt with *Pſalmody*; and thoſe
Which, planted in our churches to diſpoſe

And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd
With what a foppish organist calls *Taste:*
All, from the fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
The pert son of dull sire, discharg'd from school,
Serves an apprenticeship in College ease,
And rises thro' the *gamut* to degrees)
To those which (tho' less common, not less sweet)
From fam'd *Saint Giles*'s, and more fam'd *Vine-street*,
(Where Heav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
Gave me an old house, and an older aunt)
Thornton, whilst Humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an Ode *;
All instruments (attend ye list'ning spheres,
Attend ye sons of men, and hear with ears)
All instruments (nor shall they seek one hand
Impress from *modern* Music's *coxcomb* band)
All instruments, *self-acted*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises; whilst *gay* Nature, in a robe,
A *coxcomb Doctor's robe*, to the full sound
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

* A burlesque Ode on St. Cecilia's day, by Bonnel Thornton, performed at Ranelagh.

Infancy,

Infancy, ſtraining backward from the breaſt,
Techy and wayward, what he loveth beſt
Refuſing in his fits, whilſt all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a ſmile,
And the fond father ſits on t' other ſide,
Laughs at his moods, and views his ſpleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilſt at his hand
Nurſe ſtands interpreter, thro' Gotham's land.

Childhood, who like an *April* morn appears,
Sunſhine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd by ſtarts, in paſſion warm,
In reaſon weak; who, wrought into a ſtorm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon ſpends his rage, and cries himſelf aſleep;
Who, with a fev'riſh appetite oppreſs'd,
For trifles ſighs, but hates them when poſſeſs'd;
His trembling laſh ſuſpended in the air,
Half-bent, and ſtroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, inſolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a caſt
Of dear regard looks back on Childhood paſt,
In the *mid-chaſe*, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick ſpirits mount into his eye,
When pleaſure, which he deems his greateſt wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,
When the chaf'd ſteed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he ſtarts, hath run o'er half the plain,

When,

When, wing'd with fear, the ſtag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds purſue,
Shall ſhout my praiſe to hills which ſhout again,
And e'en the *huntſman* ſtop to cry *Amen.*

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Tho' worlds ſhould crack around him; on his brow
Wiſdom ſerene, to paſſion giving law,
Beſpeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildneſs wrought;
Courage attemper'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue ſupreme enthron'd; within his breaſt
The image of his Maker deep impreſs'd;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reaſon bleſs'd, and only leſs than God;
Manhood, tho' weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Tho' Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
Tho' cloth'd with ſackcloth, Juſtice in the gates,
By wicked Elders chain'd, redemption waits,
Manhood ſhall ſteal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.

Old Age, a *ſecond child*, by Nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the firſt,
Weak, ſickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with ſage and ſolemn air,
From day to day, without one day to ſpare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tireſome to friends, and tireſome to himſelf;
His faculties impair'd, his temper ſour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd

E'en

E'en with the acting on his ſhatter'd brain,
Tho' the falſe regiſters of youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praiſe
Of thoſe rare men who liv'd in thoſe rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young;
Dull repetitions falt'ring on his tongue,
Praiſing grey hairs, ſure mark of Wiſdom's ſway,
E'en whilſt he curſes time which made him gray;
Scoffing at youth, e'en whilſt he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth reſtor'd;
Shall for a moment, from himſelf ſet free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praiſe to me.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Things without life ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
The *Snow-drop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the *herald* of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb *Crocus*, flow'r of ſimple note,
Who by her ſide ſtruts in a *herald*'s coat;
The *Tulip*, idly glaring to the view,
Who, tho' no clown, his birth from Holland drew,
Who, once full dreſs'd, fears from his place to ſtir,
The fop of flow'rs, the More of a parterre;
The *Wood-bine*, who her *Elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in ſurrounding ſweets;

The

The *Lily*, ſilver miſtreſs of the vale;
The *Roſe* of Sharon which perfumes the gale;
The *Jeſſamine*, with which the Queen of Flow'rs
To charm her God adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatneſs dreſt,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breaſt,
Sweet as the incenſe of the morn, and chaſte
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waiſt;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the ſun into ſtrength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *Daiſy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it ſprings,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly ruſhing to the ſun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aſpiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Light up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Forming a gloom, thro' which to ſpleen-ſtruck minds
Religion, horror-ſtamp'd, a paſſage finds,
The *Ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where ſome old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *Myrtle* ever-green,
Beneath whoſe ſhade Love holds his rites unſeen;

The

The *Willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a wat'ry grave;
The *Cypreſs* ſacred held, when lovers mourn
Their true love ſnatch'd away; the *Laurel* worn
By Poets in old time, but deſtin'd now
In grief to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The *Fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itſelf a grove, gave our firſt parents cloaths;
The *Vine*, which, like a bluſhing new-made bride,
Cluſt'ring, empurples all the mountain's ſide;
The *Yew*, which, in the place of ſculptur'd ſtone,
Marks out the reſting-place of men unknown;
The hedge-row *Elm*, the *Pine* of mountain race,
The *Fir*, the Scotch *Fir*, never out of place;
The *Cedar*, whoſe top mates the higheſt cloud,
Whilſt his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of ſuch a child, and his vaſt body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial ſhade;
The *Oak*, when living, monarch of the wood;
The Engliſh *Oak*, which, dead, commands the flood;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Show'rs* which make the young hills, like young lambs,
Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy,

Unwieldy, jump for joy; the *Streams* which glide,
Whilſt Plenty marches ſmiling by their ſide,
And from their boſom riſing Commerce ſprings;
The *Winds* which riſe with healing on their wings,
Before whoſe cleanſing breath contagion flies;
The *Sun*, who, travelling in eaſtern ſkies,
Freſh, full of ſtrength, juſt riſen from his bed,
Tho' in Jove's paſtures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can ſcarce make his ſteeds ſtir,
Step by ſtep, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for reſt,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the weſt,
As faſt as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's ſin,
Drove for a crown, or *poſt-boys* for an inn;
The *Moon*, who holds o'er night her ſilver reign,
Regent of tides, and miſtreſs of the brain,
Who to her ſons, thoſe ſons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madneſs as a bleſſing, but diſpenſes
Wiſdom to fools, and damns them with their ſenſes;
The *Stars*, who, by I know not what ſtrange right,
Preſide o'er mortals in their own deſpite,
Who without reaſon govern thoſe, who moſt
(How truly, judge from thence!) of reaſon boaſt,
And, by ſome mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,

The

The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
The *Moment*, *Minute*, *Hour*, *Day*, *Week*, *Month*, *Year*,
Morning and *Eve*, as they in turn appear;
Moments and *Minutes* which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by Parliaments to be reſtor'd;
The *Hours*, which dreſt by turns in black and white,
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
The *Day*, thoſe hours I mean when light preſides,
And Buſineſs in a cart with Prudence rides;
The *Night*, thoſe hours I mean with darkneſs hung,
When Senſe ſpeaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;
The *Morn*, when Nature, rouſing from her ſtrife
With death-like Sleep, awakes to ſecond life;
The *Eve*, when, as unequal to the taſk,
She mercy from her foe deſcends to aſk;
The *Week*, in which ſix days are kindly given
To think of earth, and one to think of heaven;
The *Months*, twelve ſiſters all of different hue,
Tho' there appears in all a likeneſs too;
Not ſuch a likeneſs, as, thro' Hayman's works,
Dull manneriſt, in Chriſtians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a ſameneſs in each female face,
But a ſtrange ſomething, born of Art and Grace,
Which ſpeaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At diff'rent times of the ſame parents born;

All,

All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Frore January, leader of the Year,
Minc'd-pies in van, and *calves-heads* in the rear;
Dull February, in whoſe leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain;
March various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd cheeks,
By wilder Welch-men led, and crown'd with leeks!
April with fools, and May with baſtards bleſt;
June with white roſes on her rebel breaſt;
July, to whom, the Dog-ſtar in her train,
Saint James gives oyſters, and *Saint* Swithin rain;
Auguſt, who, baniſh'd from her *Smithfield* ſtand,
To *Chelſea* flies, with Dogget in her hand *;
September, when by cuſtom (right divine)
Geeſe are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's ſhrine,
Whilſt the Prieſt, not ſo full of grace as wit,
Falls to, unbleſs'd, nor gives the Saint a bit;
October, who the cauſe of Freedom join'd,
And gave a *ſecond* George to bleſs mankind;

* Dogget the celebrated Comedian's Badge, rowed for on the firſt of Auguſt.

November,

November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boasts, and our Augusta's * birth;
December, last of months, but best, who gave
A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,
Whilst, falsely grateful, Man, at the full feast,
To do God honour, makes himself a beast;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The *Seasons* as they roll; Spring, by her side
Letch'ry and *Lent*, *Lay-Folly*, and *Church-Pride*,
By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of *fainted salt-fish* on her head;
Summer, in light, transparent gawze array'd,
Like Maids of Honour at a masquerade,
In bawdry gawze, for which our daughters leave
The Fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, enflam'd with lustful fires,
Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet;
Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,

* Princess Dowager of Wales.

Makes up in value what ſhe wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her ſtrength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection riſe,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without Exciſe;
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, ſince furs became *our own*;
A hag, who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloath'd,
Vile Faction at her heels, who mighty grown,
Would rule the Ruler, and *foreclose* the throne,
Would turn all State-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them ſlaves by fraud;
All, one and all, ſhall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?

The *Year*, grand circle, in whoſe ample round
The ſeaſons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his courſe repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the ſame things which he had ſeen before;
The ſame *ſtars* keep their watch, and the ſame ſun
Runs in the track where he from firſt hath run;
The ſame moon rules the night; tides ebb and flow;
Man is a puppet, and this world a ſhow;

Their

Their old dull follies old dull fools purſue,
And vice in nothing but in mode is new;
He ——— a Lord (now fair befall that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a Lord he died)
Daſhwood is *pious*, Berkeley *fix'd as fate* *,
Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) firſt Miniſter of State;
And, tho' by *fools* deſpis'd, by *ſaints* unbleſs'd,
By *friends* neglected, and by *foes* oppreſs'd,
Scorning the ſervile arts of each *court elf*,
Founded on Honour, Wilkes is ſtill *himſelf*)
The *Year*, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praiſe, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladneſs, and on ev'ry tongue,
In ſtrains of gratitude, be praiſes hung,
The praiſes of ſo great and good a King;
Shall Churchill reign, and ſhall not Gotham ſing?
Thus far in ſport—nor let our critics hence,
Who ſell out monthly traſh, and call it Senſe,
Too lightly of our preſent labours deem,
Or judge at random of ſo high a theme;
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the ſharpeſt ſtroke of Satire's pen;

* A phraſe uſed by Lord Bottetourt, then Norborne Berkeley, in an addreſs to his electors.

But when kind time a proper ſeaſon brings,
In ſerious mood to treat of ſerious things,
Then ſhall they find, diſdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.
Thus far in ſport—nor let half patriots, thoſe
Who ſhrink from ev'ry blaſt of pow'r which blows;
Who with tame cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to ſpeak their own;
Who, (leſt bold truths, to do ſage Prudence ſpite,
Should burſt the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to truſt themſelves one hour in ſleep)
Condemn our courſe, and hold our caution cheap.
When brave occaſion bids, for ſome great end
When Honour calls the Poet as a friend,
Then ſhall they find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to ſpeak, what they ſcarce dare to think.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK II.

HOW much miſtaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without reſtraint, may drink,
May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burſt,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirſt,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beſide whoſe ſtreams the Muſes love to dwell!
Verſe is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilſt, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, Muſic comes of courſe.
Little do ſuch men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digeſt,
To cull fit phraſes, and reject the reſt;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her ſports; when Wit ſhould ſpeak,
And when be ſilent; when to uſe the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waſte their ſweetneſs in the deſart air;
To form (which few can do, and ſcarcely one,
One Critic in an age can find, when done)

To form a plan, to ſtrike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture ſhine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy Rime
Renounce her follies, and with Senſe keep time;
To make proud Senſe againſt her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rime, yet call her friend.
Some fops there are, among the ſcribbling tribe,
Who make it all their buſineſs to *deſcribe*,
No matter whether in, or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull *Propriety* in ſtate preſide
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide,
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of thoſe tame drudges, *Judgment*, *Taſte*, and *Senſe*,
Nor would forgive herſelf the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *Perſon*, *Place*, and *Time*.
Let *liquid* gold emblaze the ſun at noon,
With *borrow'd* beams let ſilver *pale* the moon,
Let ſurges *hoarſe* laſh the reſounding ſhore,
Let ſtreams *meander*, and let torrents *roar*,
Let them breed up the *melancholy* breeze
To *ſigh with ſighing*, *ſob with ſobbing trees*,
Let vales *embroid'ry* wear, let flow'rs be *ting'd*
With various *tints*, let clouds be *lac'd* or *fring'd*,
They have their wiſh; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they ſigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the ſceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.

Others

Others there are, who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On Sense to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their course delay,
Nor for a moment step out of their way,
To make the barren road those graces wear,
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.
Vain men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of Man;
Who, bred 'mongst fogs in Academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robes of Learning with a sloven's air.
Tho' solid reas'ning arms each sterling line,
Tho' Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.
Sense, *mere, dull, formal* Sense, in this gay town
Must have some vehicle to pass her down,
Nor can she for an hour ensure her reign,
Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, thro' the streets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets,
Half who pass by are deaf, and t' other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver ſons of letter'd Pride,
Taking for once Experience as a guide,
Quit this grand error, this dull *College* mode;
Be your purſuits the ſame, but change the road;
Write, or at leaſt appear to write with eaſe,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to pleaſe.
In vain for ſuch miſtakes they pardon claim,
Becauſe they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
Thrice ſacred is that name, thrice bleſs'd the man
Who thinks, ſpeaks, writes, and lives on ſuch a plan!
This, in himſelf, himſelf of courſe muſt bleſs,
But cannot with the world promote ſucceſs.
He may be ſtrong, but, with effect to ſpeak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;
Plain, rigid truths, which ſaints with comfort bear,
Will make the ſinner tremble, and deſpair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which ſhe nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do thoſe miſtake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cauſe
They mean to help, whilſt with a zealot rage
They make that Goddeſs, whom they'd have engage
Our deareſt love, in hideous terror riſe!
Such may be honeſt, but they can't be wiſe.
In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too ſtrong for human ſight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker ſenſe,
Shuts herſelf up in darkneſs for defence.
But, to make ſtrong conviction deeper ſink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtleſs think,

Like

Like God made man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye.
In earnest most, when most she seems in jest,
She worms into, and winds around the breast;
To conquer Vice, of Vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.
The sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart,
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first
That, cursing that, themselves too they have curs'd;
They see not, 'till they fall into the snares,
Deluded into virtue unawares.
Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind
When pregnant horror sits, and broods o'er wind,
Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,
The patient to those manly sports, which bind
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rimes
In other lands, and *here*, in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the *midwife* Muse
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dews,
To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by just degrees led up to men;

Some

Some few, extremes well ſhunn'd, have ſteer'd between
Theſe dang'rous rocks, and held the golden mean:
Senſe in their works maintains her proper ſtate,
But never ſleeps, or labours with her weight;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from Senſe to run aſtray:
So nice the maſter's touch, ſo great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare;
Mutually giving and receiving aid,
They ſet each other off, like light and ſhade,
And, as by ſtealth, with ſo much ſoftneſs blend,
'Tis hard to ſay, where they begin or end:
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence;
Senſe perfects Grace, and Grace enlivens Senſe.

Peace to the men who theſe high honours claim,
Health to their ſouls, and to their mem'ries fame:
Be it my taſk, and no mean taſk, to teach
A rev'rence for that worth I cannot reach:
Let me at diſtance, with a ſteady eye,
Obſerve, and mark their paſſage to the ſky;
From envy free, applaud ſuch riſing worth,
And praiſe their heav'n, tho' pinion'd down to earth.

Had I the pow'r, I could not have the time,
Whilſt ſpirits flow, and Life is in her prime,
Without a ſin 'gainſt Pleaſure, to deſign
A plan, to methodize each thought, each line
Highly to finiſh, and make ev'ry grace,
In itſelf charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I ſeize the pen,

Rough

Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts ſet down,
Rough as they run, diſcharge them on the Town:
Hence rude, unfiniſh'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of Rime,
And the poor *flattern* Muſe is brought to bed
With all her imperfections on her head.
Some, as no life appears, no pulſes play
Through the dull dubious maſs, no breath makes way,
Doubt, greatly doubt, 'till for a glaſs they call,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all:
Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the ſex might well a midwife poſe,
Whether they ſhould baptize it, Verſe or Proſe.
E'en what my maſters pleaſe; Bards, mild, meek men,
In love to critics ſtumble now and then.
Something I do myſelf, and ſomething too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the ſmall compaſs of my careleſs page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where Maſon can feed one.
When Satire ſtoops, unmindful of her ſtate,
To praiſe the man I love, curſe him I hate;
When Senſe, in tides of paſſion borne along,
Sinking to proſe, degrades the name of ſong;
The Cenſor ſmiles, and, whilſt my credit bleeds,
With as high reliſh on the carrion feeds
As the *proud* Earl fed at a turtle feaſt,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worſe than beaſt,

Eat,

Eat, 'till his bowels guſh'd upon the floor,
Yet ſtill eat on, and dying call'd for more.
When *looſe* Digreſſion, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning *Connection*, and her formal yoke,
Bounds thro' the foreſt, wanders far aſtray
From the known path, and loves to loſe her way,
'Tis a full feaſt to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.
When *gay* Deſcription, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleaſure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heaven's freſh dew,
And like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, ſhe not one mark imprints,
Nor bruſhes off the dews, nor ſoils the tints;
When thus Deſcription ſports, e'en at the time
That drums ſhould beat, and cannons roar in rime,
Critics can live on ſuch a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.
Ye mighty *Monthly* Judges, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conſcious of the worth
Of my materials, which againſt your will
Oft you've confeſs'd, and ſhall confeſs it ſtill;
Materials rich tho' rude, enflam'd with thought,
Tho' more by Fancy than by Judgment wrought;
Take, uſe them as your own, a work begin,
Which ſuits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the critic loom, with critic art,
'Till thread on thread depending, part on part,

Colour

Colour with colour mingling, light with ſhade,
To your dull taſte a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swears it ſurpaſſes Rome, and rivals Greece.
Nor think this much, for at one ſingle word,
Soon as the mighty critic *Fiat*'s heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd!
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.
Me higher buſineſs calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
The good of man committed to my charge:
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careleſs of ſuch a truſt, theſe harmleſs lays
May Friendſhip envy, and may Folly praiſe;
The crown of Gotham may ſome Scot aſſume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.
O my poor people, O thou wretched earth,
To whoſe dear love, tho' not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my ſervice deeply ſworn,
How (by thy father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the beſt degree)
How muſt thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to ſcorn, thy mighty hand
Be ſhorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confeſs'd,
Bleſs'd in thyſelf, to make thy neighbours bleſs'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how muſt Freedom's pile,
The boaſt of ages, which adorns the iſle,

And

And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, ſecure from force and fraud!
How muſt that pile, by ancient wiſdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one ſhort moment into ruins fall,
Should any ſlip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or baſtard or legitimate, diſgrace
Thy royal ſeat of empire! But what care,
What ſorrow muſt be mine, what deep deſpair
And ſelf-reproaches, ſhould that hated line
Admittance gain thro' any fault of mine!
Curs'd be the cauſe whence Gotham's evils ſpring,
Tho' that curs'd cauſe be found in Gotham's King.

Let War, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horror ſtalk thro' Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her ſtately tow'rs
Sink in the duſt; that court which now is our's
Become a den, where beaſts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harveſts riſe, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thiſtles curſe the ground;
Dry in her thouſand vallies be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thouſand hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd, let tygers prowl for prey;
Where Juſtice lodges, let wild aſſes bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their neſt,
And on the ſails of Commerce bitterns reſt;
Be all, tho' princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;

Much

Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to chuſe, ſee Gotham's ruin'd ſtate
By ills on ills thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to ſee a Stuart wear a crown.
Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's hoſt,
Thoſe ſervants who their Maker know, who boaſt
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unqueſtion'd, their great Maſter's ſacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with deſtruction big, o'er Gotham ſweep;
Let rains ruſh down, 'till Faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the ſign of mercy in the ſky;
Let Peſtilence in all her horrors riſe;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blaſt my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulph let all my ſubjects ſink
Before my eyes, whilſt on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myſelf, but them, I'll kiſs the rod,
And, having own'd the juſtice of my God,
Myſelf with firmneſs to the ruin give,
And die with thoſe for whom I wiſh'd to live.
This (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his ſervant with ſuch ills as theſe)
This, or my ſoul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stuart race my Crown ſhould wear,
That Crown, where, highly cheriſh'd, Freedom ſhone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day ſun;
Born and bred ſlaves, that they, with proud miſ-rule,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at ſchool,

To

To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madneſs brought
By the dread viſion; at the mere ſurmiſe
The thronging ſpirits, as in tumult, riſe;
My heart, as for a paſſage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, diſtraction meets.
O my brave fellows, great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms
To high atchievements, can your ſpirits bend
Thro' baſe controul (ye never can deſcend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in Freedom's ſeat a Stuart reign?
If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
The tyranny and falſhood of thoſe Lords,
Contents you not, ſearch England's fair records;
England, where firſt the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham my beſt love is due;
There once they rul'd, tho' cruſh'd by William's hand,
They rul'd no more, to curſe that happy land.
The *firſt*, who, from his native ſoil remov'd,
Held England's ſceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with thoſe thoughts which ſpring
In ſouls of vulgar ſtamp to be a King;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applauſe;
On practices moſt mean he rais'd his pride,
And craft oft gave, what wiſdom oft denied.
Ne'er could he feel how truly man is bleſt
In bleſſing thoſe around him; in his breaſt,

Crowded

Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.
To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was shed.
Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her Court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was caught,
Or *English* knaves who would be Scotsmen thought.
To vain expence unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave;
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those Senates rich, whom, poor, he prais'd:
From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a Daughter * fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.
Lies were his play-things, Parliaments his sport,
Book-worms and Catamites engross'd the Court:
Vain of the Scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The *pedant* Scholar, he forgot the Prince,

* The Queen of Bohemia, grandmother of George the First

And having with ſome trifles ſtor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wiſh'd to learn the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wiſe, the wonder of the croud;
Falſe Friend, falſe Son, falſe Father, and falſe King,
Falſe Wit, falſe Stateſman, and falſe ev'ry thing,
When he ſhould act, he idly choſe to prate,
And pamphlets wrote, when he ſhould ſave the State.
Religious, if Religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him,
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for Religion's ſake but argument;
More vain, if ſome ſly, artful, *High-Dutch* ſlave,
Or, from the *Jeſuit* ſchool, ſome precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace reſtor'd
By his full ſoldierſhip, worlds hail'd him Lord.
Pow'r was his wiſh, unbounded as his will,
The pow'r, without controul, of doing ill.
But what he wiſh'd, what he made *Biſhops* preach,
And *Stateſmen* warrant, hung within his reach
He dar'd not ſeize: Fear gave, to gall his pride,
That Freedom to the realm his will denied.
Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In ev'ry treaty of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe: Peace was his coward care,
E'en at a time when Juſtice call'd for war:
His pen he'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unſheath the ſword, ſubmit.
Truth fairly muſt record, and, pleas'd to live
In league with Mercy, Juſtice may forgive
Kingdoms

Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds reſign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh ſlain.
At length (with white let Freedom mark that year)
Not fear'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſh'd to fear,
Not lov'd by thoſe, whom moſt he wiſh'd to love,
He went to anſwer for his faults above;
To anſwer to that God, from whom alone
He claim'd to hold, and to abuſe the throne;
Leaving behind, a curſe to all his line,
The bloody legacy of Right Divine.
With many virtues which a radiance fling
Round private men; with few which grace a King,
And ſpeak the monarch; at the time of life
When Paſſion holds with Reaſon doubtful ſtrife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean ſire undone,
Who envied virtue even in a ſon.
His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
He took the man up, ere he left the child;
His ſoul was eager for imperial ſway,
Ere he had learn'd the leſſon to obey.
Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour ſtrong:
Wiſdom was treated as a noiſome weed,
And all his follies let to run to ſeed.
What ills from ſuch beginnings needs muſt ſpring!
What ills to ſuch a land from ſuch a King!
What could ſhe hope! what had ſhe not to fear!
Baſe Buckingham poſſeſs'd his youthful ear;
Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
Engroſs'd his love, and made him all their own;

Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The trait'rous doctrines taught by Tories now:
Each strove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
The first with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.
Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne!)
That all mankind were made for Kings alone,
That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim
Or worse in common men, was law in him;
Drunk with *prerogative*, which Fate decreed
To guard good Kings, and tyrants to mislead;
Which in a fair proportion, to deny
Allegiance dares not; which to hold too high
No good can wish, no coward King can dare,
And held too high, no *English* subject bear;
Befieg'd by men of deep and subtle arts,
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness, made their King their tool,
Then most a slave, when most he seem'd to rule;
Taking all public steps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by favourites, whom he called friends,
He had not strength enough of soul to find
That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all they give to one;
List'ning uxorious, whilst a woman's prate
Modell'd the Church, and parcell'd out the State,
Whilst (in the State not more than women read)
High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious head;
Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes;
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;

Made

Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do)
He heard a nation hearing one or two;
Taught by State-Quacks himſelf ſecure to think,
And out of danger e'en on danger's brink;
Whilſt pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilſt murmurs ran thro' an inſulted land,
As if to ſanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly fought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did England, cruſh'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
Whilſt proud Oppreſſion ſtruck at Freedom's root,
Lament her Senates loſt, her Hampden mute.
Illegal taxes and oppreſſive loans,
In ſpite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage ſhook the State,
New Courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight;
State-Inquiſitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd *Star-Chambers* made, or rul'd the law;
Juries were pack'd, and Judges were unſound;
Thro' the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the firſt moments of his giddy youth
He hated Senates, for they told him truth.
At length againſt his will compell'd to treat,
Thoſe whom he could not fright, he ſtrove to cheat,
With baſe diſſembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And, often giving, often broke his word.
O where ſhall helpleſs Truth for refuge fly,
If Kings, who ſhould protect her, dare to lie?

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Thoſe who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their Country's good their Monarch's fame;
Thoſe who were anxious for his ſafety; thoſe
Who were induc'd by duty to oppoſe;
Their truth ſuſpected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne;
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of ſaving him was gone and paſt; till pow'r
Had ſhifted hands, to blaſt his hapleſs reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.
Hence (be that curſe confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil War aroſe;
All acts of outrage, and all acts of ſhame,
Stalk'd forth at large, diſguis'd with Honour's name;
Rebellion, raiſing high her bloody hand,
Spread univerſal havock thro' the land;
With zeal for party, and with paſſion drunk,
In public rage all private love was ſunk;
Friend againſt friend, brother 'gainſt brother ſtood,
And the ſon's weapon drank the father's blood;
Nature, aghaſt, and fearful leſt her reign
Should laſt no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.
Unhappy Stuart! harſhly tho' that name
Grates on my ear, I ſhould have died with ſhame,
To ſee my King before his ſubjects ſtand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand;
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to ſee that monarch bleed.
What tho' thy faults were many, and were great,
What tho' they ſhook the baſis of the State,

In

In royalty ſecure thy perſon ſtood,
And ſacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile Miniſters, who dar'd abuſe their truſt,
Who dar'd ſeduce a King to be unjuſt,
Vengeance, with Juſtice leagu'd, with pow'r made ſtrong,
Had nobly cruſh'd: *The King could do no wrong.*

Yet grieve not, Charles, nor thy hard fortunes blame;
They took thy life, but they ſecur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like ſpecks appear,
From which the ſun in glory is not clear.
Had'ſt thou in peace and years reſign'd thy breath
At Nature's call; had'ſt thou laid down in death
As in a ſleep; thy name, by Juſtice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous ſoul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.
Misfortunes gave what Virtue could not give,
And bade, the Tyrant ſlain, the Martyr live.

Ye Princes of the Earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds ſubduing, can't yourſelves ſubdue;
Who, goodneſs ſcorn'd, wiſh only to be great,
Whoſe breath is blaſting, and whoſe voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reaſon but your will,
And ſcorn reſtraint, tho' 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all paſſions groan beneath the worſt,
Then only bleſs'd when they make others curſt;
Think not for wrongs like theſe unſcourg'd to live;
Long may ye ſin, and long may Heav'n forgive:
But, when ye leaſt expect, in Sorrow's day,
Vengeance ſhall fall more heavy for delay;

Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone:
No; like ſome baſe diſtemper, which remains,
Tranſmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the ſon's blood, ſuch broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance e'en to lateſt times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterneſs and ſhame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilſt Uſurpation lorded it at home,
Of Majeſty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a King, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repoſſeſs his lawful throne
More at his people's ſeeking than his own,
Another Charles ſucceeded. In the ſchool
Of Travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors ſent
To ſhame their Country on the Continent,
From love of England by long abſence wean'd,
From ev'ry Court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, ſo cloſe do evil habits cling,
'Till crown'd, a Beggar; and when crown'd, no King.

Thoſe grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n de-
An inſtance of his mercy to mankind, [ſign'd
Were loſt, in ſtorms of diſſipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bleſs a world;
Lighter than levity which ſtrides the blaſt,
And of the preſent fond, forgets the paſt,
He chang'd and chang'd, but, ev'ry hope to curſe,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worſe;

State

State he resign'd to those whom state could please,
Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;
Pleasure, and pleasure only was his aim;
Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame;
Dignity, thro' his reign, was made a sport,
Nor dar'd Decorum shew her face at Court;
Morality was held a standing jest,
And Faith a necessary fraud at best;
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too:
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was Folly, Folly to acquit)
Stood all absolv'd in that poor bauble, Wit.

In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his father's servants beg their bread,
His father's faithful servants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embrac'd thro' indolence,
Thro' love of ease, and not thro' want of sense;
He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.

Women rul'd all, and Ministers of State
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as monarchs, grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second-hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd stand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,

Amboyna

Amboyna ſtands—Gods, that a King ſhould hold
In ſuch high eſtimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be ſo careleſs found,
That, when the blood of ſubjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he ſhould reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilſt Engliſh victims groan'd,
And butcher'd ſubjects wander'd *unaton'd!*
O, dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him, deep ſhame!
Of all the paſſions which from frailty ſpring,
Av'rice is that which leaſt becomes a King.
To crown the whole, ſcorning the public good,
Which thro' his reign he little underſtood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reaſſum'd a bigot brother's claim;
And, having made time-ſerving Senates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother beſt knew *how*.
No matter *how*—he ſlept amongſt the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his ſtead.
But ſuch a reign—ſo glaring an offence
In ev'ry ſtep 'gainſt Freedom, Law, and Senſe,
'Gainſt all the rights of Nature's gen'ral plan,
'Gainſt all which conſtitutes an Engliſhman,
That the relation would mere fiction ſeem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream,
And the poor bard's would, in this ſceptic age,
Appear as falſe as *their* hiſtorian's page.
Ambitious Folly ſeiz'd the ſeat of Wit,
Chriſtians were forc'd by bigots to ſubmit;

Pride

Pride without ſenſe, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the common-weal;
Stern Perſecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of Kings, the power of God;
Conſcience and Fame were ſacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at Freedom's ſacred tomb.
Her laws deſpis'd, her conſtitution wrench'd
From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's ſuff'rance, conſcience forc'd,
And healing juſtice from the Crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her *patriot* Biſhops ſentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of ſhame,
She wept—but wept not long; to arms ſhe flew,
At Honour's call th' avenging ſword ſhe drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And ſent him in deſpair to beg his bread;
Whilſt ſhe (may ev'ry State in ſuch diſtreſs
Dare with ſuch zeal, and meet with ſuch ſucceſs)
Whilſt ſhe (may Gotham, ſhould my abject mind
Chuſe to enſlave rather than free mankind,
Purſue her ſteps, tear the proud tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuſe the crown)
Whilſt ſhe (thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
Written in gold let Revolution ſtand)
Whilſt ſhe, ſecur'd in *Liberty* and *Law*,
Found what ſhe ſought, a ſaviour in Naſſau.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herſelf depart,
Can ſhe forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed?
To whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whoſe life alone ſhe ſeem'd to live?
Yes, from herſelf the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom ſhe bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her boſom fed,
To whom ſhe ſeem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
And in whoſe life alone ſhe ſeem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilſt Life remains,
And pours her current thro' theſe ſwelling veins,
Whilſt Mem'ry offers up at Reaſon's ſhrine,
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.

Can the ſtern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her diſnatur'd breaſt tear her young child;
Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone?
Yes, the ſtern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her diſnatur'd breaſt may tear her child;
Fleſh of her fleſh, and of her bone the bone,
And daſh the ſmiling babe againſt a ſtone;

But

But I, (forbid it Heav'n) but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this boſom tear;
Can ne'er ſo far true Royalty pervert
From its fair courſe, to do my people hurt.
With how much eaſe, with how much confidence,
As if, ſuperior to each groſſer ſenſe,
Reaſon had only, in full pow'r array'd,
To manifeſt her will, and be obey'd,
Men make reſolves, and paſs into decrees
The motions of the mind! With how much eaſe
In ſuch reſolves doth Paſſion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law!
In empire young, ſcarce warm on Gotham's throne,
The dangers and the ſweets of pow'r unknown,
Pleas'd, tho' I ſcarce know why, like ſome young child,
Whoſe little ſenſes each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold ſweet dalliance with my crown,
And wanton with dominion! how lay down,
Without the ſanction of a precedent,
Rules of moſt large and abſolute extent;
Rules, which from ſenſe of public virtue ſpring,
And all at once commence a Patriot King.
But, for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land
Are ſtak'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Muſt from my good or evil conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I aſſume that name, deſerve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my heart,

That

That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,
Where, unſuſpected e'en by me, may dwell
Ten thouſand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry paſſion to its riſe,
Nor ſpar'd one lurking ſeed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myſelf made known?
A Patriot King—Why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate ſtamp of Heav'n; which wears
The neareſt, beſt reſemblance we can ſhew
Of God above thro' all his works below.
To ſtill the voice of diſcord in the land,
To make weak Faction's diſcontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren in the ſelf-ſame int'reſts warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies with one ſoul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That ſacred balance, temperate, yet bold,
With ſuch an equal hand, that thoſe who fear
May yet approve, and own my juſtice clear;
To be a common father, to ſecure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;
Vice and her ſons to baniſh in diſgrace,
To make Corruption dread to ſhew her face;
To bid afflicted Virtue take new ſtate,
And be at laſt acquainted with the great;

Of

Of all religions to elect the beſt,
Nor let her prieſts be made a ſtanding jeſt;
Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the arts, nor let the artiſts ſtarve;
To make fair plenty through the realm increaſe,
Give fame in war, and happineſs in peace;
To ſee my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all thoſe bleſſings flow from me;
O 'tis a joy too exquiſite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought;
'Tis a great, glorious taſk, for man too hard,
But not leſs great, leſs glorious the reward,
The beſt reward which here to man is giv'n,
'Tis more than earth, and little ſhort of heav'n;
A taſk (if ſuch compariſon may be)
The ſame in nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with eaſe, and yet performs to all.
How much do they miſtake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Becauſe it gliſtens, muſt be lin'd with down!
With outſide ſhow and vain appearance caught,
They look no farther, and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worſhip, which a crown adorns,
Nor once ſuſpect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place ſupply,
Would we one moment uſe her piercing eye,

Then

Then ſhould we know what woe from grandeur ſprings,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.
The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action ſimply juſt, in conſcience clear,
By guilt untainted, undiſturb'd by fear,
His means but ſcanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his buſineſs and his pleaſure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a ſingle hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.
Call'd up by health, he riſes with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whiſtling off toils, one half of which might make
The ſtouteſt Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainſt heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by conſtant uſe, without complaint
He bears what we ſhould think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirſt he ſlakes at ſome pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor aſks for ſauce where appetite ſtands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the ſun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, ſpeak ſupper nigh,
At diſtance catch and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean, coarſe food,
Which, ſeaſon'd with good-humour, his fond bride
'Gainſt his return is happy to provide;
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he creeps
Into his ſtraw, and 'till the morning ſleeps.

Not

Not ſo the King—With anxious cares oppreſs'd,
His boſom labours, and admits not reſt.
A glorious wretch, he ſweats beneath the weight
Of Majeſty, and gives up eaſe for ſtate.
E'en when his ſmiles, which, by the fools of pride,
Are treaſur'd and preſerv'd from ſide to ſide,
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by form,
He ſeems moſt calm, his ſoul is in a ſtorm!
Care, like a ſpectre, ſeen by him alone,
With all her neſt of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when Night bids Sleep,
Sweet nurſe of Nature, o'er the ſenſes creep,
When Miſery herſelf no more complains,
And ſlaves, if poſſible, forget their chains,
Tho' his ſenſe weakens, tho' his eyes grow dim,
That reſt which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
The dew of ſleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night ſhe watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, ſits brooding o'er his head;
Anon ſhe ſtarts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—"Sleep was not made for Kings."

Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vaſt ball,
Who rules moſt abſolute o'er me, and all;
To whom by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (bleſſed be that ſeaſon, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,

One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life to die and paſs away)
Since I became a King, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r, became my own;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted courſe purſu'd,
Thrice hath ſhe loſt her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend ſupplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd theſe eyes.
Nor, if my toils are anſwer'd with ſucceſs,
And I am made an inſtrument to bleſs
The people whom I love, ſhall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.
Mindful of that high rank in which I ſtand,
Of millions Lord, ſole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reaſon ſhall her aid afford,
Rule my own ſpirit, of myſelf be lord.
With an ill grace that Monarch wears his crown,
Who, ſtern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainſt faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial ſmile.
How can a King (yet on record we find
Such Kings have been, ſuch curſes of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainſt ſome poor ſubject elf,
Which Conſcience tells him he hath broke himſelf?
Can he ſome petty rogue to juſtice call
For robbing one, when he himſelf robs all?
Muſt not, unleſs extinguiſh'd, Conſcience fly
Into his cheek, and blaſt his fading eye,
To ſcourge th' oppreſſor, when the State, diſtreſs'd
And ſunk to ruin, is by him oppreſs'd?

Againſt

Againſt himſelf doth he not ſentence give?
If one muſt die, t' other's not fit to live.
Weak is that throne, and in itſelf unſound,
Which takes not ſolid virtue for its ground;
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would periſh to obtain.
Nor can thoſe ſpirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be huſh'd to peace, but when fair legal ſway
Makes it their real int'reſt to obey;
When Kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not leſs in virtue than in pow'r excel.
Be that my object, that my conſtant care,
And may my ſoul's beſt wiſhes center there.
Be it my taſk to ſeek, nor ſeek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign;
And, to thoſe virtues which from Reaſon ſpring,
And grace the man, join thoſe which grace the King.
Firſt (for ſtrict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with ſervants keep a ſteady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
Firſt (and that method Reaſon ſhall ſupport)
Before I look into, and purge my Court,
Before I cleanſe the ſtable of the State,
Let me fix things which to myſelf relate.
That done, and all accounts well ſettled here,
In reſolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye ſlaves, who dare abuſe your truſt,
Who dare be villains, when your King is juſt.

Are there, amongſt thoſe officers of State
To whom our ſacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commiſſion'd, guide the helm;
Are there, who, truſting to our love of eaſe,
Oppreſs our ſubjects, wreſt our juſt decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To ſpeak a language which they never meant;
Are there ſuch men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in ſafety to their end?
Can they ſo much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themſelves, ſo much miſdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a Stateſman's tool,
And live a ſtranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myſelf and to my State unjuſt,
Shall I from Miniſters take things on truſt,
And, ſinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, moſt certain ſource of future cares,
Not uſe my judgment, but depend on their's?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with ſtate,
Have nothing but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I muſt not weigh;
Do what they bid; and what they dictate ſay;
Enrob'd, and hoiſted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cypher there?
Periſh the thought—'tis treaſon to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Inſults me more, than he, who, leagu'd with Hell,
Shall riſe in arms, and 'gainſt my crown rebel.

The

The wicked Stateſman, whoſe falſe heart purſues
A train of guilt; who acts with double views,
And wears a double face; whoſe baſe deſigns
Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
E'en whilſt he ſeems his wiſhes to ſupport;
Who ſeizes all departments, packs a court,
Maintains an agent on the judgment-ſeat
To ſcreen his crimes, and make his frauds compleat;
New-models armies, and around the throne
Will ſuffer none but creatures of his own;
Conſcious of ſuch his baſeneſs, well may try,
Againſt the light to ſhut his maſter's eye,
To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from thoſe,
Who, brave and honeſt, dare his crimes diſcloſe,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where Truth, unwelcome Truth, may wound his ear.
Attempts like theſe, well weigh'd, themſelves proclaim,
And, whilſt they publiſh, baulk their author's aim.
Kings muſt be blind, into ſuch ſnares to run;
Or worſe, with open eyes muſt be undone.
The Miniſter of honeſty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth;
Calls on the ſun to ſhine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which muſt end in praiſe.
None fly the day, and ſeek the ſhades of night,
But thoſe whoſe actions cannot bear the light;
None wiſh their King in ignorance to hold,
But thoſe who feel that knowledge muſt unfold

Their hidden guilt, and that dark miſt diſpell'd
By which their places and their lives are held,
Confuſion wait them, and by Juſtice led,
In vengeance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.
Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainſt the pit
Where Kings have oft been loſt, ſhall I ſubmit,
And ruſt in chains like theſe? Shall I give way,
And whilſt my helpleſs ſubjects fall a prey
To pow'r abus'd, in ignorance ſit down,
Nor dare aſſert the honour of my crown?
When ſtern Rebellion (if that odious name
Juſtly belongs to thoſe, whoſe only aim
Is to preſerve their Country; who oppoſe,
In honour leagu'd, none but their Country's foes;
Who only ſeek their own, and found their cauſe
In due regard for violated laws)
When ſtern Rebellion, who no longer feels
Nor fears rebuke, a Nation at her heels,
A Nation up in arms, tho' ſtrong not proud,
Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
For due redreſs, preſents, from Truth's fair pen,
A liſt of wrongs, not to be borne by men;
How muſt that King be humbled, how diſgrace
All that is royal in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to anſwer, can advance
No other plea but that of Ignorance!
A vile defence, which was his All at ſtake,
The meaneſt ſubject well might bluſh to make;
A filthy ſource, from whence ſhame ever ſprings;
A ſtain to all, but moſt a ſtain to Kings.

The

The ſoul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for knowledge, reſts not till inform'd:
And ſhall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
Feel thoſe brave paſſions which my ſubjects feel?
Or can a juſt excuſe from ignorance flow
To me, whoſe firſt, great duty is—To Know?

Hence Ignorance—thy ſettled, dull, blank eye
Wou'd hurt me, tho' I knew no reaſon why—
Hence Ignorance—thy ſlaviſh ſhackles bind
The free-born ſoul, and lethargy the mind—
Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with ſcorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of ſoul,
Which Reaſon can't convince, nor Fear controul;
Which neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing leſs than utter ruin teach—
Hence Ignorance—hence to that depth of night
Where thou waſt born, where not one gleam of light
May wound thine eye—hence to ſome dreary cell,
Where Monks with Superſtition love to dwell;
Or in ſome College ſoothe thy lazy pride,
And with the Heads of Colleges reſide;
Fit mate for Royalty thou can'ſt not be;
And if no mate for Kings, no mate for me.

Come Study, like a torrent ſwell'd with rains,
Which, ruſhing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves ſeeds of future fruitfulneſs behind;
Come Study—painful tho' thy courſe and flow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know——

Parent of Knowledge, come!—Not thee I call,
Who, grave and dull, in College or in Hall
Doſt ſit, all ſolemn ſad, and moping weigh
Things, which when found, thy labours can't repay—
Nor, in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A *rod*; in t' other, gaudily array'd
A *hornbook*, gilt and letter'd; call I Thee,
Who doſt in form preſide o'er A B C—:
Nor (ſiren tho' thou art, and thy ſtrange charms,
As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms)
Do I call Thee, who thro' a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling, pleaſing ways,
Doſt lead us at the laſt to thoſe rich plains,
Where, in full glory, real Science reigns:
Fair tho' thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Tho' full rewards in thy poſſeſſion lie
To crown man's wiſh, and do thy fav'rites grace,
Tho' (was I ſtation'd in an humbler place)
I could be ever happy in thy ſight,
Toil with thee all the day, and through the night
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Faſt rivetted on Science, ſleep defy;
Yet (ſuch the hardſhips which from empire flow)
Muſt I thy ſweet ſociety forego,
And to ſome happy rival's arms reſign
Thoſe charms, which can, alas! no more be mine.
No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I purſue thy ſteps, and urge my way
Where eager love of Science calls; no more
Attempt thoſe paths which man ne'er trod before.

No

No more the mountain ſcal'd, the deſart croſt,
Loſing myſelf, nor knowing I was loſt,
Travel thro' woods, thro' wilds, from morn to night,
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well ſpent.
Farewell ye Muſes too—for ſuch mean things
Muſt not preſume to dwell with mighty Kings—
Farewell ye Muſes—tho' it cuts my heart
E'en to the quick, we muſt for ever part.
When the freſh morn bade luſty Nature wake;
When the birds, ſweetly twitt'ring thro' the brake,
Tun'd their ſoft pipes; when from the neighb'ring
Sipping the dew, each Zephyr ſtole perfume; [bloom,
When all things with new vigour were inſpir'd,
And ſeem'd to ſay they never could be tir'd;
How often have we ſtray'd, whilſt ſportive rime
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to ſee,
Yourſelves made viſible to none but me,
The clown, his work ſuſpended, gape and ſtare,
And ſeem'd to think that I convers'd with air!
When the Sun, beating on the parched ſoil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;
When a faint languor crept thro' ev'ry breaſt,
And things moſt us'd to labour, wiſh'd for reſt;
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where ſafe, and fearleſs of the impious ſtroke,
Some ſacred Dryad liv'd, or in ſome grove,
Where with capricious fingers Fancy wove

Her

Her fairy bow'r, whilſt Nature all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a ſmile,
Have we held converſe ſweet! how often laid,
Faſt by the Thames, in Ham's inſpiring ſhade,
Amongſt thoſe Poets which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the ſacred ſtrain,
Have I, at your command, in verſe grown grey,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay,
Which might have drawn an angel from his ſphere,
And kept him from his office liſt'ning here.
When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by Silence to reſume her reign,
With darkneſs covering, as with a robe,
This ſcene of levity, blank'd half the globe;
How oft, enchanted with your heav'nly ſtrains,
Which ſtole me from myſelf, which in ſoft chains
Of Muſic bound my ſoul, how oft' have I,
Sounds more than human floating thro' the ſky,
Attentive ſat, whilſt Night, againſt her will,
Tranſported with the harmony, ſtood ſtill!
How oft' in raptures, which man ſcarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, ſtill thought the Muſes there;
Still heard their muſic, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Leſt, breathing all too rudely, I ſhould wound,
And mar that magic excellence of ſound;
Then, Senſe returning with return of day,
Have chid the Night, which fled ſo faſt away.
Such my purſuits, and ſuch my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.

Placd'

Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy ſure
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never ſtoop to wound my homeſpun lays)
With ſome few friends, and ſome ſmall ſhare of praiſe,
Beneath oppreſſion, undiſturb'd by ſtrife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.
Farewell theſe ſcenes of eaſe, this tranquil ſtate;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait.
Light toys from this day forth I diſavow,
They pleas'd me once, but cannot ſuit me now;
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix diſgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
Are all engroſs'd, each private view withſtood,
And taſk'd to labour for the public good;
Be this my ſtudy, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.
Let me the page of Hiſtory turn o'er,
Th' inſtructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former Kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame; and from the ſacred tomb
Where righteous Monarchs ſleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by Time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.
Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er thoſe ſcenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a Poſt which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by falſe delight,

And,

And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that Monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to some letcher sold,
Three wretched months she lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the breath
Of the rude North, and timorous of death,
To its kind mother Earth for shelter fled,
And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and, chear'd by milder skies,
Bids in full splendor all her beauties rise;
The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch:
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
The Bee goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treasur'd sweets; robbing those flow'rs, which left,
Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she flit on Pleasure's silken wing,
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
Unrifled pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest.
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which Chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse
Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils.

Love

Love of the ſtock firſt call'd her forth to roam,
And to the ſtock ſhe brings her booty home.
Be this my pattern—As becomes a King,
Let me fly all abroad on Reaſon's wing;
Let mine eye, like the lightning, thro' the earth
Run to and fro', nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man
Whoſe actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Eſcape my note: be all, from the firſt day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From thoſe, whom Time at the deſire of Fame
Hath ſpar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame;
From thoſe, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, leſſon'd to diſtill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill.
Nor let theſe great reſearches in my breaſt
A monument of uſeleſs labour reſt;
No—let them ſpread—th' effects let Gotham ſhare,
And reap the harveſt of their Monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give freſh bleſſings to my own.
Let me (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful ſuccour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!
Thro' whom I reign, in mercy to my youth
Aſſiſt my weakneſs, and direct me right;
From ev'ry ſpeck which hangs upon the ſight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To ſpread the ſhades of error o'er my brain)

Let

Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought
Try men and things; let me, as Monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my pow'r depends;
What are the gen'ral principles and ends
Of Government; how empire firſt began;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.
Let me conſider, as from one great ſource
We ſee a thouſand rivers take their courſe,
Diſpers'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
Yet by their parent ſtill ſupply'd and fed,
That Government (tho' branch'd out far and wide,
In various modes to various lands apply'd),
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork's ev'ry where the ſame;
The ſame her view, tho' different her plan,
Her grand and gen'ral view the good of man.
Let me find out, by Reaſon's ſacred beams,
What ſyſtem in itſelf moſt perfect ſeems,
Moſt worthy man, moſt likely to conduce
To all the purpoſes of gen'ral uſe:
Let me find, too, where, by fair Reaſon try'd,
It fails when to particulars apply'd;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot ſuit with mine.
Let me the gradual riſe of empires trace,
Till they ſeem founded on Perfection's baſe;
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence they haſten to decay)
Let me, whilſt Obſervation lends her clue,
Step by ſtep to their quick decline purſue,

Enabled

Enabled by a chain of facts to tell,
Not only how they rose, but how they fell.
Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all States from common causes grow,
But likewise those which, by the will of Fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait;
Which in its very constitution lurk,
Too sure at last to do its destin'd work:
Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each system, learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to re-assure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.
Let me, (tho' great grave brethren of the gown
Preach all Faith up, and preach all Reason down,
Making those jar whom Reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me thro' Reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry
Which law hath sanction'd; let me find out there
What's form, what's essence; what, like vagrant air,
We well may change; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time;
Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal
Which without knowledge furious bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, tho' at the heart unsound,
These sep'rate points at random to confound.
The times have been when priests have dar'd to tread,
Proud and insulting, on their monarch's head;
When whilst they made religion a pretence,
Out of the world they banish'd common sense;

When

When ſome ſoft King, too open to deceit,
Eaſy and unſuſpecting join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name
To ſerve the vileſt purpoſes of ſhame.
Fear not, my people! where no cauſe of fear
Can juſtly riſe—your King ſecures you here;
Your King, who ſcorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of prieſts the voice of God.
Let me, (tho' lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their Monarch to behold what they wiſh hid,
And for the purpoſes of knaviſh gain,
Would have their trade a myſtery remain)
Let me, diſdaining all ſuch ſlaviſh awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law;
Let me (the weak dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the ſpirit find,
Till from the parts made maſter of the whole,
I ſee the Conſtitution's very ſoul.
Let me, (tho' ſtateſmen will no doubt reſiſt,
And to my eyes preſent a fearful liſt
Of men whoſe wills are oppoſite to mine,
Of men, great men! determin'd to reſign)
Let me (with firmneſs, which becomes a King,
Conſcious from what a ſource my actions ſpring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withſtood,
When my grand object is my Country's good)
Unravel all low miniſterial ſcenes,
Deſtroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them ſtep by ſtep; let me well know
How places, penſions, and preferments, go;

Why

Why Guilt's provided for when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in peace, in war, ſupreme preſide,
And dare to know my way without a guide.
Let me, (tho' Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and ſwells behind a cloud,
As if the ſun ſhone with leſs pow'rful ray,
Leſs grace, leſs glory, ſhining ev'ry day,
Tho' when ſhe comes forth into public ſight,
Unbending as a ghoſt ſhe ſtalks upright,
With ſuch an air as we have often ſeen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor at her preſence, tho' baſe myriads crook
The ſupple knee, vouchſafes a ſingle look)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aſide,
All ornament, and needleſs helps of art,
All thoſe big looks which ſpeak a little heart)
Know (which few Kings, alas! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Deſtroys all fear, bids love with rev'rence live,
And gives thoſe graces pride can never give.
Let the ſtern tyrant keep a diſtant ſtate,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
Conſcious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
Let all my ſubjects have acceſs to me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full fair tide let information flow;
That evil is half cur'd whoſe cauſe we know.

And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing!
Who art afraid to look up to a King,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redreſs thee, may my reign
Cloſe up that very moment—To prevent
The courſe of Juſtice from her fair intent,
In vain my neareſt, deareſt friend ſhall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—my ſoul may bleed,
But muſt not change—When Juſtice draws the dart,
Tho' it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
I know it Duty, and I feel it Fame.

END OF GOTHAM.

THE

THE

CANDIDATE.

ENOUGH of *Actors*—let them play the play'r,
And, free from cenſure, fret, ſweat, ſtrut, and ſtare.
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waſte one couplet on a barren ſtage?
Ungrateful Garrick! When theſe *taſty* days,
In juſtice to themſelves, allow'd thee praiſe;
When, at thy bidding, Senſe, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or diſſolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had giv'n ſome little ſhare of wealth,
Could'ſt thou repine at being ſtill a ſlave?
Dar'ſt thou preſume t' enjoy that wealth ſhe gave?
Could'ſt thou repine at laws ordain'd by thoſe,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes;
Whom, too refin'd for honeſty and trade,
By Need made tradeſmen, Pride had bankrupts made;
Whom Fear made drunkards, and by modern rules,
Whom Drink made wits, tho' Nature made them fools;
With ſuch, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In ſuch a manner, and at ſuch a time,

To quit the ſtage; but men of real ſenſe,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or paſs an act of grace,
Since thou haſt left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of *Authors*—Why, when ſcribblers fail,
Muſt other ſcribblers ſpread the hateful tale?
Why muſt they pity, why contempt expreſs,
And why inſult a brother in diſtreſs?
Let thoſe, who boaſt th' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
Freſh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages paſt, ſtill flouriſh round their tomb.
Let thoſe, who without genius write, and write,
Verſemen or Proſemen, all in Nature's ſpite,
The pen laid down, their courſe of Folly run
In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone.
Why ſhould I tell, to croſs the will of fate,
That Francis * once endeavour'd to tranſlate?
Why, ſweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, ſimple in his lay,
Effuſion on *Effuſion* pour away †;
With *Friendſhip* and with *Fancy* trifle here,
Or ſleep in *Paſtoral* at Belvedere ‡?

* Dr. Philip Francis, the tranſlator of Horace and Demoſthenes.

† See the Effuſions of Friendſhip and Fancy, by Dr. Langhorne, 2 vols. 12mo. 1763.

‡ See the Enlargement of the Mind, Langhorne's Poems.

To

Sleep let them all, with Dullneſs on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.
Enough of *Critics*—let them, if they pleaſe,
Fond of new pomp, each month paſs new decrees;
Wide and extenſive be their infant ſtate,
Their ſubjects many, and thoſe ſubjects great,
Whilſt all their mandates as ſound law ſucceed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What tho' they lay the realms of Genius waſte,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taſte;
Tho' they, like doctors, to approve their ſkill,
Conſult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Tho' by whim, envy, or reſentment led,
They damn thoſe authors whom they never read;
Tho', other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out ſo much praiſe for ſo much gold;
Tho' *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned cloſe intrigues,
Againſt the Commonwealth of Letters leagues;
Uncenſur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters, as they rul'd the realm.
Ours be the curſe, the mean tame coward's curſe,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worſe,
To do our Senſe and Honour deep deſpite)
To credit what they ſay, read what they write.
Enough of *Scotland*—let her reſt in peace,
The cauſe remov'd, effects of courſe ſhould ceaſe.
Why ſhould I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
And proudly ſwell'd with waters not his own,
Burſt o'er his banks, and by deſtruction led,
O'er our faint England deſolation ſpread,

Whilſt riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute aſſum'd,
Now that the River God, convinc'd, tho' late,
And yielding, tho' reluctantly, to fate,
Holds his fair courſe, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the ſea, as uſual, glides.
Enough of *States*, and ſuch like trifling things;
Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings;
Henceforth, ſecure, let ambuſh'd ſtateſmen lie,
Spread the Court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipt of Juſtice, uncontroul'd
By fear or ſhame, let Vice, ſecure and bold,
Lord it with all her ſons, whilſt Virtue's groan
Meets with compaſſion only from the throne.
Enough of *Patriots*—all I aſk of man,
Is only to be honeſt as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and ſome may ſtill deceive;
'Tis the fool's curſe at random to believe.
Would thoſe, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their Country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this eſſential doctrine—*Perſevere*.
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of ſome proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their King and Country ſell, with endleſs ſhame
Th' avenging Muſe ſhall mark each traitorous name;
But if, to Honour true, they ſcorn to bend,
And, proudly honeſt, hold out to the end,

Their

Their grateful Country ſhall their fame record,
And I myſelf deſcend to praiſe a Lord.
Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honeſt men
His actions ſpeak much ſtronger than my pen,
And future ages ſhall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful, and unjuſt,
But foſt'ring France ſhall ne'er betray her truſt;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impoſe,
To pay with praiſe the merit e'en of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her baſe,
To prove her virtue, tho' it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.
Enough of *Self*—that darling luſcious theme,
O'er which philoſophers in raptures dream;
Of which with ſeeming diſregard they write,
Then prizing moſt, when moſt they ſeem to ſlight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd ſtrong with pride!
What man can from himſelf himſelf divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conſcience firſt ſatisfied) is love of fame,
Some little fame deriv'd from ſome brave few,
Who prizing Honour, prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor ſhall reſentment fluſh my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely ſpeak,
So thoſe (the greateſt curſe I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of thoſe, whom bleſs'd with parts above
My feeble genius, ſtill I dare to love,

Doing more miſchief than a thouſand foes,
Poſthumous nonſenſe to the world expoſe,
And call it mine, for mine tho' never known,
Or which, if mine, I living bluſh'd to own.
Know all the world, no greedy heir ſhall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind.
Let none of thoſe, whom I deſpiſe tho' great,
Pretending friendſhip to give malice weight,
Publiſh my life; let no falſe, ſneaking Peer,
(Some ſuch there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to ſhame with ſome vile anecdote,
Nor foul-gall'd Biſhop damn me with a note.
Let one poor ſprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilſt I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when, on travel bound, ſome riming gueſt
Roams thro' the church-yard whilſt his dinner's dreſs'd,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes;
"Life to the laſt enjoy'd, *here* Churchill lies;"
Whilſt (O, what joy that pleaſing flatt'ry gives)
Reading my Works, he cries—"*Here* Churchill lives."
Enough of *Satire*—in leſs harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rimes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the ſtrokes ſhe gave,
Whoſe ſouls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms.
When, in her faithful and immortal page,
They ſaw tranſmitted down from age to age

Recorded

Recorded villains, and each ſpotted name
Branded with marks of everlaſting ſhame,
Succeeding villains ſought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend.
But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which ſtrike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
Too terrible to ſuffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who ſtain a Court;
Propp'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-ſtation'd, holds rebuke in ſcorn;
When ſhe is loſt to ev'ry thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to ſhame;
When Prudence a much eaſier taſk muſt hold
To make a new world, than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if ſhe cannot cure, ſhe will not wound.
Come, Panegyrick—tho' the Muſe diſdains,
Founded on truth, to proſtitute her ſtrains
At the baſe inſtance of thoſe men, who hold
No argument but pow'r, no God but gold;
Yet, mindful that from heav'n ſhe drew her birth,
She ſcorns the narrow maxims of this earth,
Virtuous herſelf, brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praiſe, where praiſe is juſtly due.
Come, Panegyrick—in a former hour,
My ſoul with pleaſure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy ſhrine I ſought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, diſpers'd my pray'r;
E'en at thy altars whilſt I took my ſtand,
The pen of Truth and Honour in my hand,

Fate,

Fate, meditating wrath 'gainſt me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my deſign,
Whilſt, Hayter * brought too quickly to his end,
I loſt a ſubject, and mankind a friend.

Come, Panegyrick—bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy pow'r my ſoul is proud to own.
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me ſafe thro' paſſes yet untry'd.
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the houſe of *Satire* leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praiſe.

What tho' no theme I chuſe of vulgar note,
Nor wiſh to write as brother-Bards have wrote,
So mild, ſo meek in praiſing, that they ſeem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream;
What tho' a theme I chuſe, which might demand
The niceſt touches of a maſter's hand;
Yet, if the inward workings of my ſoul
Deceive me not, I ſhall attain the goal,
And Envy ſhall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The Poet praiſing, and the Patron prais'd.

What Patron ſhall I chuſe? Shall public voice
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, ſeeking Patriots, to friend Wildman's † go?

* Dr. Thomas Hayter, Biſhop of London. He died January 9, 1762.

† Maſter of the Tavern where the then Oppoſers of Adminiſtration uſed to meet.

To

To Wildman's! cry'd Diſcretion, (who had heard,
Cloſe-ſtanding at my elbow, ev'ry word)
To Wildman's! Art thou mad? Can'ſt thou be ſure
One moment there to have thy head ſecure?
Are they not all (let obſervation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In *Doomſday* book by Miniſters ſet down,
Who ſtile their pride the honour of the Crown?
Make no reply—let Reaſon ſtand aloof—
Preſumptions here muſt paſs as ſolemn proof.
That ſettled faith, that love which ever ſprings
In the beſt ſubjects for the beſt of Kings,
Muſt not be meaſur'd now, by what men think,
Or ſay, or do—by what they eat, and drink;
Where and with whom, that queſtion's to be try'd,
And Stateſmen are the Judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
They, facts confeſt, in themſelves veſt the law.
Each diſh at Wildman's of ſedition ſmacks;
Blaſphemy may be goſpel at Almack's.

Peace, good Diſcretion, peace—thy fears are vain;
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, againſt the mighty ſtir.
If, from long proof, my temper you diſtruſt,
Weigh my profeſſion, to my gown be juſt;
Doſt thou one Parſon know ſo void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place?

If ſtill you doubt (tho' ſcarce a doubt remains)
Search thro' my alter'd heart, and try my reins;

There,

There, ſearching, find, nor deem me now in ſport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the Court.
Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of miſtakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor bluſh to own that change, which Reaſon wrought.
For ſuch a change as this, muſt Juſtice ſpeak;
My heart was honeſt, but my head was weak.
Bigot to no one man, or ſet of men,
Without one ſelfiſh view, I drew my pen;
My Country aſk'd, or ſeem'd to aſk my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A ſide I choſe, and on that ſide was ſtrong,
'Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any man do more?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do leſs?)
Without a ſingle bluſh, that change confeſs;
Confeſs it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the loſing for the winning ſide;
Granting, whilſt virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute for ages might have fought in vain.
Hail, Sandwich—nor ſhall Wilkes reſentment ſhew,
Hearing the praiſes of ſo brave a foe—
Hail, Sandwich—nor, thro' pride, ſhalt thou refuſe
The grateful tribute of ſo mean a Muſe—
Sandwich, *all hail*—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, ſcourg'd the land,
When *Scots*, or ſlaves to *Scotſmen*, ſteer'd the helm,
When peace, inglorious peace, diſgrac'd the realm,
Diſtruſt,

Diſtruſt, and gen'ral diſcontent prevail'd;
But when (he beſt knows why) his ſpirits fail'd;
When, with a ſudden panic ſtruck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mars (fear order'd to retreat)
We ſaw thee nimbly vault into his ſeat,
Into the ſeat of pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoiſſeur in Stateſmanſhip;
When, like another Machiavel, we ſaw
Thy fingers twiſting and untwiſting law,
Straining, where godlike Reaſon bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleas'd to ſpare;
Saw thee reſolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy King, thy Country right;
All things were chang'd, ſuſpence remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their uſe,
What virtues ſuch as thine muſt needs produce.
Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praiſe, too fearful to oppoſe,
In ſullen ſilence ſit; thy friends (ſome few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to Honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Common-weal
Expects her ſafety from thy ſtubborn zeal.
A place amongſt the reſt the Muſes claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, ſecure their own.
From his youth upwards, to the preſent day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,

When

When riotous excefs with wafteful hand
Shakes Life's frail glafs, and haftes each ebbing fand,
Unmindful from what ftock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding Honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought fin with greedinefs, and fought for fhame
With greater zeal than good men feek for fame.
Where (Reafon left without the leaft defence)
Laughter was Mirth, Obfcenity was Senfe,
Where Impudence made Decency fubmit,
Where Noife was Humour, and where Whim was Wit,
Where rude, untemper'd Licence had the merit
Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit,
Where the beft things were ever held the worft,
Lothario was, with juftice, always firft.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To fwing upon a gate, to ride a ftraw,
To play at pufh-pin with dull brother Peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping Chairman's oracle,
Whilft, in moft bleffed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out Encore,
Whilft *grey* Authority, who flumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches thro' the ftreets at noon,
To force plain Nature from her ufual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;

To

To match for ſpeed one feather 'gainſt another,
To make one leg run races with his brother ;
'Gainſt all the reſt to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride firſt, and he to ride behind ;
To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to loſe, and loſing not to pay 'em ;
Lothario, on that ſtock which Nature gives,
Without a rival ſtands, tho' March * yet lives.

When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
Let ſubject myriads kneel, and kiſs the ground,
Whilſt they who, in the preſence, upright ſtand,
Are held as rebels thro' the loyal land)
Queen ev'ry where, but moſt a Queen in Courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her ſports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age ;
Lothario, great above the common ſize,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize ;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deſerves it more and more.

Nor in ſuch limits reſts his ſoul confin'd ;
Folly may ſhare, but can't engroſs his mind ;
Vice, bold, ſubſtantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And ſtamps him perfect in the books of ſhame.
Obſerve his follies well, and you would ſwear
Folly had been his firſt, his only care ;
Obſerve his vices, you'll that oath diſown,
And ſwear that he was born for vice alone.

* Afterwards Duke of Queenſbury.

Is the ſoft nature of ſome hapleſs maid
Fond, eaſy, full of faith, to be betray'd;
Muſt ſhe, to virtue loſt, be loſt to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt, declare her ſhame?
Is ſome brave friend, who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honeſt as his own,
And, free himſelf, in others fears no guile,
To be enſnar'd, and ruin'd with a ſmile?
Is Law to be perverted from her courſe?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is Freedom to be cruſh'd, and ev'ry ſon,
Who dares maintain her cauſe, to be undone?
Is baſe Corruption, creeping thro' the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, ſure tho' ſlow?
Or muſt ſhe periſh by a ſingle blow?
Are Kings, (who truſt to ſervants, and depend
In ſervants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkneſs thicker than the ſhades of death?
Is God's moſt holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His ſervants ſcorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His ſervice laugh'd at, and his Son blaſphem'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preſide?
Is Faith to take an Atheiſt for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are States to totter on a drunkard's head?
To anſwer all theſe purpoſes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,

Search

Search earth, search hell, the Devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.
Is this Nobility, which, sprung from Kings,
Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it springs,
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which Nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
Were there but two (search all the world around)
Were there but two such Nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and Man would rather be a worm
Than be a Lord; but Nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
Made only one; and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more.
Nor stopp'd she there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
The ills which error caus'd, she strove to mend;
And, having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.
Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of ev'ry art,
Of ev'ry art which great ones in the State
Practise on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight, alas! more rare
Than Honesty could wish) the Noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone,
When he recalls his father from the grave,
And pays with int'rest back that fame he gave.

Cur'd of her ſplenetic and ſullen fits,
To ſuch a Peer my willing ſoul ſubmits,
And to ſuch virtue is more proud to yield,
Than 'gainſt ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such (for that truth e'en Envy ſhall allow)
Such Wyndham * was, and ſuch is Sandwich now.
O gentle Montague, in bleſſed hour
Did'ſt thou ſtart up, and climb the ſtairs of Pow'r;
England of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongſt her many foes, was one diſpleas'd.
France heard the news, and told it *Couſin* Spain;
Spain heard, and told it *Couſin* France again;
The Hollander relinquiſh'd his deſign
Of adding ſpice to ſpice, and mine to mine,
Of Indian villainies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native ſhore;
Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South)
The Weſtern World ſhall yield us her increaſe,
And her wild ſons be ſoften'd into peace;
Rich Eaſtern Monarchs ſhall exhauſt their ſtores,
And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's ſhores;
Unbounded wealth, which from thoſe golden ſcenes,
And *all acquir'd by honourable means*,
Some *honourable Chief* ſhall hither ſteer,
To pay our debts, and ſet the nation clear.
Nabobs themſelves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the Engliſh crown,

* Earl of Egremont. He died Auguſt 1763.

Shall

Shall freely as their King our King receive ——
Provided *the Directors give them leave.*
Union at home ſhall mark each riſing year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, tho' ſevere;
Envy her own deſtroyer ſhall become,
And Faction with her thouſand mouths be dumb;
With the meek man thy meekneſs ſhall prevail,
Nor with the ſpirited thy ſpirit fail;
Some to thy force of reaſon ſhall ſubmit,
And ſome be converts to thy princely wit;
Rev'rence for thee ſhall ſtill a Nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand exciſe;
And unbelievers of the firſt degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.
When a ſtrange jumble, whimſical and vain,
Poſſeſs'd the region of each heated brain;
When ſome were fools to cenſure, ſome to praiſe,
And all were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways;
When Commonwealth's-men, ſtarting at the ſhade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with State-bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
When others, ſtruck with fancies not leſs vain,
Saw mighty Kings by their own ſubjects ſlain,
And in each friend of Liberty and Law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell ſaw;
Thy manly zeal ſtepp'd forth, bade diſcord ceaſe,
And ſung each jarring atom into peace;
Liberty, chear'd by thy all-chearing eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;

And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative
Shall, ſtriding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilſt Privilege, hung betwixt earth and ſky,
Shall not well know, whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And ſeem'd to totter, Commerce ſhiv'ring ſtood;
When Credit, building on a ſandy ſhore,
Saw the ſea ſwell, and heard the tempeſt roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blaſt, and in each wave.
Or ſaw, or fancied that ſhe ſaw her grave;
When Property, transferr'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd ſickly thro' the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppreſs'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of State;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A ſponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be ſav'd we muſt be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better Genius, born to bleſs,
And ſnatch his ſinking Country from diſtreſs,
Did'ſt thou ſtep forth, and without ſail or oar
Pilot the ſhatter'd veſſel ſafe to ſhore;
Nor ſhalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and faſt,
She rides ſecure, and mocks the threat'ning blaſt!
Born in thy houſe, and in thy ſervice bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy ſage counſels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,

Oeconomy

Oeconomy her needful aid ſhall join
To forward and compleat thy grand deſign,
And, warm to ſave, but yet with ſpirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals ſay what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are ſpendthrifts ſtill.
In vain have ſly and ſubtle Sophiſts tried
Private from public juſtice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainſt all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High-treaſon in the eye of Common Senſe,
To think a Stateſman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
But now, tho' late, now may we hope to ſee
Our debts diſcharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honeſty, fair fall that hour,
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wond'rous man,
With what delight ſurvey thy ſterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder muſt behold,
And ſtamp thy age the only age of gold.

Nor reſt thy triumphs here—That Diſcord fled,
And ſought with grief the hell where ſhe was bred;
That Faction, 'gainſt her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble ſcatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her beſt friends a ſtanding jeſt become,
Her fools turn'd ſpeakers, and her wits ſtruck dumb;
That our moſt bitter foes (ſo much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;

That our offended friends (ſuch terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gaſping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows ſtronger from diſeaſe; that thou haſt ſav'd
Thy drooping Country; that thy name engrav'd
On plates of braſs defies the rage of time;
Than plates of braſs more firm, that ſacred rime
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muſe alone can give;
Theſe heights of Virtue, theſe rewards of Fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.

But that poor ſickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold ſhade,
By thoſe who knew her purpoſely forgot,
And made the jeſt of thoſe who kew her not,
Whilſt Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
Clad like a prieſt, paſs'd by on t' other ſide,
Recover'd from her wretched ſtate, at length
Puts on new health, and cloaths herſelf with ſtrength,
To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand,
Which rais'd, and gave her to poſſeſs the land.
This praiſe, tho' in a Court, and near a throne,
This praiſe is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the Goddeſs ſmile,
What bleſſings did ſhe promiſe to this iſle,
What honour to herſelf, and length of reign!
Soon as ſhe heard, that thou did'ſt not diſdain
To be her ſteward; but what grief, what ſhame,
What rage, what diſappointment ſhook her frame,

When

When her proud children dar'd her will diſpute,
When youth was inſolent, and age was mute.
That young men ſhould be fools, and ſome wild few,
To wiſdom deaf, be deaf to int'reſt too,
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men grown grey
In ſearch of wiſdom, men who own'd the ſway
Of Reaſon, men who ſtubbornly kept down
Each riſing paſſion, men who wore the gown,
That they ſhould croſs her will, that they ſhould dare
Againſt the cauſe of int'reſt to declare,
That they ſhould be ſo abject and unwiſe,
Having no fear of loſs before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, ſcorning the ready means
Of being Vicars, Rectors, Canons, Deans,
With all thoſe honours which on Mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of State;
That they ſhould dare a Hardwicke to ſupport,
And talk within the hearing of a Court,
Of that vile beggar Conſcience, who undone,
And ſtarv'd herſelf, ſtarves ev'ry wretched ſon;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her ſwear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward ſons who ſcorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful ſhore.
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, which diſgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Tho' Dullneſs there unrivall'd ſtate *doth* keep,
Would ſhe at Wincheſter with Burton * ſleep;

* Dr. John Burton, Maſter of Wincheſter School.

Or, to exchange the mortifying ſcene
For ſomething ſtill more dull, and ſtill more mean,
Rather than bear ſuch inſults, ſhe would fly
Far, far beyond the ſearch of *Engliſh* eye,
And reign amongſt the Scots: to be a Queen
Is worth ambition, tho' in Aberdeen.
O, ſtay thy flight, fair Science! What tho' ſome,
Some baſe-born children rebels are become,
All are not rebels; ſome are duteous ſtill,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy int'reſt is oppos'd by thoſe alone,
Who either know not, or oppoſe their own.
Of ſtubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marſhall'd by Form, and by Diſcretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black * Smith of Trinity; on Chriſtian ground
For faith in myſteries none more renown'd.
Next (for the beſt of cauſes now and then
Muſt beg aſſiſtance from the worſt of men)
Next (if old ſtory lies not) ſprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece.
Her, wretched maid! committed to his truſt,
To a rank letcher's coarſe and bloated luſt,
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had ſold,
And thought himſelf and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off ſuch traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)

* Dr. Robert Smith, Maſter of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Leading

Leading on men, who, in a College bred,
No woman knew but thoſe which made their bed,
Who, planted Virgins on Cam's virtuous ſhore,
Continued ſtill Male Virgins at threeſcore,
Comes Sumner *; wiſe, and chaſte as chaſte can be,
With Long †, as wiſe, and not leſs chaſte than he.
Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cauſe,
Who, for thy ſake, defying penal laws,
Were, to ſupport thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jerſey and the Iſle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, ſhall ſpeak for thee?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo ſtill,
Who may, perhaps, in ſome ten years, or more,
Be aſcertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a ſtill more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?
With ſuch a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcaſes, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchaſe life on terms of ſhame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, ſound retreat.
But if perſuaſions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,

* Dr. John Sumner, Provoſt of King's College, Cambridge.

† Dr. Roger Long, Maſter of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Yet

Yet in thy bitterneſs of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton? Why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? She with open arms
Shall meet thy wiſh, and yield up all her charms;
Shall for thy love her former loves reſign,
And jilt the baniſh'd Stuarts, to be thine.

Bow'd to the yoke, and, ſoon as ſhe could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the deſpot's creed,
She, of ſubjection proud, ſhall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She ſhall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor ſpeak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial ſway,
If ſubjects none but juſt commands obey?
Then, and then only is obedience ſeen,
When, by command, they dare do all that's mean.
Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy ſtand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.

Gods, with what joy (for Fancy now ſupplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I ſee the worthies meet,
And brother Litchfield * brother Sandwich greet!
Bleſt be your greetings, bleſt each dear embrace,
Bleſt to yourſelves, and to the human race.
Sick'ning at virtues which ſhe cannot reach,
Which ſeem her baſer nature to impeach,
Let Envy, in a whirlwind's boſom hurl'd,
Outrageous, ſearch the corners of the world,

* The Earl of Litchfield, then High Steward of Oxford.

Ranſack

Ranſack the preſent times, look back to paſt,
Rip up the future, and confeſs at laſt,
No times, paſt, preſent, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bleſs the world with ſuch a pair.
Phillips*, the good old Phillips, out of breath,
Eſcap'd from Monmouth, and eſcap'd from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the common-weal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart, and bleſs'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cauſe of rebels hung;
Whilſt Womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At Mednam lies, by backward monks undone;
A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouſe ſcore,
Whilſt Paul *the aged* chalks behind a door,
Compell'd to hire a foe to caſt it up;
Daſhwood † ſhall pour, from a communion cup,
Libations to the goddeſs without eyes,
And *hob* or *nob* in Cyder and Exciſe.
From thoſe deep ſhades, where Vanity, unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone;
Curs'd in herſelf, by her own thoughts undone,
Where ſhe ſees all, but can be ſeen by none;
Where ſhe no longer, miſtreſs of the Schools,
Hears praiſe loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a diſtance; in deſpair
To join the croud, and put in for a ſhare,

* Sir John Phillips. At this juncture he was ſo unpopular as to excite the rage of a mob at Monmouth againſt him.

† Sir Francis Daſhwood, Lord Le Deſpenſer.

Twiſting

Twiſting each thought a thouſand diff'rent ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praiſe,
Where frugal ſenſe ſo very fine is ſpun,
It ſerves twelve hours, tho' not enough for one,
* King ſhall ariſe, and burſting from the dead,
Shall hurl his *piebald* Latin at thy head.

Burton (whilſt aukward Affectation's hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainſt their will makes junior blockheads ſpeak,
Ign'rant of both, new Latin, and new Greek,
Not ſuch as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;
Who threads, like beads, looſe thoughts on ſuch a ſtring,
They're praiſe, and cenſure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and ſtile ſo full of trick,
They even make a Merry Andrew ſick;
Thoughts all ſo dull, ſo pliant in their growth, [both)
They're verſe, they're proſe, they're neither, and they're
Shall (tho' by Nature ever loth to praiſe)
Thy curious worth ſet forth in curious phraſe;
Obſcurely ſtiff, ſhall cruſh poor Senſe to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name;
Whilſt, beating out his features to a ſmile,
He hugs the baſtard brat, and calls it Stile.

Huſh'd be all Nature as the land of death;
Let each ſtream ſleep, and each wind hold his breath;

* Dr. King, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.

Be

Be the bells muffled, nor one ſound of care,
Preſſing for audience, wake the ſlumb'ring air;
Brown comes—behold how cautiouſly he creeps—
How ſlow he walks, and yet how faſt he ſleeps—
But to thy praiſe in ſleep he ſhall agree;
He cannot wake, but he ſhall dream of thee.

Phyſick, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaſte matron Camphire bound,
Phyſick, obtaining ſuccour from the pen
Of her ſoft ſon, her gentle Heberden,
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet ſpite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall, like a *Scholar*, ſtop their rebel breath,
And in each Recipe ſend *Claſſic* death.

So deep in knowledge, that few lines can ſound
And plumb the bottom of that vaſt profound,
Few grave ones with ſuch gravity can think,
Or follow half ſo faſt as he can ſink,
With nice diſtinctions gloſſing o'er the text,
Obſcure with meaning, and in words perplext,
With ſubtleties on ſubtleties reſin'd,
Meant to divide, and ſubdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardneſs of youth in awe,
The ſcowling Blackſtone * bears the train of law.

Divinity, enrob'd in College fur,
In her right-hand a *New Court Kalendar*
Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.

* Sir William Blackſtone, afterwards one of the Judges of the Common-Pleas.

Loyalty,

Loyalty, fix'd on Iſis' alter'd ſhore,
A ſtranger long, but ſtranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies,
Shall with much pleaſure and more wonder view
Men great at Court and great at Oxford too.
O ſacred Loyalty! accurs'd be thoſe
Who ſeeming friends, turn out thy deadlieſt foes;
Who proſtitute to Kings thy honour'd name,
And ſoothe their paſſions to betray their fame:
Nor prais'd be thoſe, to whoſe proud nature clings
Contempt of Government, and hate of Kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A ſtrange intemperance of zeal avow,
And ſtart at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger Freedom never heard.
Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the State not wholeſome, like the dreams,
Children of Night, of Indigeſtion bred,
Which, Reaſon clouded, ſeize and turn the head.
Loyalty without Freedom is a chain
Which men of lib'ral notice can't ſuſtain;
And Freedom without Loyalty, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious ſhame.
Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,
In Oxford's ſtubborn and untoward ſoil
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foſter'd into ſtrength,
Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the ſkies;

Whilſt,

Whilſt, Wiſdom's happy ſon, but not her ſlave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that ſhade which thy own labours wrought
And faſhion'd into ſtrength, ſhalt thou repoſe,
Secure of lib'ral praiſe, ſince Iſis flows,
True to her Tame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, luſt for Tweed,
And thoſe old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd twine
To grace a Stuart brow, ſhe plants on thine.

END OF THE CANDIDATE.

THE

THE

FAREWELL.

P. FAREWELL to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell!
To Eaſtern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but rime,
The Muſes ſteer their courſe, and fond of change,
At large, in other worlds, deſire to range;
Reſolv'd at leaſt, ſince they the fool muſt play,
To do it in a diff'rent place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madneſs worſe than in the dog-ſtar's reign?
Why into foreign countries would you roam,
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If Satire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have ſhewn no talents fit for praiſe,
If Satire be thy object: ſearch all round,
Nor to thy purpoſe can one ſpot be found
Like England, where to rampant vigour grown
Vice choaks up ev'ry virtue; where, ſelf-ſown,

The

The ſeeds of Folly ſhoot forth rank and bold,
And every ſeed brings forth a hundred fold.
P. No more of this—tho' Truth (the more our ſhame
The more our guilt) tho' Truth perhaps may claim,
And juſtify her part in this, yet here,
For the firſt time, e'en Truth offends my ear.
Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,
I hear, and hate—be England what ſhe will,
With all her faults ſhe is my Country ſtill.
F. Thy Country, and what then? Is that mere word
Againſt the voice of Reaſon to be heard?
Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
To counter-act, and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the ſure ſymptom of a narrow ſoul,
To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part: men, not confin'd
Within ſuch paltry limits, men deſign'd
Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
Where'er the bleſſed Sun, plac'd in the ſky
To watch this ſubject world, can dart his eye,
Are ſtill the ſame, and, prejudice out-grown,
Conſider every country as their own.
At one grand view they take in Nature's plan,
Not more at home in England than Japan.
P. My good, grave Sir of Theory, whoſe wit,
Graſping at ſhadows, ne'er caught ſubſtance yet,
'Tis mighty eaſy o'er a glaſs of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,

To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boaſt of apathy when out of pain,
And in each ſentence, worthy of the Schools,
Varniſh'd with ſophiſtry, to deal out rules
Moſt fit for practice but for one poor fault,
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.
At home, and ſitting in your elbow-chair,
You praiſe Japan, tho' you was never there.
But was the ſhip this moment under ſail,
Would not your mind be chang'd, your ſpirits fail,
Would you not caſt one longing eye to ſhore,
And vow to deal in ſuch wild ſchemes no more?
Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
Thoſe paſſions which we cannot chuſe but feel,
There's a ſtrange ſomething, which without a brain
Fools feel, and which e'en wiſe men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In deareſt ties, from whence he drew his birth.
If Honour calls, where'er ſhe points the way,
The ſons of Honour follow, and obey;
If need compels, wherever we are ſent,
'Tis want of courage not to be content;
But, if we have the liberty of choice,
And all depends on our own ſingle voice,
To deem of ev'ry country as the ſame,
Is rank rebellion 'gainſt the lawful claim
Of Nature; and ſuch dull indifference
May be Philoſophy, but can't be Senſe.
F. Weak and unjuſt diſtinction, ſtrange deſign,
Moſt peeviſh, moſt perverſe, to undermine
Philoſophy,

Philoſophy, and throw her empire down
By means of Senſe, from whom ſhe holds her crown.
Divine Philoſophy, to thee we owe
All that is worth poſſeſſing here below;
Virtue and Wiſdom conſecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.
When, like a garden, where, for want of toil,
And wholeſome diſcipline, the rich, rank ſoil
Teems with incumbrances; where all around
Herbs noxious in their nature make the ground,
Like the good mother of a thankleſs ſon,
Curſe her own womb, by fruitfulneſs undone;
Like ſuch a garden, when the human ſoul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
Brings forth thoſe paſſions of luxuriant race,
Which ſpread, and ſtifle ev'ry herb of grace,
Whilſt Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of Scorn,
Seems with'ring on the bed where ſhe was born,
Philoſophy ſteps in; with ſteady hand
She brings her aid, ſhe clears th' encumber'd land:
Too virtuous to ſpare Vice one ſtroke, too wiſe
One moment to attend to Pity's cries,
See with what godlike, what relentleſs pow'r
She roots up ev'ry weed
P. and ev'ry flow'r.
Philoſophy, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility,
By the proud ſage, who, whilſt he ſtrove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride:

Philoſophy, whom Nature had deſign'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,
Herſelf miſled by the philoſopher,
At once her Prieſt and Maſter, made us err;
Pride, pride, like leaven in a maſs of flour,
Tainted her laws, and e'en made Virtue ſour.
Had ſhe, content within her proper ſphere,
Taught leſſons ſuited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real uſe,
The heart of man unrivall'd ſhe had ſway'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.
But when ſhe, overturning Reaſon's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own;
When ſhe with apathy the breaſt would ſteel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;
When ſhe would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our paſſions, but deſtroy;
When, not content our nature to reſtore,
As made by God, ſhe made it all new o'er;
When, with a ſtrange and criminal exceſs,
To make us more than men, ſhe made us leſs;
The good her dwindled pow'r with pity ſaw,
The bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.
Truth with a ſimple and unvarniſh'd tale
E'en from the mouth of N—— might prevail,
Could ſhe get there; but Falſehood's ſugar'd ſtrain
Should pour her fatal blandiſhments in vain,
Nor make one convert, tho' the ſiren hung,
Where ſhe too often hangs, on M—— tongue.

Should

Should all the Sophs, whom in his courſe the ſun
Hath ſeen, or paſt or preſent, riſe in one;
Should he, whilſt pleaſure in each ſentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in proſe;
Should he, full orator at once, impart
Th' Athenian's genius with the Roman's art,
Genius and Art ſhould in this inſtance fail,
Nor Rome tho' join'd with Athens here prevail:
'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man,
To make me find one fault in Nature's plan.
Plac'd low ourſelves, we cenſure thoſe above,
And, wanting judgment, think that ſhe wants love;
Blame where we ought in reaſon to commend,
And think her moſt a foe, when moſt a friend.
Such be Philoſophers——their ſpecious art,
Tho' Friendſhip pleads, ſhall never warp my heart;
Ne'er make me from this breaſt one paſſion tear,
Which Nature, my beſt friend, hath planted there.

F. Forgiving, as a friend, what, whilſt I live,
As a Philoſopher I can't forgive,
In this one point at laſt I join with you;
To Nature pay all that is Nature's due;
But let not clouded Reaſon ſink ſo low,
To fancy debts ſhe does not, cannot owe.
Bear, to full manhood grown, thoſe ſhackles bear,
Which Nature meant us for a time to wear
As we wear leading-ſtrings, which, uſeleſs grown,
Are laid aſide, when we can walk alone.
But on thyſelf, by peeviſh humour ſway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?

Wilt thou make faults, whilſt Judgment weakly errs,
And then defend, miſtaking them for her's?
Dar'ſt thou to ſay, in our enlighten'd age,
That this grand maſter paſſion, this brave rage,
Which flames out for thy Country, was impreſt
And fix'd by Nature in the human breaſt?

If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and ſcorn
On fair compariſon; if on that land
With lib'ral and a more than equal hand
Her gifts as in profuſion Plenty ſends;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends;
If Science finds a patron 'mongſt the great;
If Honeſty is Miniſter of State;
If Pow'r, the guardian of our rights deſign'd,
Is to that great, that only end confin'd;
If riches are employ'd to bleſs the poor;
If Law is ſacred, Liberty ſecure;
Let but theſe facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reaſon declares, thy love can't be too great;
And in this light could he our Country view,
A very Hottentot muſt love it too.

But if, by Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To ſome moſt barren and penurious earth,
Where, ev'ry comfort of this Life denied,
Her real wants are ſcantily ſupplied,
Where Pow'r is Reaſon, Liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke;
To fix thy love on ſuch a wretched ſpot,
Becauſe in Luſt's wild fever there begot,

Becauſe,

Becauſe, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there,
Is Folly, which admits not of defence;
It can't be Nature, for it is not Senſe.
By the ſame argument which here you hold,
(When Falſhood's inſolent let Truth be bold)
If propagation can in torments dwell,
A Devil muſt, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had Fate, to whoſe decrees I lowly bend,
And e'en in puniſhment confeſs a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in ſome place yet untry'd,
On purpoſe made to mortify my pride,
Where the Sun never gave one glimpſe of day,
Where Science never yet could dart one ray;
Had I been born on ſome bleak, blaſted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign;
Or in ſome kingdom, where men, weak or worſe,
Turn'd Nature's ev'ry bleſſing to a curſe,
Where crowns of Freedom by the fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate ſon;
In ſpite of all the wiſdom you diſplay,
All you have ſaid, and yet may have to ſay,
My weakneſs here, if weakneſs, I confeſs,
I, as my Country, had not lov'd her leſs.

Whether ſtrict Reaſon bears me out in this,
Let thoſe who, always ſeeking, always miſs
The ways of Reaſon, doubt with precious zeal;
Their's be the praiſe to argue, mine to feel.
Wiſh we to trace this paſſion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,

From its rich ſtem ten thouſand virtues ſpring,
Ten thouſand bleſſings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you Reaſon call adore;
This, if not Reaſon, muſt be ſomething more.

But (for I wiſh not others to confine,
Be their opinions unreſtrain'd as mine)
Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a ſpice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide:
If it is virtuous, ſoothe an honeſt pride
With lib'ral praiſe; if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in heav'n, ſhall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other ſcale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, Candour unimpeach'd, might madneſs call)
Is it a virtue? That you ſcarce pretend:
Or can it be a vice, like Virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and diſſolves the force
Of private ties, nay ſtops us in our courſe
To that grand object of the human ſoul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty iſle,
This nook, which ſcarce deſerves a frown or ſmile,
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is ſcarce worth one.
The gen'rous Soul, by Nature taught to ſoar,
Her ſtrength confirm'd in philoſophic lore,

At

At one grand view takes in a world with eaſe,
And, ſeeing all mankind, loves all ſhe ſees.
P. Was it moſt ſure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reaſon's creed, tho' found in yours,
That theſe two ſervices, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together; that however loth,
We neither ſerve, attempting to ſerve both;
I could not doubt a moment which to chuſe,
And which in common reaſon to refuſe.
Invented oft for purpoſes of art,
Born of the head, tho' father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world muſt be confeſt
A barren ſpeculation at the beſt.
Not one man in a thouſand, ſhould he live
Beyond the uſual term of life, could give,
So rare occaſion comes, and to ſo few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.
The love we bear our Country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlaſting ſpring
Of glorious actions, which become a King,
Nor leſs become a ſubject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, tho' they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practiſe ev'ry day.
Nor, for my life (ſo very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument), can I deſcry
What you with faith aſſert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my Country can remove,

And make me of neceſſity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Thoſe ties of private nature, ſmall extent,
In which the mind of narrow caſt is pent,
Are only ſteps on which the gen'rous ſoul
Mounts by degrees 'till ſhe includes the whole.
That ſpring of love, which in the human mind,
Founded on ſelf, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The ſocial charities of blood, and friends,
'Till ſmaller ſtreams included, not o'erpaſt,
It riſes to our Country's love at laſt;
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his Country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend as you would appear to Common Senſe,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your Country?

P. Can the ſon,
(Shame, ſhame, on all ſuch ſons) with ruthleſs eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, ſtand by,
And by ſome ruffian, from all ſhame divorc'd,
All virtue, ſee his honour'd mother forc'd!
Then, no, by Him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worſt of men,
Behold my Country plunder'd, beggar'd, loſt
Beyond redemption, all her glories croſs'd
E'en when occaſion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while ſhe awakes to ſhame.

F. Is

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her ſinking ſtate, than baſely to decline
So great a cauſe, and in deſpair reſign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilſt more able patriots doubt, ſhe dies.
From a foul ſource, more deep than we ſuppoſe,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the ſtreets,
'Tis not a groſs attack on Freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of Privilege diſplay'd
Againſt the ſubject, whilſt ſhe wears no ſting
To diſappoint the purpoſe of a King;
Theſe are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With thoſe, which are contriv'd, tho' not declar'd.
Tell me, Philoſopher, is it a crime
To pry into the ſecret womb of Time;
Or, born in ignorance, muſt we deſpair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it ſo—ſtill 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to caſt,
And judge of what's to come, by what is paſt.
Should there be found in ſome not diſtant year
(O how I wiſh to be no prophet here),
Amongſt our Britiſh Lords ſhould there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unſound,
Who look on Freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the ſprings of loyalty are dry;

Who

Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings;
Who would divide the People and the Throne
To set up sep'rate int'rests of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with, to destroy them both;
Should there be found such men in after-times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.

Thou God above, on whom all States depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the Book of Fate
When ruin must involve our equal State;
When law, alas! must be no more, and we,
To Freedom born, must be no longer free;
Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm:
Let not, whatever other ills assail,
A damned Aristocracy prevail.
If, all too short, our course of Freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a King.

F. Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your case.—But grant, to soothe your pride,
That you know more than all the world beside,

Why

Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Reſolv'd, and like a man, at once ſpeak out,
Shew us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to enſure our ſafety, make us wiſe.

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools ſtray;
The proud will rather loſe than aſk their way;
To men of ſenſe what needs it to unfold
And tell a tale which they muſt know untold?
In the Bad, int'reſt warps the canker'd heart,
The Good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilſt arch, ſubtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of diſcontent alive,
Whilſt they, with arts to honeſt men unknown,
Breed doubts between the People and the Throne,
Making us fear, where Reaſon never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themſelves paſs unſuſpected in diſguiſe,
And 'gainſt our real danger ſeal our eyes.

F. Mark them, and let their names recorded ſtand
On Shame's black roll, and ſtink thro' all the land.

P. That might ſome courage, but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.

F. Leave out their names.

P. For that kind caution thanks;
But may not Judges ſometimes fill up blanks?

F. Your Country's laws in doubt then you reject?

P. The laws I love, the lawyers I ſuſpect:
Amongſt twelve Judges may not one be found,
(On bare, bare poſſibility I ground

This

This wholesome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
Create and uncreate, and from the bench,
With winks, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a Jury's hearts;
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights controul;
Who may, tho' Judge, turn Advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge,
Making interpretation all the way,
In spite of facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving law without the least defence,
May damn his conscience to approve his sense?

F. Whilst, the true guardians of this charter'd land,
In full and perfect vigour, Juries stand,
A Judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex.

P. Suppose I should be tried in Middlesex?

F. To pack a Jury they will never dare.

P. There's no occasion to pack Juries there.

F. 'Gainst prejudice all arguments are weak,
Reason herself without effect must speak.
Fly then thy Country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her int'rest, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counsel taken, what should Satire do?
Where could she find an object that is new?
Those travell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,
And send abroad to see, and to be seen,

With

With whom, leſt they ſhould fornicate, or worſe,
A Tutor's ſent, by way of a dry nurſe,
Each of whom juſt enough of ſpirit bears,
To ſhew our follies, and to bring home their's,
Have made all Europe's vices ſo well known,
They ſeem almoſt as nat'ral as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpoſe better do?

P. In one reſpect at leaſt—there's ſomething new.

F. A harmleſs people, in whom Nature ſpeaks
Free and untainted; 'mongſt whom Satire ſeeks,
But vainly ſeeks, ſo ſimply plain their hearts,
One boſom where to lodge her poiſon'd darts.

P. From knowledge ſpeak you this, or doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and reſolv'd, hath Reaſon found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by Reaſon taught,
You have faith ev'ry where but where you ought.
India or Europe—What's there in a name?
Propenſity to vice in both the ſame,
Nature alike in both works for man's good,
Alike in both by man himſelf withſtood.
Nabobs, as well as thoſe who hunt them down,
Deſerve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debaſe
As any poliſh'd Prince of Chriſtian race.

F. Could you, a taſk more hard than you ſuppoſe,
Could you, in ridicule whilſt Satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here.
Howe'er well-drawn, the picture after all,
Becauſe we know not the original,

Would

Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try.
And if your obſervations ſterling hold,
If the piece ſhould be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the ſide of Nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, ſomething ſeem to mean,
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us ſomething that we know,
And from all honeſt men applauſe to win;
I'll groupe the Company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungen'rous thought by ſhame ſuppreſs'd,
Add not diſtreſs to thoſe too much diſtreſs'd.
Have they not, by blind zeal miſled, laid bare
Thoſe ſores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their myſteries ſo low,
That what the wiſe ſuſpected not, fools know?
From their firſt riſe e'en to the preſent hour,
Have they not prov'd their own abuſe of pow'r;
Made it impoſſible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;
Whilſt unſeduc'd by Miniſters, the Throne
Regards our intereſt, and knows its own?

P. Should ev'ry other ſubject chance to fail,
Thoſe who have ſail'd, and thoſe who wiſh to ſail
In the laſt fleet, afford an ample field,
Which muſt beyond my hopes a harveſt yield.

F. On ſuch vile food Satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot ſtarve, if there was only Clive.

END OF THE FAREWELL.

THE

THE

TIMES.

THE time hath been, a boyiſh, bluſhing time,
When modeſty was ſcarcely held a crime;
When the moſt wicked had ſome touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face;
When thoſe, who, in the cauſe of Sin grown grey,
Had ſerv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet ſo weak an aukward ſhame to feel,
And ſtrove that glorious ſervice to conceal;
We, better bred, and than our ſires more wiſe,
Such paltry narrowneſs of ſoul deſpiſe,
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence diſclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our ſhame.
Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm;
Ere Luxury ſat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's ſpace
Reſerv'd for buſineſs, or allow'd for grace;
Ere Vanity had ſo far conquer'd Senſe
To make us all wild rivals in expence,
To make one fool ſtrive to outvie another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dreſs againſt his brother;

Ere baniſh'd Induſtry had left our ſhores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere Idleneſs prevail'd ſole Queen in Courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for ſports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And diſſipation held the place of thought;
Ere gambling Lords in vice ſo far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the ſun look on;
Ere a great nation, not leſs juſt than free,
Was made a beggar by economy;
Ere rugged Honeſty was out of vogue,
Ere Faſhion ſtamp'd her ſanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conſcience, that they made
Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to ſhame,
Who dar'd abuſe and falſify his truſt,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjuſt;
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at diſtance view'd,
He walk'd the crouded ſtreets in ſolitude,
Nor could his rank, and ſtation in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might ſuch revive
To keep expiring Honeſty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not juſt thro' principle, but juſt thro' pride.
Our times, more poliſh'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour; payment a diſgrace.
Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on Folly's liſt,
May gravely tell us trade cannot ſubſiſt,

Nor

Nor all thoſe thouſands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once deſtroy'd.
Why—be it ſo—We in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradeſmen to a Lord?
Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradeſmen in his ear,
Of tradeſmen by his villainy betray'd,
And, vainly ſeeking juſtice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? Lordly as before,
He ſits at eaſe, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionleſs as ſtone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they ſtand, or only heard by thoſe,
Thoſe ſlaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? He continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in ſtate.
The helpleſs widow, wrung with deep deſpair,
In bitterneſs of ſoul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her ſtarving babes with ſtreaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the ſkies.
What is't to Faber? He ſtands ſafe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breaſt a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple braſs, which bears
The name of Privilege 'gainſt vulgar awe;
He feels no Conſcience, and he fears no Law.
Nor think, acquainted with ſmall knaves alone,
Who have not ſhame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on ſuch men, to whom contempt is due,

Contempt ſhall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded ſtand thro' all the Land of Shame.
No—to his porch, like Perſians to the ſun,
Behold contending crowds of Courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All ſworn to keep his crimes in countenance.
Nor wonder at it—They partake the charge,
As ſmall their conſcience, and their debts as large.
Propp'd by ſuch clients, and without controul
From all that's honeſt in the human ſoul,
In grandeur mean, with inſolence unjuſt,
Whilſt none but knaves can praiſe, and fools will truſt,
Careſs'd and courted, Faber ſeems to ſtand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land,
And (a ſad truth to which ſucceeding times
Will ſcarce give credit, when 'tis told in rimes)
Did not ſtrict Honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the Throne, did not true Piety
(Who, link'd with Honour for the nobleſt ends,
Ranks none but honeſt men amongſt her friends)
Forbid us to be cruſh'd with ſuch a weight,
He might in time be Miniſter of State.
But why enlarge I on ſuch petty crimes?
They might have ſhock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing.—We begin
Where our ſires ended, and improve in ſin,
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our ſons to do.
Nor deem this cenſure hard; there's not a place
Moſt conſecrate to purpoſes of grace,

Which

Which Vice hath not polluted; none ſo high,
But with bold pinion ſhe hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleaſure; none ſo low,
But ſhe hath crept into it; made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps ſhe reigns
O'er ſober citizens, and ſimple ſwains;
E'en in our temples ſhe hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.
More to increaſe the horror of our State,
To make her empire laſting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Curſes which neither Art nor Time can heal,
All ſhame diſcarded, all remains of pride,
Meanneſs ſits crown'd, and triumphs by her ſide;
Meanneſs, who gleans out of the human mind
Thoſe few good ſeeds which Vice had left behind,
Thoſe ſeeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the ſoul without a pow'r to mend;
Meanneſs, at ſight of whom, with brave diſdain
The breaſt of Manhood ſwells, but ſwells in vain,
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her ſeat;
Meanneſs which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother ſlain,
God, in his great and all-ſubduing rage,
Ordains the ſtanding mark of this vile age.
The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is ſold,
The ſtateſman bargains for his Country's ſhame,
And for preferment prieſts their God diſclaim.

Worn out with luſt, her day of lech'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which ſhe bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to ſome old letcher for a wife,
And makes her an adultereſs for life,
Or in the Papers bids his name appear,
And advertiſes for a L———;
Huſband and wife (whom Av'rice muſt applaud)
Agree to ſave the charge of pimp and bawd;
Theſe parts they play themſelves, a frugal pair,
And ſhare the infamy, the gain to ſhare;
Well-pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue ſo well.
Nor are theſe things (which might imply a ſpark
Of ſhame ſtill left) tranſacted in the dark.
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade.
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkneſs in a cloud,
In fulleſt vigour Vice maintains her ſway;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanneſs, now wed to Impudence, no more
In darkneſs ſkulks, and trembles, as of yore,
When the light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly ſhe ſtalks on earth, and to the ſky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears leſt time abate,
And turn her huſband's love to canker'd hate,
Since Fate, to make them more ſincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their ſon;

A ſon

A ſon ſo like his dam, ſo like his ſire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image ſo expreſs in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would ſtand as heir apparent to the throne.
With our own iſland vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the continent,
Dance Europe round, and viſit ev'ry Court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import.
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent ſins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly induſtrious to make Vice appear
In her full ſtate, and perfect only here.
To Holland, where Politeneſs ever reigns,
Where primitive Sincerity remains,
And makes a ſtand, where Freedom in her courſe
Hath left her name, tho' ſhe hath loſt her force
In that, as other lands, where ſimple Trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd,
Where Av'rice never dar'd to ſhew his head,
Where, like a ſmiling cherub, Mercy, led
By Reaſon, bleſſes the ſweet-blooded race,
And Cruelty could never find a place,
To Holland for that charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.
France, in return for peace and pow'r reſtor'd,
For all thoſe countries, which the hero's ſword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own;

France hath afforded large and rich ſupplies
Of vanities full-trimm'd, of poliſh'd lies,
Of ſoothing flatteries, which thro' the ears
Steal to and melt the heart, of flaviſh fears
Which break the ſpirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas! we need not ſend abroad.

Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herſelf a dearth—
Gives us that jealouſy, which, born of fear
And mean diſtruſt, grows not by nature here—
Gives us that ſuperſtition, which pretends
By the worſt means to ſerve the beſt of ends—
That cruelty, which, ſtranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward, and the ſlave;
That cruelty, which led her chriſtian bands
With more than ſavage rage o'er ſavage lands,
Bade her without remorſe whole countries thin,
And hold of nought but mercy as a ſin.

Italia, nurſe of ev'ry ſofter art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart,
Who lays the realms of Senſe and Virtue waſte,
Who mars whilſt ſhe pretends to mend our taſte;
Italia, to compleat and crown our ſhame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatneſs without being great,
Pride without pow'r, titles without eſtate,
Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cauſe, revenge without remorſe,
Dark mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealouſy without love, ſound without ſenſe,

Mirth

Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reaſon, goſpel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart,
Half-men, who, dry and pithleſs, are debarr'd
From man's beſt joys—no ſooner made than marr'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and *noble* dame,
To ſerve her luſt, and yet ſecure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut our appetites at laſt decreed;
Women, who dance in poſtures ſo obſcene,
They might awaken ſhame in Aretine;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the myſteries of night,
Might make the Muſes, in a corner plac'd
To view their monſtrous luſts, deem Sappho chaſte;
Theſe, and a thouſand follies rank as theſe,
A thouſand faults, ten thouſand fools, who pleaſe
Our pall'd and ſickly taſte, ten thouſand knaves,
Who ſerve our foes as ſpies, and us as ſlaves,
Who by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expence
Of Fame, of Virtue, Taſte, and Common Senſe.

Nor ſtop we here—the ſoft luxurious Eaſt,
Where man, his ſoul degraded, from the beaſt
In nothing diff'rent but in ſhape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Attracts our eye; and flowing from that ſource,
Sins of the blackeſt character, ſins worſe

Than

Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the beſt blood in my veins run cold,
And ſtrike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of ſhame;
Sins, if ſuch ſins can be, which ſhut out grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
E'en in God's mercy, ſins 'gainſt Nature's plan
Poſſeſs the land at large, and man for man
Burn in thoſe fires, which Hell alone could raiſe
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days
Of puniſhment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures ſhe can ſcarce repay.

Be grace ſhut out, be mercy deaf; let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which ſpeaks them loſt, and ſentenc'd to deſpair;
Diſtending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare
For thoſe who thus offend amongſt mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On earth, which groans beneath their monſtrous weight,
On earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate;
And whilſt the laws, falſe grace, falſe mercy ſhewn,
Are taught to wear a ſoftneſs not their own,
Men, whom the beaſts would ſpurn, ſhould they appear
Amongſt the honeſt herd, find refuge here.

No longer by vain fear or ſhame controul'd,
From long, too long ſecurity grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our ſtreets,
And Lumley e'en at noon his miſtreſs meets:
So public in their crimes, ſo daring grown,
They almoſt take a pride to have them known;

And

And each unnat'ral villain ſcarce endures
To make a ſecret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,
Sodom confronts, and ſtares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honeſt whores.
Thoſe who are mean high paramours ſecure,
And the rich guilty ſcreen the guilty poor;
The ſin too proud to feel from reaſon awe,
And thoſe who practiſe it too great for law.
Woman, the pride and happineſs of Man,
Without whoſe ſoft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and Life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With ſofteſt arts, and ſure, tho' hidden ſkill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd *here*,
With the perſuaſive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our iſle,
Or win us to her purpoſe with a ſmile;
Woman, by fate the quickeſt ſpur decreed,
The faireſt, beſt reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the ſtamp of honour; at whoſe name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilſt o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcaſes of Princes ſlain,
Confuſion proudly ſtrode, whilſt Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death ſtalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having loſt its uſe; no more the eye

With

With *female* beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that ſeat where love reſides,
Each breath drawn quick and ſhort, in fuller tides
Life poſting thro' the veins, each pulſe on fire,
And the whole body tingling with deſire,
Pants for thoſe charms, which Virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the froſt of Age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muſcle ſtrain,
And giving pleaſure which is almoſt pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleaſure we muſt have a Ganymede;
A fine, freſh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To ſerve our purpoſes of beaſtly joy.

Faireſt of nymphs where ev'ry nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd moſt worthy to be lov'd,
——— neglected wanders, whilſt a croud
Purſue, and conſecrate the ſteps ———.
She, hapleſs maid, born in a wretched hour,
Waſtes Life's gay prime in vain, like ſome fair flow'r,
Sweet in its ſcent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the ſtalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd; whilſt he, admir'd, careſs'd,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome gueſt,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnat'ral luſt a common ſewer.

Dine with Apicius—at his ſumptuous board
Find All the world of dainties can afford—

And

And yet (ſo much diſtemper'd ſpirits pall
The ſickly appetite) amidſt them all
Apicius finds no joy, but, whilſt he carves
For ev'ry gueſt, the landlord ſits and ſtarves.
The foreſt haunch, fine fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, ſmokes before his eye,
But ſmokes in vain; his heedleſs eye runs o'er
And loaths what he had deified before;
The turtle, of a great and glorious ſize,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a man of taſte all riſques would run,
Itſelf a feaſt, and ev'ry diſh in one;
The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dreſs'd by Quin:
In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As Quin hath dreſs'd it, he may eat it too,
Apicius cannot.—When the glaſs goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth reſound,
Sober he ſits, and ſilent—All alone
Tho' in a croud, and to himſelf ſcarce known,
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suſpend his cares, and make him ceaſe to pine.
Why mourns Apicius thus? Why runs his eye,
Heedleſs, o'er delicates, which from the ſky
Might call down Jove? Where now his generous wiſh,
That, to invent a new and better diſh,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roaſt a Phœnix at the fire?
Why ſwims that eye in tears, which, thro' a race
Of ſixty years, ne'er ſhew'd one ſign of grace?

Why

Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his ſtomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of ſorrow? Hath Fate call'd
His father from the grave to ſecond life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife;
Or hath the law, by ſtricteſt juſtice taught,
Compell'd him to reſtore the dower ſhe brought?
Hath ſome bold creditor againſt his will
Brought in, and forc'd him to diſcharge a bill,
Where eating had no ſhare? Hath ſome vain wench
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the ſtart,
And beat him in his own luxurious art;
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or dreſt old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be ſlain with rods,
Spoil'd a diſh fit to entertain the gods;
Or hath ſome varlet, croſs'd by cruel fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?
None, none of theſe—his ſervants all are try'd,
So ſure they walk on ice, and never ſlide;
His cook, an acquiſition made in France,
Might put a Chloe out of countenance,
Nor, tho' old Holles ſtill maintains his ſtand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
Women are all the objects of his hate,
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his ſtate
In full ſecurity and triumph held,
Unleſs for once a knave ſhould be expell'd;

His

His wife is ſtill a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he ſtill retains the dow'r;
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly ſent him there)
His father ſleeps, and, 'till the laſt trump ſhake
The corners of the earth, ſhall not awake.

Whence flows this ſorrow then? Behind his chair
Did'ſt thou not ſee, deck'd with a ſolitaire,
Which on his bare breaſt glitt'ring play'd, and grac'd
With niceſt ornaments, a ſtripling plac'd,
A ſmooth, ſmug, ſtripling, in life's faireſt prime?
Did'ſt thou not mind too, how from time to time
The monſtrous letcher, tempted to deſpiſe
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
How he ſeem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who ſtrove his fix'd attention to recall,
And how he wiſh'd, e'en at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cauſe of grief behold in that fair boy;
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.

Vain and unthinking ſtripling! When the glaſs
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you paſs,
Flatt'ring, preſents in ſmiles thy image there,
Why doſt thou bleſs the gods, who made thee fair?
Blame their large bounties, and with reaſon blame;
Curſe, curſe thy beauty, for it leads to ſhame.
When thy hot Lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids ſhow'rs of gold into thy breaſt deſcend,
Suſpect his gifts, nor the vile giver truſt;
They're baits for virtue, and ſmell ſtrong of luſt.

On

On thoſe gay, gaudy trappings which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with ſcorn,
View them with horror; they pollution mean,
And deepeſt ruin: thou haſt often ſeen,
From 'mongſt the herd, the faireſt and the beſt
Carefully ſingled out, and richly dreſt,
With grandeur mock'd, for ſacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at laſt to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger ſhun,
To ſtay a moment is to be undone.
What tho', temptation-proof, thy virtue ſhine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
All other methods failing, one reſource
Is ſtill behind, and thou muſt yield to force.
Paint to thyſelf the horrors of a rape,
Moſt ſtrongly paint, and, whilſt thou can'ſt, eſcape;
Mind not his promiſes—they're made in ſport—
Made to be broke—Was he not bred at Court?
Truſt not his honour, he's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,
Not regiſter'd in Heav'n—He mocks at grace,
And in his creed God never found a place—
Look not for Conſcience—for he knows her not,
So long a ſtranger, ſhe is quite forgot—
Nor think thyſelf in law ſecure and firm—
Thy maſter is a Lord, and thou a worm,
A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
Who, being well ſupplied with meat and drink,
And ſuffer'd juſt to crawl from place to place,
Muſt ſerve his luſts, and think he does thee grace.

Fly

Fly, then, whilſt yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly:
But whither can'ſt thou go? on whom rely
For wiſh'd protection? Virtue's ſure to meet
An armed hoſt of foes in ev'ry ſtreet.
What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone?
Or why take refuge in the houſe of pray'r,
If ſure to meet with an Apicius there?
Truſt not old age, which will thy faith betray,
Saint Socrates is ſtill a goat, tho' gray;
Truſt not green youth; Florio will ſcarce go down,
And, at eighteen, hath ſurfeited the town;
Truſt not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
They take up raking only as a fence
'Gainſt common fame—place H——— in thy view;
He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two;
Truſt not to marriage—T—— took a wife,
Who chaſte as Dian might have paſs'd her life,
Had ſhe not, far more prudent in her aim,
(To propagate the honours of his name,
And ſave expiring titles) taken care
Without his knowledge to provide an heir;
Truſt not to marriage, in mankind unread;
S——'s a married man, and S—— new wed.
Would'ſt thou be ſafe? Society forſwear,
Fly to the deſart, and ſeek ſhelter there,
Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
There's not one brute ſo dangerous as man
In Afric's wilds—'mongſt them that refuge find,
Which luſt denies thee here among mankind;

Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
Pique thy vain pride on manhood; on all four
Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,
And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.
But if the thoughts of solitude alarm,
And social life hath one remaining charm,
If still thou art to jeopardy decreed
Amongst the monsters of Augusta's breed,
Lay by thy sex, thy safety to procure;
Put off the man, from men to live secure;
Go forth a woman to the public view,
And with their garb assume their manners too.
Had the *light-footed* Greek of Chiron's school
Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
The maudlin hero, like a puling boy
Robb'd of his play-thing, on the plains of Troy
Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
And plac'd his minion in his mistress' room.
Be not in this than catamites more nice,
Do that for virtue, which they do for vice.
Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
Thus stand uncourted in the drawing-room,
At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,
And run no danger but of being beat.
Where is the mother, whose officious zeal
Discreetly judging what her daughters feel
By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that letcher Man makes fast the door?
Who not permits, e'en for the sake of pray'r,
A priest, uncastrated, to enter there,

Nor

Nor (could her wiſhes and her care prevail)
Would ſuffer in the houſe a fly that's male?
Let her diſcharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them ſo.

Tho' they more freſh, more lively than the morn,
And brighter than the noon-day ſun, adorn
The works of Nature; tho' the mother's grace
Revives, improv'd, in every daughter's face;
Undiſciplin'd in dull Diſcretion's rules,
Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding-ſchools,
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,
Go forth at random, and run Pleaſure down,
Start where ſhe will, diſcard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
Watch not their ſteps—They're ſafe without thy care,
Unleſs, like jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unleſs they breed, like carrion, in the ſun.
Men, dead to pleaſure, as they're dead to grace,
Againſt the law of Nature ſet their face,
The grand primæval law, and ſeem combin'd
To ſtop the propagation of mankind;
Vile Pathicks read the Marriage Act with pride,
And fancy that the Law is on their ſide.

Broke down, and ſtrength a ſtranger to his bed,
Old L———, tho' yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our iſle;
No longer bleſt with a Cz———'s ſmile

T——— is at P——— disgrac'd,
And M——— grown gray, perforce grows chaste;
Nor, to the credit of our modest race,
Rises one stallion to supply their place.
A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December the rank fly would blow
Tho' closely kept, *now*, when the Dog-Star's heat
Enflames the marrow in the very street,
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by those
Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose.
Poor, plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,
And simple Letch'ry dares not shew her face,
Left she be sent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To save their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,
Which first had left off them; to *Wellclose-Square*
Fine, fresh, young strumpets (for Dodd preaches there)
Throng for subsistence; pimps no longer thrive,
And pensions only keep L—— alive.

Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a man-child is born; thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
Short-sighted woman! little doth she know
What streams of sorrow from that source may flow;
Little suspect, while she surveys her boy,
Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curse; that she may live,
Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,
In agonies of soul, to curse that son.

Pray

Pray then for daughters, ye wife mothers, pray;
They ſhall reward your love, not make you gray
Before your time with ſorrow; they ſhall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilſt ye live
Make life moſt truly worth your care, and ſave,
In ſpite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.
That ſenſe, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of ſoul, that ſtretch of thought,
That genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted moſt, that purity of taſte
Which Critics mention by the name of Chaſte
Adorn'd with elegance, that eaſy flow
Of ready wit which never made a foe,
That face, that form, that dignity, that eaſe,
Thoſe pow'rs of pleaſing with that will to pleaſe,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
E'en from the curriſh Pope extorted praiſe,
We ſee, tranſmitted, in her daughter ſhine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.
Is a ſon born into this world of woe?
In never-ceaſing ſtreams let ſorrow flow;
Be from that hour the houſe with ſables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
E'en from the moment that he firſt began
To wail and whine; let him not ſee a man;
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought: B——, tho' rich, was ſold,
And gave his body up to ſhame for gold.

Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarſe, indelicate and brown,
An antidote to luſt, his face deep ſcarr'd
With the ſmall-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the King's-evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running ſore.
Should'ſt thou report him as by Nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praiſe betray'd;
Give him out fair, letchers in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, ſhall to thine repair,
And force a paſſage, tho' a God is there.
Let him not have one ſervant that is male;
Where Lords are baffled, ſervants oft prevail.
Some vices they propoſe, to all agree;
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?
Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than truſt his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report, and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor truſt him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For baſe deſigns; ourſelves have liv'd to ſee
More than one parſon in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A ſcene, which, tho' not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father ſit with him alone.

Le

Be all his ſervants female, young, and fair;
And if the pride of Nature ſpur thy heir
To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get ſome ſcore of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongſt ſuch a race,
To have a baſtard is ſome ſign of grace.

Born in ſuch times, ſhould I ſit tamely down,
Suppreſs my rage, and ſaunter thro' the town
As one who knew not, or who ſhar'd theſe crimes?
Should I at leſſer evils point my rimes,
And let this giant ſin, in the full eye
Of obſervation, paſs unwounded by?
Tho' our meek wives, paſſive obedience taught,
Patiently bear thoſe wrongs for which they ought,
With the brave ſpirit of their dams poſſeſs'd,
To plant a dagger in each huſband's breaſt,
To cut off male increaſe from this fair iſle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Tho', on his Sunday, the ſmug pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainſt all other crimes, is ſilent here,
And thinks himſelf abſolv'd, in the pretence
Of decency, which meant for the defence
Of real Virtue, and to raiſe her price,
Becomes an agent for the cauſe of Vice;
Tho' the Law ſleeps, and thro' the care they take
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in ſuch times, nor with that patience curſt
Which ſaints may boaſt of, I muſt ſpeak, or burſt.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaſter ear,
If all unguarded, all too rude, I ſpeak,
And call up bluſhes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye fair—my real motives view,
And to forgiveneſs add your praiſes too.
For you I write—nor wiſh a better plan,
The cauſe of Woman is moſt worthy Man—
For you I ſtill will write, nor hold my hand,
Whilſt there's one ſlave of Sodom in the land.
Let them fly far, and ſkulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their ſteps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or reſt their feet,
'Till God in wrath ſhall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,
Her tow'rs in duſt, her Thames a lake of fire;
Or they (moſt worth our wiſh) convinc'd, tho' late,
Of their paſt crimes, and dangerous eſtate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

END OF THE TIMES.

INDE-

INDEPENDENCE.

HAPPY the *Bard* (tho' few ſuch *Bards* we find)
Who, 'bove controulment, dares to ſpeak his mind;
Dares, unabaſh'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
Him Faſhion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot miſlead
To be the ſlave of Greatneſs, to ſtrike ſail,
When, ſweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality, in full plumage, paſſes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due ſtate,
And is above converſing with the great.
Periſh thoſe ſlaves, thoſe minions of the quill,
Who have conſpir'd to ſeize that ſacred hill
Where the Nine Siſters pour a genuine ſtrain,
And ſunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and ſervile art,
No ſpark of virtue living in their heart,
Have baſely turn'd apoſtates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have diſgrac'd,

Like

Like Eli's ſons, the altars where they ſtand,
And caus'd their name to ſtink thro' all the land,
Have ſtoop'd to proſtitute their venal pen
For the ſupport of great but guilty men,
Have made the Bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that Thing we call a *Lord*.

What is a *Lord?* Doth that plain, ſimple word
Contain ſome magic ſpell? As ſoon as heard,
Like an alarum-bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it ſtrike louder, and more ſtrong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Thro' Reaſon's Court doth it unqueſtion'd go
E'en on the mention, and of courſe tranſmit
Notions of ſomething excellent, of wit
Pleaſing tho' keen, of humour free tho' chaſte,
Of ſterling genius with ſound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas Nature's firſt intent,
Before their rank became their puniſhment,
They ſhould have paſs'd for men, nor bluſh'd to prize
The bleſſings ſhe beſtow'd.—She gave them eyes,
And they could ſee—ſhe gave them ears—they heard—
The inſtruments of ſtirring, and they ſtirr'd—
Like us, they were deſign'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (ev'ry now and then) to think:
'Till they, by pride corrupted, for the ſake
Of ſingularity, diſclaim'd that make;
'Till they, diſdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and ſtruck into another road,

More

More fitting *Quality*, and to our view
Came forth a ſpecies altogether new,
Something we had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—*Lords* are Things,
Which, never made by me, were made by Kings.
A *Lord* (nor let the honeſt and the brave,
The true, old noble with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame; curſt be that thought of mine,
Which with a B— and F— ſhould Grafton join)
A *Lord* (nor here let cenſure raſhly call
My juſt contempt of ſome, abuſe of all,
And as of *late*, when Sodom was my theme,
Slander my purpoſe, and my Muſe blaſpheme,
Becauſe ſhe ſtops not, rapid in her ſong,
To make exceptions as ſhe goes along,
Tho' well ſhe hopes to find, another year,
A whole Minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere *Lord*, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man; himſelf a blank,
Thankleſs he lives, or muſt ſome grandſire thank
For ſmuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
A *Bard* owes all to Nature and himſelf.
Gods, how my ſoul is burnt up with diſdain,
When I ſee men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lacquey the heels of thoſe
Whom Genius ranks amongſt her greateſt foes!
And what's the cauſe? Why theſe ſame ſons of Scorn,
No thanks to them, were to a title born,

And

And could not help it; by chance hither ſent,
And only deities by accident.
Had fortune on our getting chanc'd to ſhine,
Their birthright honours had been *your*'s or *mine*.
'Twas a mere random ſtroke; and ſhould the Throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, tho' a Bard, might'ſt be their fellow yet,
But Felix never can be made a Wit.
No, in good faith—that's one of thoſe few things
Which Fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of Kings.
Bards may be Lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn Lords into Bards.
A *Bard*—a *Lord*—Why let them hand in hand
Go forth as friends, and travel thro' the land;
Obſerve which word the people can digeſt
Moſt readily, which goes to market beſt,
Which gets moſt credit; whether men will truſt
A *Bard* becauſe they think he may be juſt,
Or on a *Lord* will chuſe to riſque their gains,
Tho' *Privilege* in that point ſtill remains.
A *Bard*—a *Lord*—let Reaſon take her ſcales,
And fairly weigh thoſe words; ſee which prevails,
Which in the ballance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by ſinking, we the victor deem.
'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a ſynod in the ſacred grove.
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,
And ſit in ſtate the Senate of the ſky;
Whilſt, in a kind of parliament below,
Men ſtare at thoſe above, and want to know

What

What they're tranſacting. Reaſon takes her ſtand
Juſt in the midſt, a ballance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er ſhe tries, and finds it true.
From either ſide, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of figure ſtrange and queer;
We now and then ſee ſomething like them here.
The *firſt* was meagre, flimſy, void of ſtrength,
But Nature kindly had made up in length
What ſhe in breadth denied. Erect and proud,
A head and ſhoulders taller than the croud,
He deem'd them pigmies all: looſe hung his ſkin
O'er his bare bones; his face ſo very thin,
So very narrow, and ſo much beat out,
That Phyſiognomiſts have made a doubt,
Proportion loſt, expreſſion quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unbleſs'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd:
With legs, which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to ſupport a ſpider's weight,
Firmly he ſtrove to tread, and with a ſtride
Which ſhew'd at once his weakneſs and his pride,
Shaking himſelf to pieces, ſeem'd to cry,
"Obſerve, good people, how I ſhake the ſky."
In his right-hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Diſtinct, and plain for thoſe who run to ſee,
Saint Archibald had wrote *L, O, R, D.*
This, with an air of ſcorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into Reaſon's ſcales, and on that bar,

Which

Which from his ſoul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
The Judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddeſs titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove ſtar'd,
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
"Good Heaven bleſs us all, is that a *Lord!*"

Such was the *firſt*—the *ſecond* was a man,
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A *bear*, whom from the moment he was born,
His dam deſpis'd, and left *unlick'd* in ſcorn;
A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of Art outdone,
She could not finiſh when ſhe had begun;
An utter *Chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could ſtrike one ſpark of light.

Broad were his ſhoulders, and from blade to blade
A H——— might at full length have laid;
Vaſt were his bones, his muſcles twiſted ſtrong;
His face was ſhort, but broader than 'twas long;
His features, tho' by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning, ſave that we might ſpy
Senſe low'ring on the penthouſe of his eye;
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs ſo ſtout
That they might bear a manſion-houſe about;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Deſign'd by Fate a much leſs weight to bear.

O'er a brown *Caſſock*, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A ſight moſt ſtrange, and aukward to behold,
He threw a covering of *blue* and *gold*.

Juſt

Juſt at that time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He ſtarted up a fop, and, fond of ſhow,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd *beau*.
A ſubject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy muſt allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.

With ſuch accoutrements, with ſuch a form,
Much like a porpoiſe juſt before a ſtorm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was ſeen to ſimper; at the ſound
(Nor was the cauſe unknown, for from his youth
Himſelf he ſtudied by the glaſs of Truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor ſhall the gods condemn,
If, whilſt they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reaſon view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd thro' his ſoul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other ſcale the name of *Bard*.

Then (for ſhe did as Judges ought to do,
She nothing of the caſe beforehand knew,
Nor wiſh'd to know; ſhe never ſtretch'd the laws,
Nor, baſely to anticipate a cauſe,
Compell'd Sollicitors, no longer free,
To ſhew thoſe briefs ſhe had no right to ſee)
Then ſhe with equal hand her ſcales held out,
Nor did the cauſe one moment hang in doubt;
She held her ſcales out fair to public view,
The *Lord*, as ſparks fly upwards, upwards flew,

More

More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The *Bard*, preponderating, kept his ſtate.
Reaſon approv'd, and with a voice, whoſe ſound
Shook earth, ſhook heaven, on the cleareſt ground,
Pronouncing for the *Bards* a full decree
Cried—" Thoſe muſt honour *them*, who honour *me*;
" They from this preſent day, where'er I reign,
" In their own right, precedence ſhall obtain:
" *Merit* rules here; be it enough that *Birth*
" Intoxicates, and ſways the fools of earth."
Nor think that here, in hatred to a Lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when you will (I am not now in ſport)
You'll find it regiſter'd in Reaſon's Court.
Nor think that Envy here hath ſtrung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I moſt admire;
And look on titles with an eye of ſcorn,
Becauſe I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly ſatisfied to have a croud
Point at me as I paſs, and cry,—" That's he—
" A poor, but honeſt Bard, who dares be free
" Amidſt corruption," than to have a train
Of flick'ring levee-ſlaves, to make me vain
Of things I ought to bluſh for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am leſs than man, my faults t' adore,
And make me think that I am ſomething more.
Recall paſt times, bring back the days of old,
When the great Noble bore his honours bold,

And

And in the face of peril, when he dar'd
Things which his legal baſtard, if declar'd,
Might well diſcredit; faithful to his truſt,
In the extremeſt points of juſtice juſt,
Well-knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew,
True to his King, and to his Country true;
Honeſt at Court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dreſs, and in his manners plain;
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous but not profuſe,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their uſe;
Poſſeſſing much, and yet deſerving more,
Deſerving thoſe high honours which he wore
With eaſe to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, becauſe he did not claim;
When the grim war was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lioneſs of royal whelps foredone,
In peace, as mild as the departing ſun,
A gen'ral bleſſing whereſoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himſelf unlearn'd;
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recall ſuch times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart ſhall bend, or crack,
My ſtubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry Muſe conſpire to ſwell his fame,
'Till Envy ſhall to him that praiſe allow,
Which ſhe cannot deny to Temple now.

This juſtice claims, nor ſhall the Bard forget,
Delighted with the taſk, to pay that debt,

To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding ſuch worth, prove his own right to praiſe.
But let not Pride and Prejudice miſdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme;
Titles, with me, are vain, and nothing worth,
I rev'rence Virtue, but I laugh at Birth.
Give me a Lord that's honeſt, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his ſlave;
Tho' none indeed but blockheads would pretend
To make a ſlave, where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confeſs his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a Lord, who, to a title born,
Boaſts nothing elſe, I'll pay him ſcorn with ſcorn.
What, ſhall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if ſuch a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd ſtand, and bend my knee
To ſuch a ſhadow of nobility,
A ſhred, a remnant? He might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note,
Had he not worn by chance his father's coat.
To think a M—— worth my leaſt regards,
Is treaſon to the *Majeſty* of *Bards*.

By Nature form'd (when for her honour's ſake
She ſomething more than common ſtrove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour ſhe impreſt
Her ſtamp moſt ſtrongly on the favour'd breaſt)

The

The *Bard* (nor think too lightly that I mean
Thoſe little, piddling witlings, who o'erween
Of their ſmall parts, the Murphys of the ſtage,
The Maſons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearſe,
And drawl out meaſur'd proſe, which they call verſe)
The real *Bard*, whom native genius fires,
Whom every Maid of Caſtaly inſpires,
Let him conſider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but anſwer Nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himſelf with other men,
Would ne'er debaſe the glories of his pen,
Would in full ſtate, like a true Monarch, live,
Nor 'bate one inch of his *prerogative*.
Methinks I ſee old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the ſeaſon be a Peer,
Tho' now, againſt his will, of figures ſick,
He's forc'd to diet on *Arithmetic*,
E'en whilſt he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old cloaths to ſell about the ſtreets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His *Tyburn* bob turn'd to a dreſs'd bag wig)
I hear him cry—" What doth this jargon mean?
" Was ever ſuch a damn'd dull blockhead ſeen?
" *Majeſty*——*Bard*——*Prerogative*——Diſdain
" Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
" To *Bethlem* with him—give him whips and ſtraw—
" I'm very ſenſible he's mad in law.
" A ſaucy groom who trades in reaſon, thus
" To ſet himſelf upon a *par* with us;

" If this *here*'s ſuffer'd, and if that *there* fool
" May when he pleaſes ſend us all to ſchool,
" *Why* then our only buſineſs is outright
" To take our caps, and bid the world good night.
" I've kept a *Bard* myſelf *this* twenty years,
" But nothing of this kind in him appears.
" He, like a thorough true-bred ſpaniel, licks
" The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks;
" He fetches and he carries, blacks my ſhoes,
" Nor thinks it a diſcredit to his Muſe;
" A creature of the right Cameleon hue,
" He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,
" Juſt as I wear them; 'tis all one to him,
" Whether I change thro' conſcience, or thro' whim.
" Now this is ſomething like; on ſuch a plan
" A *Bard* may find a friend in a great man;
" But this proud coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that all
" Of this queer tribe had been like my *Old* Paul."
Injurious thought! accurſed be the tongue
On which the vile inſinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd! Curſt be thoſe,
Thoſe *Bards*, who not themſelves alone expoſe,
But *Me*, but *All*, and make the very name
By which they're call'd, a ſtanding mark of ſhame.
Talk not of cuſtom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but paſſes not with me;
An old ſtale trick, which Guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpow'r the better ſide.
Why tell me, then, that from the birth of Rime,
No matter when, down to the preſent time,

As

As by th' original decree of Fate,
Bards have protection ſought amongſt the great;
Conſcious of weakneſs, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their ſtem,
Flouriſh'd on high; to gain this wiſh'd ſupport,
E'en Virgil to Mæcenas paid his court?
As to the cuſtom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a fooliſh diffidence, not need,
From which it roſe: had *Bards* but truly known
That ſtrength, which is moſt properly their own,
Without a *Lord*, *unpropp'd*, they might have ſtood,
And overtopp'd thoſe giants of the wood.

But why, when preſent times my care engage,
Muſt I go back to the *Auguſtan* age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the manſions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons no where but at Rome,
And muſt I ſeek Mæcenas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote;
Under his colours *Lords* are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mæcenas was a *Knight*;
They mention him, as if to uſe his name
Was in ſome meaſure to partake his fame,
Tho' Virgil, were he living, in the ſtreet
Might rot for them, or periſh in the *Fleet*.
See how they redden, and the charge diſclaim—
Virgil, and in the *Fleet!*—Forbid it, Shame.

Hence, ye vain boaſters, to the *Fleet* repair,
And aſk, with bluſhes aſk, if LLOYD is there *.
Patrons, in days of yore, were men of ſenſe,
Were men of taſte, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters.—Some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never ſpell a word;
Some of them too, to ſuch a monſtrous height
Was learning riſen, for themſelves could write,
And kept their Secretaries, as the great
Do many other fooliſh things, for ſtate.
Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent ſtrain,
With neither ſenſe nor taſte, againſt the grain,
They patronize for faſhion ſake—no more—
And keep a *Bard*, juſt as they keep a *Whore*.
Melcombe † (on ſuch occaſion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deſerve their *Clergy* by their *Creed*;
Others can write, but ſuch a *pagan* hand,
A Willes ‡ ſhould always at our elbow ſtand;
Many, if begg'd, a *Chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at firſt ſight.
Thoſe who ſtand faireſt to the public view,
Take to themſelves the praiſe to others due;

* Mr. Lloyd died in the Fleet, Dec. 15, 1764, ſhortly after the publication of this poem.

† George Bubb Dodington, Lord Melcombe. He died July 28, 1762.

‡ Decypherer to the State.

They

They rob the very *ſpital*, and make free
With thoſe, alas! who've leaſt to ſpare.—We ſee,
——— hath not had a word to ſay,
Since winds and waves bore Singleſpeech away.
Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the *Bard* ſhould make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the preſent day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural eaſe, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat, ſnug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, paſs his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praiſe.
Horace lov'd wine, and, thro' his friend at Court,
Could buy it off the key in ev'ry port;
Horace lov'd mirth, Mæcenas lov'd it too,
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy * and I may do,
Nor in thoſe moments paid the leaſt regard
To which was *Miniſter*, and which was *Bard*.
Not ſo our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They *know themſelves*, they keep up *dignity*;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit;
Wit, if familiar made, will find her ſtrength—
'Tis beſt to keep her weak and at arms-length.
'Tis well enough for *Bards*, if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the ſcanty means to live.

* A Frenchman, Secretary to Mr. Wilkes.

Such is their language, and their practice such,
They promise little, and they give not much.
Let the weak *Bard*, with prostituted strain,
Praise that proud Scot, whom all good men disdain;
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his Lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rime;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the *second* table get a place,
With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.

And are there *Bards*, who on Creation's file
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle
The air of Freedom, with so little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?
Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
From all the outrages of pride, to feast
On Nature's sallads, and be free at least.
Better (tho' that, to say the truth, is worse
Than almost any other modern curse)
Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
Critics commence, and write in the *Reviews*;
Write without tremor, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can succeed.

But (not to make a brave and honest Pride
Try those means first, she must disdain when tried)

There

There are a thouſand ways, a thouſand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
Let thoſe, who pine for more, live, and be ſlaves.
Our real wants in a ſmall compaſs lye,
But lawleſs Appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a conſtant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own deſires.
Hence our dependence, hence our ſlav'ry ſprings;
Bards, if contented, are as great as Kings.
Ourſelves are to ourſelves the cauſe of ill;
We may be independent, if we will.
The man who ſuits his ſpirit to his ſtate,
Stands on an equal footing with the great;
Moguls themſelves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the Engliſh nation, not more free.
Chains were not forg'd more durable and ſtrong
For *Bards* than others, but they've worn them long,
And therefore wear them ſtill; they've quite forgot
What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, tho' in their ſleep, could they but know
The bleſſings which from Independence flow;
Could they but have a ſhort and tranſient gleam
Of Liberty, tho' 'twas but in a dream;
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made Freemen, would be always free.
The Muſe, if ſhe one moment freedom gains,
Can never more ſubmit to ſing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his ſong,

But

But if ſome playful child ſets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather ſtarves than to his cage return.
Hail, Independence—by true reaſon taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought.
Some give thee up for riot; ſome, like boys,
Reſign thee, in their childiſh moods, for toys;
Ambition ſome, ſome avarice miſleads,
And in both caſes Independence bleeds:
Abroad, in queſt of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
Some, tho' about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the ſenſe to find thee out;
Others, who know of what they are poſſeſs'd,
Like fearful miſers, lock thee in a cheſt,
Nor have the reſolution to produce
In theſe bad times, and bring thee forth for uſe.
Hail, Independence—tho' thy name's ſcarce known,
Tho' thou, alas! art out of faſhion grown,
Tho' all deſpiſe thee, I will not deſpiſe,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy preſence, and enjoy: by angry Fate
Bow'd down, and almoſt cruſh'd, *Thou* cam'ſt, tho' late,
Thou cam'ſt upon me, like a ſecond birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, Independence—never may my cot,
'Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot;
Thither, O thither, oftentimes repair;
Cotes *, whom thou lov'ſt too, ſhall meet thee there;

* Humphrey Cotes.

All

All thoughts, but what ariſe from joy, give o'er;
Peace dwells within, and Law ſhall guard the door.
O'erweening Bard! Law guard thy door, what Law?
The Law of England? —— To controul, and awe
Thoſe ſaucy hopes, to ſtrike that ſpirit dumb,
Behold, in ſtate, Adminiſtration come.
Why let her come, in all her terrors too;
I dare to ſuffer all ſhe dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her ſtrength, but will not change my ſide.
This melting maſs of fleſh ſhe may controul
With iron ribs, ſhe cannot chain my ſoul.
No—to the laſt reſolv'd her worſt to bear,
I'm ſtill at large, and *Independent* there.
Where is this Miniſter? Where is the band
Of ready ſlaves, who at his elbow ſtand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why, for the firſt time, are they ſlow to ill?
When ſome grand act 'gainſt Law is to be done,
Doth —— ſleep; doth bloodhound —— run
To L——, and worry thoſe ſmall deer,
When he might do more precious miſchief here?
Doth Webb turn tail? Doth he refuſe to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
Doth Webb, at Guildford kick'd, from Guildford run,
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his ſon,
And, his more honeſt rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchaſe a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; —— is —— ſtill,
And never ſleeps, when he ſhould wake to ill;

—— doth

—— doth leſſer miſchiefs by the bye,
The great ones 'till the Term in *petto* lie;
Webb lives, and, to the ſtricteſt juſtice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor Country—weak and overpower'd
By thine own ſons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I ſee,
And, for myſelf not feeling, feel for *thee*.
I grieve, but can't deſpair—for, lo, at hand
Freedom preſents a choice, but faithful band
Of *loyal* patriots, men who greatly dare
In ſuch a noble cauſe, men fit to bear
The weight of empires; *Fortune*, *Rank*, and *Senſe*,
Virtue and *Knowledge*, leagu'd with *Eloquence*,
March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a ſmile
Approves her honeſt ſons, whilſt down her cheek,
As 'twere by ſtealth (her heart too full to ſpeak)
One tear in ſilence creeps, one honeſt tear,
And ſeems to ſay, "Why is not Granby here?"

O ye brave *few*, in whom we ſtill may find
A love of Virtue, Freedom, and Mankind,
Go forth, in majeſty of woe array'd,
See, at your feet your Country kneels for aid,
And (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to thoſe ſons ſhe ſtill can call her own;
Seeming to breathe her laſt in ev'ry breath,
She kneels for freedom, or ſhe begs for death——

Fly

Fly then, each duteous ſon, each Engliſh chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the ſiren voice of Eaſe
Tempt ye to ſleep, whilſt tempeſts ſwell the ſeas;
Go forth—nor let Hypocriſy, whoſe tongue
With many a fair, falſe, fatal art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning prophet, croſs your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all ſhe meets,
Trembling and pale—"A lion in the ſtreets"—
Damp your free ſpirits; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
Be as one man—Concord ſucceſs enſures—
There's not an Engliſh heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your ſight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the champions of your native land,
And may the battle proſper in your hand—
It may, it muſt—Ye cannot be withſtood—
Be your Hearts honeſt, as your Cauſe is good.

END OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE

THE

JOURNEY.

SOME of my *friends* (for *friends* I muſt ſuppoſe
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good-will, and, not more full of ſpite
Than full of craft, under falſe colours fight)
Some of my *friends* (ſo laviſhly I print)
As more in ſorrow than in anger, hint
(Tho' that indeed will ſcarce admit a doubt)
That I ſhall run my ſtock of genius out,
My no great ſtock, and, publiſhing ſo faſt,
Muſt needs become a bankrupt at the laſt.
" The huſbandman, to ſpare a thankful ſoil,
" Which, rich in diſpoſition, pays his toil
" More than a hundred fold, which ſwells his ſtore
" E'en to his wiſh, and makes his barns run o'er,
" By long experience taught who teaches beſt,
" Foregoes his hopes a while, and gives it reſt.
" The land, allow'd its loſſes to repair,
" Refreſh'd, and full in ſtrength, delights to wear
" A ſecond youth, and to the farmer's eyes
" Bids richer crops and double harveſts riſe.
" Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
" It reaches to the culture of the mind.

" The

" The mind of man craves reſt, and cannot bear,
" Tho' next in pow'r to God's, continual care.
" Genius himſelf (nor here let Genius frown)
" Muſt, to enſure his vigour, be laid down,
" And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but this,
" Which the moſt ſlight obſerver ſcarce could miſs,
" He might have flouriſh'd twenty years or more,
" Tho' now, *alas!* poor man! worn out in four."
Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel, *alas!* this melancholy truth,
Thanks to each cordial, each adviſing friend,
And am, if not too late, reſolv'd to mend,
Reſolv'd to give ſome reſpite to my pen,
Apply myſelf once more to books and men,
View what is preſent, what is paſt review,
And my old ſtock exhauſted, lay in new.
For twice ſix moons (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
This oath to Heav'n) for twice ſix moons, I ſwear,
No Muſe ſhall tempt me with her ſiren lay,
Nor draw me from Improvement's thorny way:
Verſe I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
Who in my hearing ſhall a rime commend.
It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in meaſure flow.
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in proſe begin,
But ere I write one ſentence, verſe creeps in,
And taints me thro' and thro': by this good light,
In verſe I talk by day, I dream by night;
If now and then I curſe, my curſes chime,
Nor can I pray, unleſs I pray in rime.

E'en

E'en now I err, in ſpite of common ſenſe,
And my confeſſion doubles my offence. [breath;
Reſt then, my *friends*—ſpare, ſpare your precious
And be your ſlumbers not leſs ſound than death;
Perturbed ſpirits reſt, nor thus appear
To waſte your counſels in a ſpendthrift's ear,
On your grave leſſons I cannot ſubſiſt,
Nor e'en in verſe become *æconomiſt*;
Reſt then, my *friends*, nor, hateful to my eyes,
Let Envy in the ſhape of Pity riſe
To blaſt me ere my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry ſon of phlegm
Find ample room to cenſure and condemn.
Read ſome three hundred lines, (no eaſy taſk;
But probably the laſt that I ſhall aſk)
And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
Nay not ſo much, revenge is in your pow'r,
And ye may cry, "Ere Time hath turn'd his glaſs,
"Lo! what *we* propheſied is come to paſs."
Let thoſe, who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let thoſe, who are by fiction's charms enſlav'd,
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well ſav'd;
Let thoſe, who love a little gall in rime,
Poſtpone their purchaſe now, and call next time;
Let thoſe, who, void of nature, look for art:
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let thoſe, who energy of diction prize,
For Billingſgate quit Flexney, and be wiſe;

Here

Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force;
Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
The subject not less simple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd journey of a day.
Far from Me now be ev'ry tuneful Maid,
I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Sisters of the Hill
Behold their Bard in such a dishabille.
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them caress some dearer son of rime;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without suspicion, play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things, there's danger in a fool.
Let them, tho' modest, Gray more modest woo;
Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo;
Let them with Franklin, proud of some small Greek,
Make Sophocles disguis'd, in English speak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's woes,
Whilst he, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead, taught to creep
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep *;

* See The School for Lovers, by Mr. Whitehead, taken from Fontenelle.

Let them with Browne contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living ſick *;
Let them in charity to Murphy give
Some old French piece, that he may ſteal and live;
Let them with *antick* Foote ſubſcriptions get,
And advertiſe a Summer-houſe of Wit.

Thus, or in any better way they pleaſe,
With theſe great men, or with great men like theſe,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

If faſhionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
With *hum'rous* Scots let them diſport their hour:
Let them dance, fairy-like, round Oſſian's tomb;
Let them forge *lies*, and *hiſtories* for Hume;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verſe,
Make ſomething like a Tragedy in *Erſe*;
Under dark Allegory's flimſy veil
Let them with Ogilvie ſpin out a tale
Of rueful length; Let them plain things obſcure,
Debaſe what's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer ſtill by jargon moſt uncouth;
With ev'ry pert, prim prettineſs of youth
Born of falſe Taſte, with Fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated ſtile, by affectation taught,
With much falſe colouring, and little thought,

* See The Cure of Saul, by Dr. Browne.

With

With phraſes ſtrange, and dialect decreed
By reaſon never to have paſs'd the *Tweed*,
With words which Nature meant each other's foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
With ſuch materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleaſantry and ſkill,
Build up a bard to war 'gainſt Common Senſe,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armſtrong, taking leave of Senſe,
Read muſty lectures on *Benevolence*,
Or con the pages of his gaping *Day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain ſtiffneſs of a *letter'd* Scot;
Let them with Armſtrong paſs the term of light,
But not one hour of darkneſs; when the night
Suſpends this mortal coil, when Memory wakes,
When for our paſt miſdoings Conſcience takes
A deep revenge, when by Reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead,
Let ev'ry Muſe be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for ſleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna in his coward breaſt,
And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him reſt:
Tho' ſoft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch ſeems hard, and no relief can bring.
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deſerve, no brave man bear.

Thus, or in any better way they pleaſe,
With theſe great men, or with great men like theſe,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

END OF THE JOURNEY.

DEDI-

DEDICATION

TO

CHURCHILL's SERMONS.

HEALTH to great Gloſter—from a man unknown,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modeſt fear
Call up one maiden bluſh—I mean not here
To wound with flattery—'tis a villain's art,
And ſuits not with the frankneſs of my heart.
Truth beſt becomes an *Orthodox* Divine,
And, ſpite of hell, that character is mine:
To ſpeak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, *my Lord*, is panegyric here.
Health to great Gloſter—nor, thro' love of eaſe,
Which all Prieſts love, let this addreſs diſpleaſe.
I aſk no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this buſy brain reſts in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have reſt)
I will not trouble you with one bequeſt;
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a ſon,

In that dread hour executor I'll leave;
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give but little—To great Gloſter *health*;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a falſe alarm—in purſe tho' poor,
In ſpirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, tho' a Dedicator, ſcorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes ſhare;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.

Think not, a thought unworthy thy great ſoul,
Which pomps of this world never could controul,
Which never offer'd up at Power's vain ſhrine,
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, tho' that indeed is great,
'Tis not the tinſel trumpery of ſtate,
'Tis not thy title, Doctor tho' thou art,
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce, names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by miſtaken kings,
Titles are oft miſplac'd; mitres, which ſhine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unleſs ſet off by Virtue: who deceives
Under the ſacred ſanction of *Lawn Sleeves*,
Enhances guilt, commits a double ſin;
So fair without, and yet ſo foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy eaſy mien,
Thy ſweet complacency, thy brow ſerene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambuſh, lie,

Which

Which can from ſixty to ſixteen impart
The force of love, and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, tho' that by Nature's made
An index to thy ſoul, tho' there diſplay'd
We ſee thy mind at large, and thro' thy ſkin
Peeps out that courteſy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories ſhine—
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make thoſe arms they cannot find;
When thou art to thyſelf, thy ſire unknown,
A whole Welch genealogy *alone?*
No, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right juſt eſtimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholeſome ſource thy mind,
Thy known contempt of perſecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Chriſt, ſo well approv'd 'mongſt men,
Which now give life and utt'rance to my pen:
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Biſhop, but the Saint I praiſe.
Rais'd by that theme, I ſoar on wings more ſtrong,
And burſt forth into praiſe with-held too long.

Much did I wiſh, e'en whilſt I kept thoſe ſheep,
Which, for my curſe, I was ordain'd to keep;
Ordain'd, alas! to keep thro' need, not choice,
Thoſe ſheep which never heard their ſhepherd's voice,

Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
Which ſtray'd themſelves, yet griev'd that I ſhould
ſtray,
Thoſe ſheep, which my good Father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet ſtarv'd himſelf; e'en at that time,
Whilſt I was pure, and innocent of rime,
Whilſt, ſacred dullneſs ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew,
Much did I wiſh, tho' little could I hope,
A friend in him who was the friend of Pope.
His hand, ſaid I, my youthful ſteps ſhall guide,
And lead me ſafe where thouſands fall beſide;
His temper, his experience ſhall controul,
And huſh to peace the tempeſt of my ſoul;
His judgment teach me, from the critic ſchool,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Inſtruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakeſpeare was not
right;
Where they are juſtly prais'd, and where thro' whim,
How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd above the ſlav'ry of common rules,
Of common-ſenſe, of modern, ancient ſchools,
Thoſe feelings baniſh'd, which miſlead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call,
He, by his great example, might impart
A better ſomething, and baptize it Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might ſhew me what is taſte, by what is not;

By

By him supported, with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beside;
He (should a world perverse and peevish grown,
Explode his maxims, and assert their own)
Might teach me, like himself, to be content,
And let their folly be their punishment;
Might like himself teach his adopted son,
'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton.

Fool that I was, could I so much deceive
My soul with lying hopes; could I believe
That he, the servant of his Maker sworn,
The servant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,
On which so much depended, for a rime?
Should he forsake the task he undertook,
Desert his flock, and break his past'ral crook?
Should he (forbid it Heaven) so high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of Grace,
And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muses' Hill,
Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be such revolt from Grace, and far from me
The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not so, not so, hath Warburton been taught,
Not so learn'd Christ—Recall that day, well-known,
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blasphemers forth—Methinks I now
See stern rebuke enthroned on his brow,

And

And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from this tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Chriſtian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror ev'ry ſinner's ſoul—
In vain they ſtrive to fly—flight cannot ſave,
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conſcious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witneſs to himſelf, whilſt all men knew,
By goſpel rules, his witneſs to be true.

O glorious man, thy zeal I muſt commend,
Tho' it depriv'd me of my deareſt friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes muſt the juſtice of that anger own,
And could thy boſom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himſelf, in turn had pitied you.

Bred to the law, you wiſely took the gown,
Which I, like *Demas*, fooliſhly laid down.
Hence double ſtrength our *Holy Mother* drew:
Me ſhe got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
Graſping at ſhadows, let the ſubſtance ſlip;
But you, *my Lord*, renounc'd Attorneyſhip
With better purpoſe, and more noble aim,
And wiſely play'd a more ſubſtantial game.
Nor did *Law* mourn, bleſs'd in her younger ſon,
For Mansfield does what Gloſter would have done.

Doctor, *Dean*, *Biſhop*, *Gloſter*, and *My Lord*,
If haply theſe high titles may accord

With

With thy meek ſpirit, if the barren ſound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmoſt round
Of Fortune's ladder got, deſpiſe not one,
For want of ſmooth hypocriſy undone,
Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
And, without envy, ſees thee plac'd ſo high;
Let not thy brain (as brains leſs potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and loſe diſtinction, loſe her ſkill
And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of ſifting truth from falſhood, friends from foes;
Let Gloſter well remember, how he roſe,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with ſtate,
Forget what once he was, tho' now ſo high;
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * Cætera deſunt †.

† It is preſumed the ſudden death of the Author will ſufficiently apologize for the DEDICATION remaining unfiniſhed.

JOHN CHURCHILL.

END OF CHURCHILL'S POEMS.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE SHIPWRECK*.

——quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.——
VIRG. ÆN. Lib. II.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

Proposal of the subject—Invocation—Apology—Allegorical description of Memory—Appeal to her Assistance—The story begun—Retrospect of the former part of the voyage—The ship arrives at Candia—Ancient state of that island—Present state of the adjacent isles of Greece—The season of the year—Character of the Master and his officers—Story of Palemon and Anna—Evening described—Midnight—The ship weighs anchor and departs from the haven—State of the weather—Morning—Situation of the neighbouring shores—Operation of taking the sun's azimuth—Description of the vessel as seen from the land.

* ADVERTISEMENT to the THIRD EDITION.

"The favourable reception which this performance has hitherto met with from the public, has encouraged the author to give it a strict and thorough revision; in the course of which he flatters himself it will be found to have received very considerable improvement."

Somerset-House, Oct. 1, 1769.

The

The ſcene is near the city of Candia; and the time about four days and a half.

The ſcene of the Second Canto lies in the ſea, between Cape Freſchin in Candia, and the Iſland of Falconera, which is nearly twelve leagues northward of Cape Spada.—The time is from nine in the morning till one o'clock of the following morning.

WHILE jarring intereſts wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms;
While Ocean hears vindictive thunders roll
Along his trembling wave from pole to pole;
Sick of the ſcene, where war, with ruthleſs hand,
Spreads deſolation o'er the bleeding land;
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids ruin ſmile, and drowns the groan of death!
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar,
That ſtands all lonely on the ſea-beat ſhore,
Far other themes of deep diſtreſs to ſing
Than ever trembled from the vocal ſtring.
No pomp of battle ſwells th' exalted ſtrain,
Nor gleaming arms ring dreadful on the plain:
But, o'er the ſcene while pale remembrance weeps,
Fate with fell triumph rides upon the deeps.
Here hoſtile elements tumultuous riſe,
And lawleſs floods rebel againſt the ſkies;
Till hope expires, and Peril and Diſmay
Wave their black enſigns on the watery way.

Immortal

Immortal train, who guide the maze of ſong,
To whom all ſcience, arts and arms belong;
Who bid the trumpet of eternal fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name!
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly ſtray'd,
In life's fair morn, beneath your hallow'd ſhade,
To hear the ſweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecſtaſy of pain;
Or liſten, while th' enchanting voice of love,
While all Elyſium warbled thro' the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blaſt that moans around,
That ſweeps the wild harp with a plaintive ſound;
By the long ſurge that foams thro' yonder cave,
Whoſe vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verſe to glow,
The ſad memorial of a tale of woe!
A ſcene from dumb oblivion to reſtore,
To fame unknown, and new to epic lore!
Alas! neglected by the ſacred Nine,
Their ſuppliant feels no genial ray divine!
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy ſhore,
To plow the tide where wintry tempeſts roar?
Or ſhall a youth approach their hallow'd fane,
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train!—
Far from the Muſes' academic grove,
'Twas his the vaſt and trackleſs deep to rove.
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar ſkies congeal th' eternal ſnow,
Or equinoctial ſuns for ever glow.

Smote by the freezing or the ſcorching blaſt,
" A ſhip-boy on the high and giddy maſt *."
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coaſts of ſavage Labrador.
From where Damaſcus, pride of Aſian plains!
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Iſthmus †, lav'd by adverſe tides,
Atlantic and Pacific ſeas divides.
But while he meaſur'd o'er the painful race,
In Fortune's wild illimitable chace,
Adverſity, companion of his way!
Still o'er the victim hung with iron ſway;
Bade new diſtreſſes ev'ry inſtant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe.
In regions where the Almighty's chaſtening hand
With livid peſtilence afflicts the land;
Or where pale Famine blaſts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and miſery ſevere!
Or where, all dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hoſtile ſhips in flaming combat join;
Where the torn veſſel wind and wave aſſail,
Till o'er her crew diſtreſs and death prevail—
Where'er he wander'd, thus vindictive Fate
Purſued his weary ſteps with laſting hate!
Rous'd by her mandate, ſtorms of black array
Winter'd the morn of life's advancing day;
Relax'd the ſinews of the living lyre,
And quench'd the kindling ſpark of vital fire.—

* Shakeſpeare. † Darien.

Thus

Thus while forgotten or unknown he wooes,
What hope to win the coy reluctant Muse!
Then let not Censure, with malignant joy,
The harvest of his humble hope destroy!
His verse no laurel wreath attempts to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
If terms uncouth, and jarring phrases, wound
The softer sense with inharmonious sound,
Yet here let listening sympathy prevail,
While conscious Truth unfolds her piteous tale!
And lo! the Power that wakes th' eventful song,
Hastes hither from Lethëan banks along:
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight,
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light!—
In her right hand an ample roll appears,
Fraught with long annals of preceding years;
With every wise and noble art of man,
Since first the circling hours their course began:
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow,
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light,
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wandering thought from Lethe's shores.
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives.
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her power, and Memory is her name.

O firſt-born daughter of primeval Time!
By whom tranſmitted down in every clime,
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories ſpread from zone to zone;
Whoſe breath diſſolves the gloom of mental night,
And o'er th' obſcur'd idea pours the light!
Whoſe wing unerring glides thro' time and place,
And trackleſs ſcours th' immenſity of ſpace!
Say! on what ſeas, for thou alone canſt tell,
What dire miſhap a fated ſhip befel,
Aſſail'd by tempeſts, girt with hoſtile ſhores?—
Ariſe! approach! unlock thy treaſur'd ſtores!

A Ship from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her courſe for Venice held;
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that iſle her name the veſſel drew.
The wayward ſteps of Fortune, that delude
Full oft' to ruin, eager they purſu'd,
And, dazzled by her viſionary glare,
Advanc'd incautious of each fatal ſnare;
Tho' warn'd full oft' the ſlippery track to ſhun,
Yet Hope, with flattering voice, betray'd them on.
Beguil'd to danger thus, they left behind
The ſcene of peace, and ſocial joy reſign'd.
Long abſent they from friends and native home,
The cheerleſs ocean were inur'd to roam:
Yet Heaven, in pity to ſevere diſtreſs,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with ſucceſs;
Still, to atone for toils and hazards paſt,
Reſtor'd them to maternal plains at laſt.

Thrice

Thrice had the ſun, to rule the varying year,
Acroſs th' equator roll'd his flaming ſphere,
Since laſt the veſſel ſpread her ample ſail
From Albion's coaſt, obſequious to the gale.
She o'er the ſpacious flood, from ſhore to ſhore,
Unwearying wafted her commercial ſtore.
The richeſt ports of Afric ſhe had view'd,
Thence to fair Italy her courſe purſu'd;
Had left behind Trinacria's burning iſle,
And viſited the margin of the Nile.
And now, that winter deepens round the pole,
The circling voyage haſtens to its goal.
They, blind to Fate's inevitable law,
No dark event to blaſt their hope foreſaw;
But from gay Venice ſoon expect to ſteer
For Britain's coaſt, and dread no perils near.
A thouſand tender thoughts their ſouls employ,
That fondly dance to ſcenes of future joy.

Thus time elaps'd, while o'er the pathleſs tide
Their ſhip thro' Grecian ſeas the pilots guide.
Occaſion call'd to touch at Candia's ſhore,
Which, bleſt with favouring winds, they ſoon explore;
The haven enter, borne before the gale,
Diſpatch their commerce, and prepare to ſail.

Eternal Powers! what ruins from afar
Mark the fell track of deſolating war!
Here Art and Commerce, with auſpicious reign,
Once breath'd ſweet influence on the happy plain!
While o'er the lawn, with dance and feſtive ſong,
Young Pleaſure led the jocund hours along.

In gay luxuriance Ceres too was seen
To crown the vallies with eternal green.
For wealth, for valor, courted and rever'd,
What Albion is, fair Candia then appear'd.—
Ah! who the flight of ages can revoke?
The free-born spirit of her sons is broke;
They bow to Ottoman's imperious yoke!
No longer fame the drooping heart inspires,
For rude oppression quench'd its genial fires.
But still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
Supply the barren shores of Greece around.
What pale distress afflicts those wretched isles!
There hope ne'er dawns, and pleasure never smiles.
The vassal wretch obsequious drags his chain,
And hears his famish'd babes lament in vain.
These eyes have seen the dull reluctant soil
A seventh year scorn the weary lab'rer's toil.
No blooming Venus, on the desart shore,
Now views, with triumph, captive gods adore.
No lovely Helens now, with fatal charms,
Call forth th' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms.
No fair Penelopes inchant the eye,
For whom contending kings are proud to die.
Here sullen Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
While sorrow bids her venal bloom decay.
Those charms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
Had dimly shone on Albion's happier plains!

Now, in the southern hemisphere the sun
Thro' the bright Virgin and the Scales had run;

And

And on the ecliptic wheel'd his winding way,
'Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
The ſhip was moor'd beſide the wave-worn ſtrand;
Four days her anchors bite the golden ſand:
For ſickening vapours lull the air to ſleep,
And not a breeze awakes the ſilent deep.
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more;
The watchful mariner, whom heaven informs,
Oft' deems the prelude of approaching ſtorms.
True to his truſt when ſacred duty calls,
No brooding ſtorm the maſter's ſoul appals:
Th' advancing ſeaſon warns him to the main;
A captive, fetter'd to the oar of gain!
His anxious heart, impatient of delay,
Expects the winds to ſail from Candia's bay;
Determin'd, from whatever point they riſe,
To truſt his fortune to the ſeas and ſkies.

Thou living ray of intellectual fire,
Whoſe voluntary gleams my verſe inſpire!
Ere yet the deep'ning incidents prevail,
'Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom, chief among the gallant crew,
Th' unbleſt purſuit of fortune hither drew!
Can ſons of Neptune, generous, brave and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for ſordid gold?

They can! for gold too oft', with magic art,
Subdues each nobler impulſe of the heart:
This crowns the proſperous villain with applauſe,
To whom, in vain, ſad Merit pleads her cauſe:

This ſtrews with roſes life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleaſure's bleſt abode;
With ſlaughter'd victims fills the weeping plain,
And ſmooths the furrows of the treacherous main.

O'er the gay veſſel, and her daring band,
Experienc'd Albert held the chief command;
Tho' train'd in boiſterous elements, his mind
Was yet by ſoft humanity refin'd.
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew;
Abroad confeſt the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, juſt, the calm domeſtic ſcene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay ſerene.
Him ſcience taught by myſtic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ſhip in floating balance held,
By earth attracted and by ſeas repell'd;
Or point her devious track, thro' climes unknown,
That leads to every ſhore and every zone.
He ſaw the moon thro' heaven's blue concave glide,
And into motion charm th' expanding tide;
While earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her watery zone, and ſink the poles.
Light and attraction, from their genial ſource,
He ſaw ſtill wandering with diminiſh'd force;
While on the margin of declining day,
Night's ſhadowy cone reluctant melts away.—
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd ſoul,
The chief beheld tempeſtuous oceans roll;
His genius, ever for the event prepar'd,
Roſe with the ſtorm, and all its dangers ſhar'd.

The

The second powers and office Rodmond bore:
A hardy son of England's furthest shore!
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A sooty tribe! to fair Augusta's port.
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands,
They claim the danger; proud of skilful hands!
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,
O'er bar * and shelf the watery path they found,
With dext'rous arm; sagacious of the ground!
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor, where terrors line the road;
Or win the anchor from its dark abode:—
But drooping and relax'd in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft' enlightens to corrupt the mind:
Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of truth;
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice controul,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul!
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the shore,
With foul intent the stranded bark explore—

* A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven; so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

Deaf

Deaf to the voice of woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Juſtice ſlumbers o'er her ſword.—
Th' indignant Muſe, ſeverely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme ſhe bluſhes to reveal!
Too oft' example, arm'd with poiſons fell,
Pollutes the ſhrine where mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The ſacred ſocial paſſions never knew:
Unſkill'd to argue; in diſpute yet loud;
Bold without caution; without honours proud;
In art unſchool'd, each veteran rule he priz'd,
And all improvement haughtily deſpis'd:
Yet tho' full oft' to future perils blind,
With ſkill ſuperior glow'd his daring mind,
Thro' ſnares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight ſhades involve the raging tide.

To Rodmond next, in order of command,
Succeeds the youngeſt of our naval band.
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the ſons of Fame?
While yet a ſtripling, oft' with fond alarms,
His boſom danc'd to Nature's boundleſs charms;
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower;
But frowning Fortune with untimely blaſt
The bloſſom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercaſt.
Forlorn of heart, and by ſevere decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithleſs ſea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where Science and the tuneful Siſters rove.—

Hither

Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each diſtant realm unknown,
And range excurſive o'er th' untravel'd zone.
In vain!—for rude Adverſity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his ſteps oppos'd,
And every gate of hope againſt him clos'd.
Permit my verſe, ye bleſt Pierian train,
To call Arion this ill-fated ſwain!
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant ſtars their hoſtile influence ſhed.
Both, in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep,
With conſcious anguiſh taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging ſurge in ſafety bore
Amid deſtruction panting to the ſhore.
This laſt our tragic ſtory from the wave
Of dark oblivion haply yet may ſave;
With genuine ſympathy may yet complain,
While ſad remembrance bleeds at every vein.
Such were the pilots; tutor'd to divine
Th' untravel'd courſe by geometric line;
Train'd to command, and range the various ſail,
Whoſe various force conforms to every gale.—
Charg'd with the commerce, hither alſo came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's ſtern reſentment doom'd to prove,
He came, the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled;
For her a ſecret flame his boſom fed.

Nor

Nor let the wretched slaves of Folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest-born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.
Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease,
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of summer's evening gale.
O'erjoy'd, he saw her lovely eyes relent;
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft' in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breath'd alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast,
Palemon's father heard the tale confest.
Long had he listen'd with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew;
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true!
Full oft' his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil:
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth, in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of Fortune's sun,
With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade,
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.

In-

Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promiſe of his future joy!
He ſooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeleſs paſſion, or divert its aim:
Oft' led the youth where circling joys delight
The raviſh'd ſenſe, or beauty charms the ſight.
With all her powers inchanting Muſic fail'd,
And Pleaſure's ſyren-voice no more prevail'd.
The Merchant, kindling then with proud diſdain,
In look and voice aſſum'd an harſher ſtrain.
In abſence now his only hope remain'd;
And ſuch the ſtern decree his will ordain'd.
Deep anguiſh, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a ſaddening gloom.
In vain with bitter ſorrow he repin'd,
No tender pity touch'd that ſordid mind;
To thee, brave Albert, was the charge conſign'd.
The ſtately ſhip, forſaking England's ſhore,
To regions far remote Palemon bore.
Incapable of change, th' unhappy youth
Still lov'd fair Anna with eternal truth:
From clime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
His heart ſtill panted for its ſecret home.

The moon had circled twice her wayward zone,
To him ſince young Arion firſt was known;
Who, wandering here thro' many a ſcene renown'd,
In Alexandria's port the veſſel found;
Where, anxious to review his native ſhore,
He on the roaring wave embark'd once more.

Oft',

Oft', by pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
With him Palemon kept the watch of night;
In whose sad bosom many a sigh suppress,
Some painful secret of the soul confess.
Perhaps Arion soon the cause divin'd,
Tho' shunning still to probe a wounded mind:
He felt the chastity of silent woe,
Tho' glad the balm of comfort to bestow;
He, with Palemon, oft' recounted o'er
The tales of hapless love in ancient lore,
Recall'd to memory by th' adjacent shore.
The scene thus present, and its story known,
The lover sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
Thus, tho' a recent date their friendship bore,
Soon the ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore;
For in one tide their passions seem'd to roll,
By kindred-age, and sympathy of soul.

These o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
The course determine, or the commerce guide:
O'er all the rest, an undistinguish'd crew!
Her wing of deepest shade Oblivion drew.

A sullen languor still the skies oppress,
And held th' unwilling ship in strong arrest.
High in his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
O'er Ida flaming with meridian ray.
Relax'd from toil the sailors range the shore,
Where famine, war, and storm are felt no more:
The hour to social pleasure they resign,
And black remembrance drown in generous wine.

On

On deck, beneath the ſhading canvas ſpread,
Rodmond a rueful tale of wonders read,
Of dragons roaring on the enchanted coaſt,
The hideous goblin, and the yelling ghoſt—
But with Arion, from the ſultry heat
Of noon, Palemon ſought a cool retreat.
And lo! the ſhore with mournful proſpects crown'd *;
The rampart torn with many a fatal wound;
The ruin'd bulwark tottering o'er the ſtrand;
Bewail the ſtroke of War's tremendous hand.
What ſcenes of woe this hapleſs iſle o'erſpread!
Where late thrice fifty thouſand warriors bled.
Full twice twelve ſummers were yon towers aſſail'd,
'Till barbarous Ottoman at laſt prevail'd;
While thundering mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
While heroes fell, and domes and temples burn'd.
But now before them happier ſcenes ariſe!
Elyſian vales ſalute their raviſh'd eyes:
Olive and cedar form'd a grateful ſhade,
Where light with gay romantic error ſtray'd.
The myrtles here with fond careſſes twine;
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine.
And lo! the ſtream, renown'd in claſſic ſong,
Sad Lethe, glides the ſilent vale along.

* The intelligent reader will readily diſcover, that theſe remarks allude to the ever-memorable ſiege of Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then conſidered as impregnable, and eſteemed the moſt formidable fortreſs in the univerſe.

On

On moſſy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wanderers found a wild alcove:
Soft o'er the fairy region languor ſtole,
And with ſweet melancholy charm'd the ſoul.
Here firſt Palemon, while his penſive mind
For conſolation on his friend reclin'd,
In pity's bleeding boſom pour'd the ſtream
Of love's ſoft anguiſh, and of grief ſupreme—
Too true thy words!—by ſweet remembrance taught,
My heart in ſecret bleeds with tender thought:
In vain it courts the ſolitary ſhade,
By every action, every look betray'd!—
The pride of generous woe diſdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting froſts congeal:
Yet ſure, if right Palemon can divine,
The ſenſe of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy ſympathy ſhall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe.
Albert thou know'ſt with ſkill and ſcience grac'd,
In humble ſtation tho' by fortune plac'd,
Yet never ſeaman more ſerenely brave
Led Britain's conqu'ring ſquadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Auguſta's ſpires are ſeen,
With flow'ry lawns, and waving woods between,
A peaceful dwelling ſtands in modeſt pride,
Where Thames, flow-winding, rolls his ample tide.
There live the hope and pleaſure of his life,
A pious daughter, with a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object theſe prepare;

Whatever

Whatever can allure the ſmell or ſight,
Or wake the drooping ſpirits to delight.
This blooming maid in virtue's path to guide,
Her anxious parents all their cares apply'd.
Her ſpotleſs ſoul, where ſoft compaſſion reign'd,
No vice untun'd, no ſickening folly ſtain'd.
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale,
Whoſe boſom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconſcious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd every heart with exquiſite alarms:
Her face, in beauty's ſweet attraction dreſt,
The ſmile of maiden-innocence expreſt;
While health, that riſes with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the ſofteſt bluſh of May.
Still in her look complacence ſmil'd ſerene;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural ſcene.

'Twas at that ſeaſon when the fields reſume
Their loveliеſt hues, array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ſhip, rich-freighted from th' Italian ſhore,
To Thames' fair banks her coſtly tribute bore:
While thus my father ſaw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treaſure ſtor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he ſent
To Albert's humble manſion; ſoon I went,
Too ſoon, alas! unconſcious of th' event—
There ſtruck with ſweet ſurprize and ſilent awe,
The gentle miſtreſs of my hopes I ſaw:
There, wounded firſt by love's reſiſtleſs arms,
My glowing boſom throbb'd with ſtrange alarms.

My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel fate atone;
O! while all-conſcious memory holds her power,
Can I forget that ſweetly-painful hour,
When from thoſe eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My fluttering ſpirits firſt th' infection caught:
When, as I gaz'd, my faultering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid:
While the dim light my raviſh'd eyes forſook,
And every limb unſtrung with terror ſhook!
With all her powers diſſenting reaſon ſtrove
To tame at firſt the kindling flame of love;
She ſtrove in vain! ſubdu'd by charms divine,
My ſoul a victim fell at beauty's ſhrine.
Oft from the din of buſtling life I ſtray'd,
In happier ſcenes, to ſee my lovely maid.
Full oft, where Thames his wandering current leads,
We rov'd at evening hour thro' flowery meads.
There, while my heart's ſoft anguiſh I reveal'd,
To her with tender ſighs my hope appeal'd.
While the ſweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her ſnowy breaſt with ſecret tumult heav'd;
For, train'd in rural ſcenes from earlieſt youth,
Nature was her's, and innocence and truth.
She never knew the city damſel's art,
Whoſe frothy pertneſs charms the vacant heart!—
My ſuit prevail'd; for love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips perſuaſion hung.
Her eyes with conſcious ſympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the roſy current flew.—

Thrice

Thrice happy hours! where, with no dark allay,
Life's faireſt ſunſhine gilds the vernal day!
For here the ſigh, that ſoft affection heaves,
From ſtings of ſharper woe the ſoul relieves.
Elyſian ſcenes, too happy long to laſt!—
Too ſoon a ſtorm the ſmiling dawn o'ercaſt!
Too ſoon ſome demon to my father bore
The tidings that his heart with anguiſh tore—
My pride to kindle, with diſſuaſive voice,
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice:
Then, in the whirling wave of pleaſure, ſought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind,
In chains of adamant, the lawleſs wind:
For love had aim'd the fatal ſhaft too ſure:
Hope fed the wound, and abſence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he ſaw
Still baffled by ſuperior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various ſchemes revolv'd;
At laſt on cruel exile he reſolv'd.
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguiſh to complain!
His ſoul, that never love's ſweet influence felt,
By ſocial ſympathy could never melt;
With ſtern command to Albert's charge he gave,
To waft Palemon o'er the diſtant wave.
The ſhip was laden and prepar'd to ſail,
And only waited now the leading gale.
'Twas ours, in that ſad period, firſt to prove
The heart-felt torments of deſpairing love.

Th' impatient wish that never feels repose;
Desire that with perpetual current flows;
The fluctuating pangs of hope and fear;
Joy distant still, and sorrow ever near!
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide;
Yet time one sacred hour to love supply'd.
The night was silent, and, advancing fast,
The moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast.
Impatient hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my listening ear!
She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart!
O! ye, whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love!
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell:
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet inchantment melts the soul!
In transport lost, by trembling hope impress,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast;
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! paradise of charms!

Flash'd

Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits, that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where virtue's self can melt
With joys that guilty pleasure never felt!
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet affection's purest fire!
Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love, she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart thro' scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
To joys decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine to feel the sharpest stings of grief,
Where never gentle hope affords relief.
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone;
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone!
The hovering anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas!
Find out some happier daughter of the town,
With fortune's fairer joys thy love to crown;
Where smiling o'er thee, with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day.
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate,
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate;
Go then, I charge thee, by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove!
On me alone let dark affliction fall!
Whose heart, for thee, will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing fate!

She ceas'd; while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace.
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid.
O soul of all my wishes! I reply'd,
Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, fair emblem of exalted truth!
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth;
And I, perfidious! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may the eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb!
Attest thou moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight;
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
That sweet possession only knows to heal!
By all the horrors brooding o'er the deep!
Where fate and ruin sad dominion keep;
Tho' tyrant duty o'er me threatening stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands:
Should fortune cruel or auspicious prove,
Her smile or frown shall never change my love!
My heart, that now must every joy resign,
Incapable of change, is only thine!—
O cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
And these sad clouds of sorrow melt away.
While thro' the rugged path of life we go,
All mortals taste the bitter draught of woe.
The fam'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
Full oft in splendid wretchedness complain.

For

For this proſperity, with brighter ray,
In ſmiling contraſt gilds our vital day.
Thou too, ſweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er
Shalt hail Palemon to his native ſhore,
Where never intereſt ſhall divide us more.

Her ſtruggling ſoul, o'erwhelm'd with tender grief,
Now found an interval of ſhort relief:
So melts the ſurface of the frozen ſtream,
Beneath the wintry ſun's departing beam.
With warning haſte the ſhades of night withdrew,
And gave the ſignal of a ſad adieu.
As on my neck th' afflicted maiden hung,
A thouſand racking doubts her ſpirit wrung;
She wept the terrors of the fearful wave,
Too oft, alas! the wandering lover's grave!
With ſoft perſuaſion I diſpell'd her fear,
And from her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
While dying fondneſs languiſh'd in her eyes,
She pour'd her ſoul to heaven in ſuppliant ſighs—
Look down with pity, oh! ye powers above,
Who hear the ſad complaint of bleeding love!
Ye, who the ſecret laws of fate explore,
Alone can tell if he returns no more:
Or if the hour of future joy remain,
Long-wiſh'd atonement of long-ſuffer'd pain!
Bid every guardian miniſter attend,
And from all ill the much-lov'd youth defend!

With grief o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain,
And, urg'd by ſtrong attraction, met again.

At laſt, by cruel fortune torn apart,
While tender paſſion ſtream'd in either heart,
Our eyes transfix'd with agoniſing look,
One ſad farewel, one laſt embrace we took.
Forlorn of hope the lovely maid I left,
Penſive and pale; of every joy bereft.
She to her ſilent couch retir'd to weep,
While her ſad ſwain embark'd upon the deep.

His tale thus clos'd, from ſympathy of grief,
Palemon's boſom felt a ſweet relief.
The hapleſs bird, thus raviſh'd from the ſkies,
Where all forlorn his lov'd companion flies,
In ſecret long bewails his cruel fate,
With fond remembrance of his winged mate:
Till grown familiar with a foreign train,
Compos'd at length, his ſadly-warbling ſtrain
In ſweet oblivion charms the ſenſe of pain.

Ye tender maids, in whoſe pathetic ſouls
Compaſſion's ſacred ſtream impetuous rolls;
Whoſe warm affections exquiſitely feel
The ſecret wound you tremble to reveal;
Ah! may no wanderer of the faithleſs main
Pour through your breaſt the ſoft delicious bane!
May never fatal tenderneſs approve
The fond effuſions of their ardent love.
O! warn'd by friendſhip's counſel, learn to ſhun
The fatal path where thouſands are undone!

Now as the youths, returning o'er the plain,
Approach'd the lonely margin of the main,

Firſt,

Firſt, with attention rouz'd, Arion ey'd
The graceful lover, form'd in Nature's pride.
His frame the happieſt ſymmetry diſplay'd;
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd.
In every look the Paphian graces ſhine,
Soft-breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine.
With lighten'd heart he ſmil'd ſerenely gay,
Like young Adonis or the ſon of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer ſwain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain!

The ſun's bright orb, declining all ſerene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland ſcene.
Creation ſmiles around; on every ſpray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay.
Blithe ſkipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain:
The golden lime and orange there were ſeen,
On fragrant branches of perpetual green.
The cryſtal ſtreams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glaſſy ocean huſh'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the ſandy ſhore:
And lo! his ſurface, lovely to behold!
Glows in the weſt, a ſea of living gold!
While, all above, a thouſand liveries gay
The ſkies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian ſweets perfume the happy plains:
Above, beneath, around inchantment reigns!
While yet the ſhades, on Time's eternal ſcale,
With long vibration deepen o'er the vale;

While

While yet the ſongſters of the vocal grove
With dying numbers tune the ſoul to love;
With joyful eyes th' attentive maſter ſees
Th' auſpicious omens of an eaſtern breeze.—
Now radiant veſper leads the ſtarry train,
And night ſlow draws her veil o'er land and main;
Round the charg'd bowl the ſailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wond'rous tale, or ſing;
As love or battle, hardſhips of the main,
Or genial wine, awake their homely ſtrain:
Then ſome the watch of night alternate keep,
The reſt lie buried in oblivious ſleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid ſkies,
While infant breezes from the ſhore ariſe.
The waning moon, behind a watery ſhroud,
Pale-glimmer'd o'er the long-protracted cloud.
A mighty ring around her ſilver throne,
With parting meteors croſt, portentous ſhone.
This in the troubled ſky full oft prevails;
Oft deem'd a ſignal of tempeſtuous gales.—
While young Arion ſleeps, before his ſight
Tumultuous ſwim the viſions of the night.
Now blooming Anna, with her happy ſwain,
Approach'd the ſacred Hymeneal fane:
Anon tremendous lightnings flaſh between;
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are ſeen!
Now with Palemon up a rocky ſteep,
Whoſe ſummit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful ſtep he climb'd; while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love.

Then

Then ſudden from the ſlippery height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of hell.—
Amid this fearful trance, a thundering ſound
He hears—and thrice the hollow decks rebound.
Upſtarting from his couch, on deck he ſprung;
Thrice with ſhrill note the boatſwain's whiſtle rung.
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boiſterous cry:
All hands unmoor, the cavern rocks reply!
Rous'd from repoſe, aloft the ſailors ſwarm,
And with their levers ſoon the windlaſs * arm.
The order given, up-ſpringing with a bound,
They lodge the bars, and wheel their engine round:
At every turn the clanging pauls reſound.
Uptorn reluctant from its oozy cave,
The ponderous anchor riſes o'er the wave.
Along their ſlippery maſts the yards aſcend,
And high in air the canvas wings extend:
Redoubling cords the lofty canvas guide,
And thro' inextricable mazes glide.
The lunar rays with long reflection gleam,
To light the veſſel o'er the ſilver ſtream:
Along the glaſſy plain ſerene ſhe glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her ſides.
From eaſt to north the tranſient breezes play;
And in the Egyptian quarter ſoon decay.

* The windlaſs is a ſort of large roller, uſed to wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically, by a number of long bars or levers; in which operation it is prevented from recoiling, by the pauls.

A calm

A calm enſues; they dread th' adjacent ſhore;
The boats with rowers arm'd are ſent before:
With cordage faſten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to ſea the ſtately ſhip they tow *.
The nervous crew their ſweeping oars extend;
And pealing ſhouts the ſhore of Candia rend.
Succeſs attends their ſkill; the danger's o'er:
The port is doubled and beheld no more.

Now morn, her lamp pale glimmering on the ſight,
Scatter'd before her van reluctant night.
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But ſternly frowning, wrapt in ſullen ſhade.
Above incumbent vapours, Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the ſight.
North-eaſt the guardian iſle of Standia lies,
And weſtward Freſchin's woody capes ariſe.

With winning poſtures, now the wanton ſails
Spread all their ſnares to charm th' inconſtant gales.
The ſwelling ſtu'n-ſails† now their wings extend,
Then ſtay-ſails ſidelong to the breeze aſcend:
While all to court the wandering breeze are plac'd;
With yards now thwarting, now obliquely brac'd.

* Towing is the operation of drawing a ſhip forward, by means of ropes, extending from her fore-part to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

† Studding-ſails are long, narrow ſails, which are only uſed in fine weather and fair winds, on the outſide of the larger ſquare-ſails. Stay-ſails are three-cornered ſails, which are hoiſted up on the ſtays, when the wind croſſes the ſhip's courſe either directly or obliquely.

The

The dim horizon lowering vapours ſhroud,
And blot the ſun, yet ſtruggling in the cloud:
Thro' the wide atmoſphere, condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a ſanguine blaze.
The pilots now their rules of art apply,
The myſtic needle's devious aim to try.
The compaſs plac'd to catch the riſing ray *,
The quadrant's ſhadows ſtudious they ſurvey!
Along the arch the gradual index ſlides,
While Phœbus down the vertic circle glides.
Now, ſeen on ocean's utmoſt verge to ſwim,
He ſweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.
Their ſage experience thus explores the height
And polar diſtance of the ſource of light:
Then thro' the chiliads triple maze, they trace
Th' analogy that proves the magnet's place.
The wayward ſteel, to truth thus reconcil'd,
No more the attentive pilot's eye beguil'd.

The natives, while the ſhip departs the land,
Aſhore with admiration gazing ſtand.
Majeſtically ſlow, before the breeze,
In ſilent pomp ſhe marches on the ſeas.
Her milk-white bottom caſt a ſofter gleam,
While trembling thro' the green tranſlucent ſtream.
The wales †, that cloſe above in contraſt ſhone,
Claſp the long fabric with a jetty zone.

* The operation of taking the ſun's azimuth, in order to diſcover the eaſtern or weſtern variation of the magnetical needle.

† The wales, here alluded to, are an aſſemblage of ſtrong planks which envelope the lower part of the ſhip's ſide, wherein they

Britannia, riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd o'er the vaſſal-wave that roll'd below:
Where'er ſhe mov'd, the vaſſal-waves were ſeen
To yield obſequious and confeſs their queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter-hand,
Of power to rule the ſurge, like Moſes' wand,
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her ſquadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left propitious bore a myſtic ſhield,
Around whoſe margin rolls the wat'ry field.
There her bold genius, in his floating car,
O'er the wild billow hurls the ſtorm of war—
And lo! the beaſts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into Union, yok'd in friendſhip's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquiſh'd main.
From the broad margin to the center grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view!—
Th' immortal ſhield from Neptune ſhe receiv'd,
When firſt her head above the waters heav'd.
Looſe floated o'er her limbs an azure veſt;
A figur'd ſcutcheon glitter'd on her breaſt;
There, from one parent ſoil, for ever young,
The blooming roſe and hardy thiſtle ſprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was ſeen,
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.

they are broader and thicker than the reſt, and appear ſomewhat like a range of hoops which ſeparates the bottom from the upper works.

Such

Such was the ſculptur'd prow—from van to rear,
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave,
The ſwelling ſides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad ſtern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never ſervile rules of art controul'd,
An allegoric tale on high portray'd,
There a young hero, here a royal maid.
Fair England's genius, in the youth expreſt,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confeſt,
The warlike nymph with fond regard ſurvey'd:
No more his hoſtile frown her heart diſmay'd.
His look, that once ſhot terror from afar,
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as ſummer's evening ſkies ſhe ſaw;
Serene yet firm; tho' mild, impreſſing awe.
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils ſevere,
Brandiſh'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian ſpear.
The dreadful faulchion of the hills ſhe wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hoſtile gore.
Blue was her rocky ſhield; her piercing eye
Flaſh'd, like the meteors of her native ſky;
Her creſt, high-plum'd, was rough with many a ſcar,
And o'er her helmet gleam'd the northern ſtar.
The warrior youth appear'd of noble frame;
The hardy offspring of ſome Runic dame.

Looſe

Looſe o'er his ſhoulders hung the ſlacken'd bow,
Renown'd in ſong, the terror of the foe!
The ſword, that oft the barbarous North defy'd,
The ſcourge of tyrants! glitter'd by his ſide.
Clad in refulgent arms, in battle won,
The George imblazon'd on his corſelet ſhone.
Faſt by his ſide was ſeen a golden lyre,
Pregnant with numbers of eternal fire;
Whoſe ſtrings unlock the witches' midnight ſpell;
Or waft wrapt fancy through the gulphs of hell—
Struck with contagion, kindling fancy hears
The ſongs of heaven! the muſic of the ſpheres!
Borne on Newtonian wing thro' air ſhe flies,
Where other ſuns to other ſyſtems riſe!—
Theſe front the ſcene conſpicuous—over-head
Albion's proud oak his filial branches ſpread:
While on the ſea-beat ſhore obſequious ſtood,
Beneath their feet, the father of the flood—
Here, the bold native of her cliffs above,
Perch'd by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
There on the watch, ſagacious of his prey,
With eyes of fire, an Engliſh maſtiff lay.
Yonder fair commerce ſtretch'd her winged ſail;
Here frown'd the god that wakes the living gale—
High o'er the poop, the flattering winds unfurl'd
Th' imperial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
Deep-bluſhing armors all the tops inveſt;
And warlike trophies either quarter dreſt:

Then

Then tower'd the maſts; the canvas ſwell'd on high;
And waving ſtreamers floated in the ſky.
Thus the rich veſſel moves in trim array,
Like ſome fair virgin on her bridal day.
Thus, like a ſwan ſhe cleaves the wat'ry plain;
The pride and wonder of the Ægean main!

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

CANTO II.

ARGUMENT.

Reflection on leaving the land—The gale continues—A water-ſpout—Beauty of a dying dolphin—The ſhip's progreſs along the ſhore—Wind ſtrengthens—The ſails reduced—A ſhoal of porpoiſes—Laſt appearance of Cape Spado—Sea riſes—A ſquall—The ſails further diminiſhed—Mainſail ſplit—Ship bears away before the wind—Again hauls upon the wind—Another mainſail fitted to the yard—The gale ſtill encreaſes—Topſails furled—Topgallant-yards ſent down—Sea enlarges—Sun-ſet—Courſes reefed—Four ſeamen loſt off the lee main-yard-arm—Anxiety of the pilots from their dangerous ſituation—Reſolute behaviour of the ſailors—The ſhip labours in great diſtreſs—The artillery thrown overboard—Diſmal appearance of the weather—Very high and dangerous ſea—Severe fatigue of the crew—Conſultation and reſolution of the officers—Speech and advice of Albert to the crew—Neceſſary diſpoſition to veer before the wind—Diſappointment in the propoſed effect—New diſpoſitions equally unſucceſsful—The mizen-maſt cut away.

ADIEU,

ADIEU, ye pleaſures of the rural ſcene,
Where peace and calm contentment dwell ſerene!
To me in vain, on earth's prolific ſoil,
With ſummer crown'd the Elyſian vallies ſmile!
To me thoſe happier ſcenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
For theſe, alas! reluctant I forego,
To viſit ſtorms and elements of woe!
Ye tempeſts, o'er my head congenial roll,
To ſuit the mournful muſic of my ſoul!
In black progreſſion, lo! they hover near;
Hail ſocial horrors, like my fate ſevere!
Old Ocean hail, beneath whoſe azure zone
The ſecret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the ſea,
And fearleſs view this awful ſcene with me!
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye bold aſſertors of her ſacred cauſe!
The Muſe invites you; judge if ſhe depart,
Unequal, from the precepts of your art.
In practice train'd, and conſcious of her power,
Her ſteps intrepid meet the trying hour.

O'er the ſmooth boſom of the faithleſs tides,
Propell'd by gentle gales, the veſſel glides.
Rodmond exulting felt th' auſpicious wind,
And by a myſtic charm its aim confin'd.—
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's ſoul:
Hope lifts his heart, before whoſe vivid ray
Diſtreſs recedes, and danger melts away.

Already Britain's parent-cliffs ariſe,
And in idea greet his longing eyes!
Each amorous ſailor too, with heart elate,
Dwells on the beauties of his gentle mate.
E'en they th' impreſſive dart of love can feel,
Whoſe ſtubborn ſouls are ſheath'd in triple ſteel.
Nor leſs o'erjoy'd, perhaps with equal truth,
Each faithful maid expects th' approaching youth;
In diſtant boſoms equal ardors glow,
And mutual paſſions mutual joy beſtow.—
Tall Ida's ſummit now more diſtant grew,
And Jove's high hill was riſing on the view;
When, from the left approaching, they deſcry
A liquid column towering ſhoot on high.
The foaming baſe an angry whirlwind ſweeps,
Where curling billows rouſe the fearful deeps.
Still round and round the fluid vortex flies,
Scattering dun night and horror thro' the ſkies.
The ſwift volution and th' enormous train
Let ſages vers'd in nature's lore explain!
The horrid apparition ſtill draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling ſurges fly!—
The guns were prim'd; the veſſel northward veers
'Till her black battery on the column bears.
The nitre fir'd; and while the dreadful ſound,
Convulſive, ſhook the ſlumbering air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the ſky,
Burſt down a dreadful deluge from on high!
Th' affrighted ſurge, recoiling as it fell,
Rolling in hills diſclos'd th' abyſs of hell.

But

But ſoon, this tranſient undulation o'er,
The ſea ſubſides; the whirlwinds rage no more.
While ſouthward now th' increaſing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear.
In front they view the conſecrated grove
Of cypreſs, ſacred once to Cretan Jove.
The thirſty canvas, all around ſupplied,
Still drinks unquench'd the full aerial tide.
And now, approaching near the lofty ſtern,
A ſhoal of ſportive dolphins they diſcern.
From burniſh'd ſcales they beam refulgent rays,
'Till all the glowing ocean ſeems to blaze.
Soon to the ſport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or ſpread the baited ſnare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides, unhappy! near the triple prong.
Rodmond unerring o'er his head ſuſpends
The barbed ſteel, and every turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the miſſile weapon flew,
And, plunging, ſtruck the fated victim thro'.
Th' upturning points his ponderous bulk ſuſtain;
On deck he ſtruggles with convulſive pain.
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And fl.tting life eſcapes in ſanguine rills,
What radiant changes ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd ſight!
What glowing hues of mingled ſhade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid weſt,
With parting beams all o'er profuſely dreſt.
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn,
When orient dews impearl th' enamel'd lawn,

Than from his ſides in bright ſuffuſion flow,
That now with gold empyreal ſeem to glow;
Now in pellucid ſapphires meet the view,
And emulate the ſoft celeſtial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimſon on the eye;
And now aſſume the purple's deeper dye.
But here deſcription clouds each ſhining ray;
What terms of art can nature's powers diſplay?
Now, while on high the freſh'ning gale ſhe feels,
The ſhip beneath her lofty preſſure reels.
The auxiliar ſails that court a gentle breeze,
From their high ſtations ſink by ſlow degrees.
The watchful ruler of the helm no more,
With fix'd attention, eyes th' adjacent ſhore;
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wond'rous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The wind, that ſtill the impreſſive canvas ſwell'd,
Swift and more ſwift the yielding bark impell'd.
Impatient thus ſhe glides along the coaſt,
'Till far behind the hill of Jove is loſt:
And while aloof from Retimo ſhe ſteers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon iſthmus ſtands the cypreſs-grove
That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove.
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground.
This gloomy tyrant, whoſe triumphant yoke
The trembling ſtates around to ſlav'ry broke,
Thro' Greece for murder, rape, and inceſt known,
The Muſes rais'd to high Olympus' throne.—

For

For oft, alas! their venal ſtrains adorn
The prince whom bluſhing virtue holds in ſcorn.
Still Rome and Greece record his endleſs fame,
And hence yon' mountain yet retains his name.
But ſee! in confluence borne before the blaſt,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the duſky noon o'ercaſt;
The black'ning ocean curls; the winds ariſe;
And the dark ſcud * in ſwift ſucceſſion flies.
While the ſwoln canvas bends the maſts on high,
Low in the waves the leeward cannon lie †.
The ſailors now, to give the ſhip relief,
Reduce the topſails by a ſingle reef ‡.
Each lofty yard with ſlacken'd cordage reels,
Rattle the creaking blocks, and ringing wheels.
Down the tall maſts the topſails ſink amain;
And, ſoon reduc'd, aſſume their poſt again.

* Scud is a name given by ſeamen to the loweſt clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmoſphere, in ſqually or tempeſtuous weather.

† When the wind croſſes a ſhip's courſe, either directly or obliquely; that ſide of the ſhip upon which it acts, is called the weather-ſide; and the oppoſite one, which is then preſſed downwards, is called the lee ſide. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ſhip are, at this time, diſtinguiſhed by the ſide on which they are ſituated; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

‡ The topſails are large ſquare ſails of the ſecond degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain diviſions or ſpaces by which the principal ſails are reduced when the wind increaſes; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

More diſtant grew receding Candia's ſhore;
And ſouthward of the weſt Cape Spado bore.
Four hours the ſun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions ſhone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the ſkies invade,
Draw o'er his ſullied orb a diſmal ſhade.
A ſquall deep-low'ring blots the ſouthern ſky,
Before whoſe boiſterous breath the waters fly.
Its weight the topſails can no more ſuſtain,
Reef topſails, reef, the boatſwain calls again!
The haliards * and top-bowlines † ſoon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles ‡ next they run:
The ſhivering ſails deſcend; and now they ſquare
The yards, while ready ſailors mount in air.

* Haliards are either ſingle ropes or tackles, by which the ſails are hoiſted up and lowered when the ſail is to be extended or reduced.

† Bow-lines are ropes intended to keep the windward edge of the ſail ſteady, and prevent it from ſhaking in an unfavourable wind.

‡ Clue-lines are ropes uſed to truſs up the clues, or lower corners, of the principal ſails to their reſpective yards, particularly when the ſail is to be cloſe reefed or furled.—Reef-tackles are ropes employed to facilitate the operation of reefing, by confining the extremities of the reef cloſe up to the yard, ſo that the interval becomes ſlack, and is therefore eaſily rolled up and faſtened to the yard by the points employed for this purpoſe.

The

The weather-earings and the lee they paſt * ;
The reefs enroll'd, and every point made faſt.
Their taſk above thus finiſh'd, they deſcend,
And vigilant th' approaching ſquall attend.
It comes reſiſtleſs, and with foaming ſweep
Upturns the whitening ſurface of the deep.
In ſuch a tempeſt, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward Siſters ſcour the blaſted heath.
With ruin pregnant now the clouds impend,
And ſtorm and cataract tumultuous blend.
Deep on her ſide the reeling veſſel lies—
Brail up the mizen quick † ! the maſter cries,
Man the clue-garnets ‡ ! let the main-ſheet fly § !—
The boiſterous ſquall ſtill preſſes from on high,

* Earings are ſmall cords, by which the upper corners of the principal ſails and alſo the extremities of the reefs are faſtened to the yard-arms.

† The mizen is a large ſail of an oblong figure extended upon the mizen-maſt.

‡ Clue-garnets are employed for the ſame purpoſes on the mainſail and fore-ſail as the clue-lines are upon all other ſquare ſails. See note ‡, p. 216.

§ It is neceſſary in this place to remark, that the ſheets, which are univerſally miſtaken by the Engliſh poets and their readers for the ſails themſelves, are no other than the ropes uſed to extend the clues, or lower corners of the ſails to which they are attached. To the main-ſail and fore-ſail there is a ſheet and tack on each ſide; the latter of which is a thick rope ſerving to confine the weather-clue of the ſail down to the ſhip's ſide, whilſt the former draws out the lee-clue or lower corner on the oppoſite ſide. Tacks are only uſed in a ſide-wind.

And

And ſwift, and fatal as the lightning's courſe,
Thro' the torn main-ſails burſts with thundering force.
While the rent canvas flutter'd in the wind,
Still on her flank the ſtooping bark inclin'd.—
Bear up the helm * a-weather! Rodmond cries;
Swift, at the word, the helm a-weather flies.
The prow with ſecret inſtinct veers apace;
And now the fore-ſail right athwart they brace:
With equal ſheets reſtrain'd, the bellying ſail
Spreads a broad concave to the ſweeping gale.
While o'er the foam the ſhip impetuous flies,
Th' attentive timoneer † the helm applies.
As in purſuit along th' aerial way,
With ardent eye, the falcon marks his prey,
Each motion watches of the doubtful chace,
Obliquely wheeling thro' the liquid ſpace;
So, govern'd by the ſteerſman's glowing hands,
The regent helm her motion ſtill commands.
But now the tranſient ſquall to leeward paſt,
Again ſhe rallies to the ſullen blaſt.
The helm to ſtarboard ‡ turns; with wings inclin'd
The ſidelong canvas claſps the faithleſs wind.

* The helm is ſaid to be a-weather, when the bar by which it is managed is turned to the ſide of the ſhip next the wind.

† Timoneer (from timonnier, Fr.) the helmſman or ſteerſman.

‡ The helm, being turned to ſtarboard, or to the right ſide of the ſhip, directs the prow to the left, or to port, and vice verſa. Hence the helm being put a-ſtarboard, when the ſhip is running northward, directs her prow towards the weſt.

The

The mizen draws ; ſhe ſprings aloof once more,
While the fore ſtay-ſail * balances before.
The fore-ſail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
They near the prow th' extended tack confin'd :
Then on the leeward ſheet the ſeamen bend,
And haul the bowline to the bowſprit end.
To topſails next they haſte ; the buntlines gone,
The cluelines thro' their wheel'd machinery run :
On either ſide below the ſheets are mann'd ;
Again the fluttering ſails their ſkirts expand.
Once more the topſails, tho' with humbler plume,
Mounting aloft their ancient poſt reſume.
Again the bowlines and the yards are brac'd † ;
And all th' entangled cords in order plac'd.
The ſail, by whirlwinds thus ſo lately rent,
In tatter'd ruins fluttering is unbent,
With brails ‡ refix'd another ſoon prepar'd,
Aſcending, ſpreads along beneath the yard.

* This ſail, which is with more propriety called the fore topmaſt-ſtay-ſail, is a triangular ſail that runs upon the fore topmaſt-ſtay, over the bowſprit. It is uſed to command the fore part of the ſhip, and counterbalance the ſails extended towards the ſtern. See alſo the laſt note of this Canto.

† A yard is ſaid to be braced, when it is turned about the maſt horizontally, either to the right or left : the ropes employed in this ſervice are accordingly called braces.

‡ The ropes uſed to truſs up a ſail to the yard or maſt whereto it is attached, are, in a general ſenſe, called brails.

To each yard-arm the head-rope * they extend,
And ſoon their earings and the roebins † bend.
That taſk perform'd, they firſt the braces ‡ ſlack,
Then to its ſtation drag th' unwilling tack;
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the ſheet, they tally and belay §.

Now to the north, from Afric's burning ſhore,
A troop of porpoiſes their courſe explore:
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide;
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in ſparkling trails along the main.
Theſe fleeteſt courſers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ætherial vault deface,
Their route to leeward ſtill ſagacious form,
To ſhun the fury of th' approaching ſtorm.

Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
Protects the veſſel from th' inſulting ſea:

* The head rope is a cord to which the upper part of the ſail is ſewed.

† Rope-bands, pronounced roebins, are ſmall cords, uſed to faſten the upper edge of any ſail to its reſpective yard.

‡ Becauſe the lee-brace confines the yard ſo that the tack will not come down to its place till the braces are caſt looſe.

§ Taught implies ſtiff, tenſe, or extended ſtraight: and tally is a phraſe particularly applied to the operation of hauling aft the ſheets, or drawing them towards the ſhip's ſtern. To belay, is to faſten.

Round

Round her broad arms, impatient of controul,
Rous'd from their ſecret deeps the billows roll.
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly ſhore,
And all the ſcene an hoſtile aſpect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ſhip betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair diſguiſe,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies.——
Toſs'd on the tide ſhe feels the tempeſt blow,
And dreads the vengeance of ſo fell a foe.
As the proud horſe, with coſtly trappings gay,
Exulting prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the ſhock of fight;
Even ſo, capariſon'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding veſſel dances on the tide.—
Fierce and more fierce the ſouthern demon blew,
And more incens'd the roaring waters grew.
The ſhip no longer can her topſails ſpread,
And every hope of fairer ſkies is fled.
Bowlines and haliards are relax'd again;
Cluelines haul'd down, and ſheets let fly amain;
Clued-up each topſail, and by braces ſquar'd;
The ſeamen climb aloft on either yard.
They furl'd the ſail, and pointed to the wind
The yard, by rolling-tackles * then confin'd.

* The rolling-tackle is an aſſemblage of pullies, uſed to confine the yard to the weather-ſide of the maſt, and prevent the former from rubbing againſt the latter by the fluctuating motion of the ſhip in a turbulent ſea.

While

While o'er the ſhip the gallant boatſwain flies,
Like a hoarſe maſtiff thro' the ſtorm he cries:
Prompt to direct the unſkilful ſtill appears;
Th' expert he praiſes, and the fearful cheers.
Now ſome to ſtrike top-gallant yards * attend;
Some travellers † up the weather backſtays ‡ ſend;
At each maſt-head the top-ropes § others bend.
The youngeſt ſailors from the yards above
Their parrels ||, lifts ¶, and braces ſoon remove;
Then topt an-end, and to the travellers tied,
Charg'd with their ſails, they down the backſtays ſlide.

* It is uſual to ſend down the top gallant yards on the approach of a ſtorm. They are the higheſt yards that are rigged in a ſhip.

† Travellers are ſlender iron rings, encircling the backſtays, and uſed to facilitate the hoiſting or lowering of the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the backſtays, in their aſcent or deſcent, ſo as to prevent them from ſwinging about by the agitation of the veſſel.

‡ Backſtays are long ropes, extending from the right and left ſide of the ſhip to the topmaſt-heads, which they are intended to ſecure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the ſails.

§ Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoiſted up from the deck, or lowered again in ſtormy weather.

|| The parrel, which is uſually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its reſpective maſt.

¶ Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any maſt to the extremities of its particular yard, to ſupport the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raiſe one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.

The

The yards ſecure along the booms * reclin'd;
While ſome the flying cords aloft confin'd.—
Their ſails reduc'd, and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils ſevere.
Awhile their ſpirits, with fatigue oppreſt,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of reſt:
But with redoubling force the tempeſts blow,
And watery hills in fell ſucceſſion flow.
A diſmal ſhade o'ercaſts the frowning ſkies;
New troubles grow; new difficulties riſe.
No ſeaſon this from duty to deſcend!—
All hands on deck, th' eventual hour attend.

His race perform'd, the ſacred lamp of day
Now dipt in weſtern clouds his parting ray.
His ſick'ning fires, half-loſt in ambient haze,
Refract along the duſk a crimſon blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the languid orb declines,
And now to cheerleſs night the ſky reſigns!
Sad evening's hour, how different from the paſt!
No flaming pomp, no bluſhing glories caſt.
No ray of friendly light is ſeen around;
The moon and ſtars in hopeleſs ſhade are drown'd.

The ſhip no longer can her courſes † bear:
To reef the courſes is the maſter's care:

* The booms in this place imply any maſts or yards lying on the deck in reſerve, to ſupply the place of others which may be carried away by diſtreſs of weather, &c.

† The courſes are generally underſtood to be the mainſail, foreſail, and mizen, which are the largeſt and loweſt ſails on their ſeveral

The ſailors ſummon'd aft, a daring band!
Attend th' enfolding brails at his command.
But here the doubtful officers diſpute,
Till ſkill and judgement prejudice confute.——
Rodmond, whoſe genius never ſoar'd beyond
The narrow rules of art his youth had conn'd,
Still to the hoſtile fury of the wind
Releas'd the ſheet, and kept the tack confin'd.
To long-tried practice obſtinately warm,
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
But the ſage maſter this advice declines;
With whom Arion in opinion joins.—
The watchful ſeaman, whoſe ſagacious eye
On ſure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cauſe foretels th' effect,
This barbarous practice ever will reject.
For, fluttering looſe in air, the rigid ſail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;
And he who ſtrives the tempeſt to diſarm,
Will never firſt embrail the lee yard-arm.
The maſter ſaid;—obedient to command,
To raiſe the tack, the ready ſailors ſtand *.——

ſeveral maſts: the term is however ſometimes taken in a larger ſenſe.

* It has been remarked before, in note §, p. 217, that the tack is always faſtened to windward: accordingly as ſoon as it is caſt looſe, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the ſail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation muſt be carefully performed in a ſtorm, to prevent the ſail from ſplitting, or being torn to pieces by ſhivering.

Gradual

Gradual it looſens, while th' involving clue,
Swell'd by the wind, aloft unruffling flew.
The ſheet and weather-brace they now ſtand by * ;
The lee clue-garnet and the bunt-lines ply.
Thus all prepar'd, *Let go the ſheet*, he cries;
Impetuous round the ringing wheels it flies ;
Shivering at firſt, till by the blaſt impell'd,
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvas ſwell'd :
By ſpilling-lines † embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unſhaken by the wind.
The foreſail then ſecur'd, with equal care
Again to reef the mainſail they repair.—
While ſome high-mounted over-haul the tye,
Below the down-haul-tackle ‡ others ply.
Jears §, lifts, and brails, a ſeaman each attends,
Along the maſt the willing yard deſcends.

* It is neceſſary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the ſheet is caſt off, to preſerve the ſail from ſhaking violently.

† The ſpilling-lines, which are only uſed on particular occaſions in tempeſtuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the ſail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

‡ The violence of the wind forces the yard ſo much outward from the maſt on theſe occaſions, that it cannot eaſily be lowered ſo as to reef the ſail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the maſt. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle. See note *, p. 221.

§ Jears are the ſame to the mainſail, foreſail, and mizen, as the haliards (note *, p. 216.) are to all the inferior ſails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

Such toil th' unwearied Dædalus endur'd,
When in the Cretan labyrinth immur'd;
Till Art her ſalutary help beſtow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode.
Thus, long entangled in a thorny way,
That never heard the ſweet Pierian lay,
The muſe, that tun'd to barbarous ſounds her ſtring,
Now ſpreads like Dædalus a bolder wing;
The verſe begins in ſofter ſtrains to flow,
Replete with ſad variety of woe.

As yet amid this elemental war,
That ſcatters deſolation from afar,
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor diſtreſs appear
To ſink the ſeamen with unmanly fear.
Tho' their firm hearts no pageant honour boaſt,
They ſcorn the wretch that trembles in his poſt;
Who from the face of danger ſtrives to turn,
Indignant from the ſocial hour they ſpurn.
Tho' now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the veſſel's ſide,
No future ills unknown their ſouls appall;
They know no danger, or they ſcorn it all!
But ev'n the generous ſpirits of the brave,
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly reſpite crave;
A ſhort repoſe alone their thoughts implore,
Their harraſs'd powers by ſlumber to reſtore.

Far other cares the maſter's mind employ;
Approaching perils all his hopes deſtroy.
In vain he ſpreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the diſtance by the rules of art;

In

In vain athwart the mimic ſeas expands
The compaſſes to circumjacent lands.
Ungrateful taſk! for no aſylum trac'd,
A paſſage open'd from the wat'ry waſte.
Fate ſeem'd to guard, with adamantine mound,
The path to every friendly port around.
While Albert thus, with ſecret doubts diſmay'd,
The geometric diſtances ſurvey'd,
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives,—graſp every man a ſhroud!—
Rous'd from his trance he mounts with eyes aghaſt;
When o'er the ſhip, in undulation vaſt,
A giant ſurge down-ruſhes from on high,
And fore and aft diſſever'd ruins lie.—
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke deſcends in thunder on the main;
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blaſt the hoſtile ſhores;
Beneath the ſtorm their ſhatter'd navies groan,
The trembling deeps recoil from zone to zone:
Thus the torn veſſel felt th' enormous ſtroke;
The boats beneath the thundering deluge broke;
Forth-ſtarted from their planks the burſting rings,
Th' extended cordage all aſunder ſprings.
The pilot's fair machinery ſtrews the deck,
And cards and needles ſwim in floating wreck.
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In ſtreaming ruins from the margin fled.
The ſides convulſive ſhook on groaning beams,
And rent with labour, yawn'd the pitchy ſeams.

High o'er their heads the rolling billows ſweep;
And down they ſink in everlaſting ſleep.—
Bereft of power to help, their comrades ſee
The wretched victims die beneath the lee;
With fruitleſs ſorrow their loſt ſtate bemoan;
Perhaps a fatal prelude to their own!
In dark ſuſpence on deck the pilots ſtand,
Nor can determine on the next command.
Tho' ſtill they knew the veſſel's armed ſide
Impenetrable to the claſping tide;
Tho' ſtill the waters by no ſecret wound
A paſſage to her deep receſſes found;
Surrounding evils yet they ponder o'er,
A ſtorm, a dangerous ſea, and leeward ſhore!
Should they, tho' reef'd, again their ſails extend,
Again in fluttering fragments they may rend;
Or ſhould they ſtand, beneath the dreadful ſtrain
The down-preſt ſhip may never riſe again;
Too late to weather * now Morea's land,
Yet verging faſt to Athens' rocky ſtrand.—
Thus they lament the conſequence ſevere,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear.
Long in their minds revolving each event,
At laſt to furl the courſes they conſent.
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try † beneath it, ſidelong in the ſea.

* To weather a ſhore, is to paſs to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the ſtorm.

† To try, is to lay the ſhip with her ſide nearly in the direction of the wind and ſea, with the head ſomewhat inclined to the

Now down the maſt the ſloping yard declin'd,
Till by the jeers and topping-lift * confin'd.
The head, with doubling canvas fenc'd around,
In balance, near the lofty peek, they bound.
The reef enwrapt, th' inſerted knittles ty'd,
To hoiſt the ſhorten'd ſail again they hied.
The order given, the yard aloft they ſway'd;
The brails relax'd, th' extended ſheet belay'd.
The helm its poſt forſook, and, laſh'd a-lee †,
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the ſea.

When ſacred Orpheus, on the Stygian coaſt,
With notes divine implor'd his conſort loſt;
Tho' round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies ſtood to bar his way;
Not more advent'rous was th' attempt to move
The powers of hell with ſtrains of heavenly love,
Than mine to bid th' unwilling muſe explore
The wilderneſs of rude mechanic lore.

the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that poſition. See a further illuſtration of this in the laſt note of this Canto.

* The topping-lift, which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard (ſee note ¶, p. 222.). This line and the ſix following deſcribe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this ſail is towards the lower end, the knittles being ſmall ſhort lines uſed in the room of points for this purpoſe (ſee note ‡, p. 215. and ‡ 216.): they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the ſail.

† Laſhed a-lee, is faſtened to the lee ſide. See note †, p. 215.

When lower'd ſufficient they ſecurely brace;
And fix the rolling-tackle in its place;
The reef-lines * and their earings now prepar'd,
Mounting on pliant ſhrouds †, they man the yard.
Far on th' extremes two able hands appear,
Arion there, the hardy boatſwain here;
That in the van to front the tempeſt hung;
This round the lee yard-arm, ill-omen'd! clung.
Each earing to its ſtation firſt they bend;
The reef-band ‡ then along the yard extend;
The circling earings, round th' extremes entwin'd,
By outer and by inner turns § they bind.
From hand to hand, the reef-lines, next receiv'd,
Thro' eye-let holes and roebin-legs were reev'd.

* Reef-lines are only uſed to reef the mainſail and forefail. They are paſſed in ſpiral turns through the eye-let holes of the reef, and over the head of the ſails between the rope-band legs, till they reach the extremities of the reef, to which they are firmly extended, ſo as to lace the reef cloſe up to the yard.

† Shrouds are thick ropes, ſtretching from the maſt-heads downwards to the outſide of the ſhip, ſerving to ſupport the maſts. They are alſo uſed as a range of rope-ladders by which the ſeamen aſcend or deſcend, to perform whatever is neceſſary about the ſails and rigging.

‡ The reef-band is a long piece of canvas ſewed acroſs the ſail, to ſtrengthen the canvas in the place where the eye-let holes of the reef are formed.

§ The outer turns of the earing ſerve to extend the ſail along the yard; and the inner turns are employed to confine its head-rope cloſe to its ſurface. See note ‡, p. 220.

The

The reef in double folds involv'd they lay;
Strain the firm cord, and either end belay.
Hadſt thou, Arion! held the leeward poſt,
While on the yard by mountain billows toſt,
Perhaps Oblivion o'er our tragic tale
Had then for ever drawn her duſky veil.——
But ruling heaven prolong'd thy vital date,
Severer ills to ſuffer and relate!
For, while their orders thoſe aloft attend,
To furl the mainſail, or on deck deſcend,
A ſea *, up-ſurging with tremendous roll,
To inſtant ruin ſeems to doom the whole.
O friends, ſecure your hold! Arion cries:—
It comes all-dreadful, ſtooping from the ſkies!
Uplifted on its horrid edge, ſhe feels
The ſhock, and on her ſide half-bury'd reels:
The ſail, half-bury'd in the whelming wave,
A fearful warning to the ſeamen gave:
While from its margin, terrible to tell!
Three ſailors with their gallant boatſwain fell.
Torn with reſiſtleſs fury from their hold,
In vain their ſtruggling arms the yard infold:
In vain to grapple flying cords they try;
The cords, alas! a ſolid gripe deny!
Prone on the midnight ſurge, with panting breath
They cry for aid, and long contend with death.

* A ſea is the general name given by ſailors to a ſingle wave or billow: hence when a wave burſts over the deck, the veſſel is ſaid to have ſhipped a ſea.

They ſound the well *, and terrible to hear!
Five feet immers'd along the line appear.
At either pump they ply the clanking brake †,
And turn by turn th' ungrateful office take.
Rodmond, Arion, and Palemon, here,
At this ſad taſk, all diligent appear.
As ſome fair caſtle, ſhook by rude alarms,
Oppoſes long th' approach of hoſtile arms;
Grim war around her plants his black array,
And death and ſorrow mark his horrid way;
Till in ſome deſtin'd hour, againſt her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
The ramparts crack, the ſolid bulwarks rend;
And hoſtile troops the ſhatter'd breach aſcend;
Her valiant inmates ſtill the foe retard,
Reſolv'd till death their ſacred charge to guard:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help inceſſant by rotation lend;
But all in vain,—for now the ſounding cord,
Updrawn, an undiminiſh'd depth explor'd.
Nor this ſevere diſtreſs is found alone;
The ribs oppreſt by ponderous cannon groan.—
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd ſides ſeem burſting with their weight.

* The well is an apartment in the ſhip's hold, ſerving to incloſe the pumps. It is ſounded by dropping a meaſured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increaſe or diminution of the leaks are eaſily diſcovered.

† The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

So

So reels Pelorus, with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse thro' his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate vindictive all their skill defies.
One only remedy the season gave;
To plunge the nerves of battle in the wave:
From their high platforms thus th' artillery thrown,
Eas'd of their load, the timbers less shall groan;
But arduous is the task their lot requires;
A task that hovering Fate alone inspires!
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease,
That ever and anon are drench'd with seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
No season this for counsel or delay!
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart.
These only now their misery can relieve;
These only now a dawn of safety give!—
While o'er the quivering deck, from van to rear,
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue.
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side.
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave;
Fronting the rude assaults of every wave.

Like

Theſe only in our power are left to try;
To periſh here, or from the ſtorm to fly.
The doubtful balance in my judgment caſt,
For various reaſons I prefer the laſt.
'Tis true, the veſſel and her coſtly freight,
To me conſign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, ſince the charge of every life is mine,
To equal votes our counſels I reſign;
Forbid it, heaven, that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dangerous reins of purblind power!
But ſhould we now reſolve to bear away,
Our hopleſs ſtate can ſuffer no delay.
Nor can we, thus bereft of every ſail,
Attempt to ſteer obliquely on the gale.
For then, if broaching ſideward to the ſea,
Our dropſy'd ſhip may founder by the lee;
No more obedient to the pilot's power,
Th' o'erwhelming wave may ſoon her frame devour.
He ſaid; the liſtening mates with fix'd regard,
And ſilent reverence, his opinion heard.
Important was the queſtion in debate,
And o'er their counſels hung impending fate.
Rodmond, in many a ſcene of peril try'd,
Had oft the maſter's happier ſkill deſcry'd.
Yet now, the hour, the ſcene, th' occaſion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own.
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his ſpeech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate and each blaſt;
The firſt in danger, in retreat the laſt:

Sagacious

Sagacious balancing th' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus diſſents.
Too true the perils of the preſent hour,
Where toils exceeding toils our ſtrength o'erpower!
Yet whither can we turn, what road purſue,
With death before ſtill opening on the view?
Our bark, 'tis true, no ſhelter here can find,
Sore ſhatter'd by the ruffian ſeas and wind.
Yet with what hope of refuge can we flee,
Chac'd by this tempeſt and outrageous ſea?
For while its violence the tempeſt keeps,
Bereft of every ſail we roam the deeps:
At random driven, to preſent death we haſte;
And one ſhort hour perhaps may be our laſt.
In vain the gulph of Corinth on our lee,
Now opens to her ports a paſſage free;
Since, if before the blaſt the veſſel flies,
Full in her track unnumber'd dangers riſe.
Here Falconera ſpreads her lurking ſnares;
There diſtant Greece her rugged ſhelfs prepares.
Should once her bottom ſtrike that rocky ſhore,
The ſplitting bark that inſtant were no more;
Nor ſhe alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief were doom'd to periſh too.
Thus if to ſcud too raſhly we conſent,
Too late in fatal hour we may repent.
Then of our purpoſe this appears the ſcope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope.
Though ſorely buffetted by every ſea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee.

But here, alas! his ſcience nought avails!
Art droops unequal, and experience fails.
The different traverſes, ſince twilight made,
He on the hydrographic circle laid;
Then the broad angle of lee-way * explor'd,
As ſwept acroſs the graduated chord.
Her place diſcover'd by the rules of art,
Unuſual terrors ſhook the maſter's heart;
When Falconera's rugged iſle he found
Within her drift, with ſhelves and breakers bound;
For if on thoſe deſtructive ſhallows toſt,
The helpleſs bark with all her crew are loſt:
As fatal ſtill appears, that danger o'er,
The ſteep St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
With him the pilots of their hopeleſs ſtate
In mournful conſultation now debate.
Not more perplexing doubts her chiefs appall,
When ſome proud city verges to her fall;
While ruin glares around, and pale affright
Convenes her councils in the dead of night—
No blazon'd trophies o'er their concave ſpread,
Nor ſtoried pillars rais'd aloft the head:
But here the queen of ſhade around them threw
Her dragon-wing, diſaſtrous to the view!
Dire was the ſcene, with whirlwind, hail and ſhower;
Black melancholy rul'd the fearful hour!

* The lee-way, or drift, which in this place are ſynonymous terms, is the movement by which a ſhip is driven ſideways at the mercy of the wind and ſea, when ſhe is deprived of the government of the ſails and helm.

Beneath

Beneath tremendous roll'd the flaſhing tide,
Where fate on every billow ſeem'd to ride.—
Inclos'd with ills, by peril unſubdu'd,
Great in diſtreſs the maſter-ſeaman ſtood:
Skill'd to command; deliberate to adviſe;
Expert in action; and in council wiſe;
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his ſoul the chief referr'd:
Ye faithful mates, who all my trouble ſhare,
Approv'd companions of your maſter's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitleſs now to tell
Our ſad diſtreſs, already known too well!
This morn with favouring gales the port we left,
Tho' now of every flattering hope bereft:
No ſkill nor long experience could forecaſt
Th' unſeen approach of this deſtructive blaſt.
Theſe ſeas, where ſtorms at various ſeaſons blow,
No reigning winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occaſion all your ſkill demands;
A leaky ſhip embay'd by dangerous lands,
Our bark no tranſient jeopardy ſurrounds;
Groaning ſhe lies beneath unnumber'd wounds.
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find;
To ſhun the fury of the ſeas and wind.
For in this hollow ſwell, with labour ſore,
Her flank can bear the burſting floods no more:
Yet this or other ills ſhe muſt endure;
A dire diſeaſe, and deſperate is the cure!
Thus two expedients offer'd to your choice,
Alone require your counſel and your voice.

Like ſome ſtrong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whoſe rocky baſe the foaming waters ſweep,
Untam'd he ſtood; the ſtern aerial war
Had mark'd his honeſt face with many a ſcar.—
Meanwhile Arion, traverſing the waiſt *,
The cordage of the leeward guns unbrac'd,
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd.
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw.
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's aſſociates wheel th' artillery round;
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The ponderous arms acroſs the ſteep defile;
Then, hurl'd from ſounding hinges o'er the ſide,
Thundering they plunge into the flaſhing tide.

The ſhip thus eas'd, ſome little reſpite finds,
In this rude conflict of the ſeas and winds.
Such eaſe Alcides felt, when, clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his ſide he tore;
When, ſtung with burning pain, he ſtrove, too late,
To ſtop the ſwift career of cruel fate.
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of ſevenfold pangs endur'd!
Such, and ſo ſhort, the pauſe of woe ſhe found!—
Cimmerian darkneſs ſhades the deep around,

* The waiſt of a ſhip of this kind is an hollow ſpace, of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter-deck and forecaſtle, and having the upper deck for its baſe, or platform.

Save

Save when the lightnings gleaming on the ſight,
Flaſh thro' the gloom a pale diſaſtrous light.
Above all æther, fraught with ſcenes of woe,
With grim deſtruction threatens all below.
Beneath the ſtorm-laſh'd ſurges furious riſe,
And wave uproll'd on wave aſſails the ſkies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they ſurround
The ſhip, half ſwallow'd in the black profound!
With ceaſeleſs hazard and fatigue oppreſt,
Diſmay and anguiſh every heart poſſeſt;
For, while with boundleſs inundation o'er
The ſea-beat ſhip th' involving waters roar,
Diſplac'd beneath by her capacious womb,
They rage their ancient ſtation to reſume;
By ſecret ambuſhes, their force to prove,
Thro' many a winding channel firſt they rove;
Till, gathering fury, like the fever'd blood,
Thro' her dark veins they roll a rapid flood.
While unrelenting thus the leaks they found,
The pumps with ever-clanking ſtrokes reſound.
Around each leaping valve, by toil ſubdu'd,
The tough bull-hide muſt ever be renew'd.
Their ſinking hearts unuſual horrors chill;
And down their weary limbs thick dews diſtil.
No ray of light their dying hope redeems!
Pregnant with ſome new woe each moment teems!

Again the chief th' inſtructive draught extends,
And o'er the figur'd plane attentive bends;
To him the motion of each orb was known,
That wheels around the ſun's refulgent throne:

The crew, tho' harraſs'd long with toils ſevere,
Still at their pumps perceive no hazards near.
Shall we, incautious, then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids!—This ſouthern tempeſt ſoon
May change its quarter with the changing moon.
Its rage, tho' terrible, may ſoon ſubſide,
Nor into mountains laſh th' unruly tide.
Theſe leaks ſhall then decreaſe; the ſails once more
Direct our courſe to ſome relieving ſhore.—
Thus while he ſpoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran.
For while the veſſel, thro' unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading waters drinks,
Sounding her depth, they ey'd the wetted ſcale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their powers prevail.
Yet in their poſt, by terrors unſubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their taſk purſu'd.
And now the ſenior pilot ſeem'd to wait
Arion's voice to cloſe the dark debate.
Tho' many a bitter ſtorm, with peril fraught,
In Neptune's ſchool the wandering ſtripling taught,
Not twice nine ſummers yet matur'd his thought.
So oft he bled by fortune's cruel dart,
It fell at laſt innoxious on his heart.
His mind ſtill ſhunning care with ſecret hate,
In patient indolence reſign'd to fate.
But now the horrors that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling ſoul.

With

With fix'd attention, pondering in my mind
The dark diſtreſſes on each ſide combin'd;
While here we linger in the paſs of fate,
I ſee no moment left for ſad debate.
For, ſome deciſion if we wiſh to form,
Ere yet our veſſel ſink beneath the ſtorm,
Her ſhatter'd ſtate and yon deſponding crew
At once ſuggeſt what meaſures to purſue.
The labouring hull already ſeems half fill'd
With waters thro' an hundred leaks diſtill'd;
As in a dropſy, wallowing with her freight,
Half-drown'd ſhe lies, a dead inactive weight!
Thus, drench'd by every wave, her riven deck,
Stript and defenceleſs, floats a naked wreck;
Her wounded flanks no longer can ſuſtain
Theſe fell invaſions of the burſting main.
At every pitch, th' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load, the quivering bowſprit-end.
A fearful warning! ſince the maſts on high
On that ſupport with trembling hope rely.
At either pump our ſeamen pant for breath,
In dark diſmay anticipating death.
Still all our powers th' increaſing leaks defy:
We ſink at ſea, no ſhore, no haven nigh.
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom,
To light and ſave us from the wat'ry tomb.
That bids us ſhun the death impending here;
Fly from the following blaſt, and ſhoreward ſteer.
'Tis urg'd indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of every guiding ſail;

And driven before it on the wat'ry waſte,
To rocky ſhores and ſcenes of death we haſte.
But haply Falconera we may ſhun;
And far to Grecian coaſts is yet the run:
Leſs harraſs'd then, our ſcudding ſhip may bear
Th' aſſaulting ſurge repell'd upon her rear;
Ev'n then the wearied ſtorm as ſoon ſhall die,
Or leſs torment the groaning pines on high.
Should we at laſt be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the ſea,
The hull diſmaſted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the raging tide.
Perhaps kind heaven, with interpoſing power,
May curb the tempeſt ere that dreadful hour.
But here ingulf'd and foundering while we ſtay,
Fate hovers o'er and marks us for her prey.
He ſaid;—Palemon ſaw, with grief of heart,
The ſtorm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In ſilent terror and diſtreſs involv'd,
He heard their laſt alternative reſolv'd.
High beat his boſom; with ſuch fear ſubdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of ſome enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wandering ſwain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And, chill'd with horror, heard the ſongs of hell.
Arion ſaw, with ſecret anguiſh mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd;
And, all awake to friendſhip's genial heat,
His boſom felt conſenting tumults beat.

Alas!

Alas! no seaſon this for tender love;
Far hence the muſic of the myrtle grove!—
With comfort's ſoothing voice, from hope deriv'd,
Palemon's drooping ſpirit he reviv'd.
For conſolation, oft with healing art,
Retunes the jarring numbers of the heart.—
Now had the pilots all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus reſolv'd;
When, like the faithful ſhepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds;
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpoſe Albert thus directs:
Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whoſe gallant ſpirits now are known too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry ſtorm
With terrors all the rolling deep deform;
Who, patient in adverſity, ſtill bear
The firmeſt front when greateſt ills are near!
The truth tho' grievous I muſt now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal.
Ingulf'd, all helps of art we vainly try,
To weather leeward ſhores, alas! too nigh.
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The ſeas that thunder o'er her batter'd ſide:
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give,
That in this raging ſea ſhe cannot live,
One only refuge from deſpair we find;
At once to wear and ſcud before the wind *.

* For an explanation of theſe manœuvres, the reader is referred to the laſt note of this Canto.

Perhaps ev'n then to ruin we may ſteer;
For broken ſhores beneath our lee appear;
But that's remote, and inſtant death is here:
Yet there, by heaven's aſſiſtance we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, ſhelter'd by ſome rock, at anchor ride,
Till with abating rage the blaſt ſubſide.

But if, determin'd by the will of heaven,
Our helpleſs bark at laſt aſhore is driven,
Theſe counſels follow'd, from the wat'ry grave
Our floating ſailors in the ſurf may ſave.

And firſt let all our axes be ſecur'd,
To cut the maſts and rigging from aboard.
Then to the quarters bind each plank and oar,
To float between the veſſel and the ſhore.
The longeſt cordage too muſt be convey'd
On deck, and to the weather-rails belay'd.
So they who haply reach alive the land,
Th' extended lines may faſten on the ſtrand.
Whene'er, loud thundering on the leeward ſhore,
While yet aloof we hear the breakers roar,
Thus for the terrible event prepar'd,
Brace fore and aft to ſtarboard every yard.
So ſhall our maſts ſwim lighter on the wave,
And from the broken rocks our ſeamen ſave.
Then weſtward turn the ſtem, that every maſt
May ſhoreward fall, when from the veſſel caſt.—
When o'er her ſide once more the billows bound,
Aſcend the rigging till ſhe ſtrikes the ground:

And

And when you hear aloft th' alarming ſhock
That ſtrikes her bottom on ſome pointed rock,
The boldeſt of our ſailors muſt deſcend,
The dangerous buſineſs of the deck to tend:
Then each, ſecur'd by ſome convenient cord,
Should cut the ſhrouds and rigging from the board.
Let the broad axes next aſſail each maſt;
And booms and oars and rafts to leeward caſt.
Thus, while the cordage ſtretch'd aſhore may guide
Our brave companions thro' the ſwelling tide,
This floating lumber ſhall ſuſtain them, o'er
The rocky ſhelves, in ſafety to the ſhore.
But as your firmeſt ſuccour, till the laſt,
O cling ſecurely on each faithful maſt!
Tho' great the danger, and the taſk ſevere,
Yet bow not to the tyranny of fear!
If once that ſlaviſh yoke your ſpirits quell,
Adieu to hope! to life itſelf farewell!

I know, among you ſome full oft have view'd,
With murdering weapons arm'd, a lawleſs brood,
On England's vile inhuman ſhore who ſtand,
The foul reproach and ſcandal of our land!
To rob the wanderers wreck'd upon the ſtrand.
Theſe, while their ſavage office they purſue,
Oft wound to death the helpleſs plunder'd crew,
Who, 'ſcap'd from every horror of the main,
Implor'd their mercy, but implor'd in vain.
But dread not this!—a crime to Greece unknown!
Such blood-hounds all her circling ſhores diſown:

Her ſons, by barbarous tyranny oppreſt,
Can ſhare affliction with the wretch diſtreſt:
Their hearts, by cruel fate inur'd to grief,
Oft to the friendleſs ſtranger yield relief.
With conſcious horror ſtruck, the naval band
Deteſted for awhile their native land.
They curs'd the ſleeping vengeance of the laws,
That thus forgot her guardian ſailor's cauſe.
Mean while the maſter's voice again they heard,
Whom, as with filial duty, all rever'd.
No more remains—but now a truſty band
Muſt ever at the pump induſtrious ſtand;
And while with us the reſt attend to wear,
Two ſkilful ſeamen to the helm repair!—
O Source of life! our refuge and our ſtay!
Whoſe voice the warring elements obey,
On thy ſupreme aſſiſtance we rely;
Thy mercy ſupplicate, if doom'd to die!
Perhaps this ſtorm is ſent, with healing breath,
From neighbouring ſhores to ſcourge diſeaſe and death!
'Tis ours on thine unerring laws to truſt:
With thee, great Lord! "whatever is, is juſt."
He ſaid; and with conſenting reverence fraught,
The ſailors join'd his prayer in ſilent thought.
His intellectual eye, ſerenely bright!
Saw diſtant objects with prophetic light.
Thus in a land, that laſting wars oppreſs,
That groans beneath misfortune and diſtreſs;
Whoſe wealth to conquering armies falls a prey;
Her bulwarks ſinking, as her troops decay;

Some

Some bold ſagacious ſtateſman, from the helm,
Sees deſolation gathering o'er his realm:
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hoſtile unions riſe!
With deep attention marks th' invading foe;
Eludes their wiles, and fruſtrates every blow;
Tries his laſt art the tottering ſtate to ſave,
Or in its ruins find a glorious grave.
Still in the yawning trough the veſſel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills:
On either ſide they riſe; tremendous ſcene!
A long dark melancholy vale between *.

* That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ſhip's ſtate when trying, and of the change of her ſituation to that of ſcudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of thoſe articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the ſituation in which a ſhip lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the ſea in a tempeſt, particularly when it blows contrary to her courſe.

In trying as well as in ſcudding, the ſails are always reduced in proportion to the increaſe of the ſtorm, and in either ſtate, if the ſtorm is exceſſive, ſhe may have all her ſails furled; or be, according to the ſea phraſe, under bare poles.

The intent of ſpreading a ſail at this time is to keep the ſhip more ſteady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by preſſing her ſide down in the water; and alſo to turn her head towards the ſource of the wind, ſo that the ſhock of the ſeas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when ſhe lies along the trough of the ſea, or in the interval between two waves. While

The balanc'd ſhip, now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impreſſion of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd.
But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.—

ſhe lies in this ſituation, the helm is faſtened cloſe to the lee-ſide, to prevent her, as much as poſſible, from falling to leeward. But as the ſhip is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her ſails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and ſtern, ſhe is moved by a ſlow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of 30 or 40 degrees in the interval. That part where ſhe ſtops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to; and the contrary exceſs of the angle to leeward is called her falling off.

Veering, or wearing, (ſee line 11, p. 238, and line 28, p. 243.) as uſed in the preſent ſenſe, may be defined, the movement by which a ſhip changes her ſtate from trying to that of ſcudding, or, of running before the direction of the wind and ſea.

It is an axiom in natural philoſophy, "That every body will perſevere in a ſtate of reſt, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unleſs it be compelled to change its ſtate by forces impreſſed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impreſſed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts."

Hence it is eaſy to conceive how a ſhip is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of veering, which is a neceſſary conſequence of this invariable principle, the object of the ſeaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ſhip's hind part, and to receive its utmoſt exertion

on

The order now was given to bear away;
The order given, the timoneers obey.
High o'er the bowſprit ſtretch'd the tortur'd ſail,
As on the rack, diſtends beneath the gale.
But ſcarce the yielding prow its impulſe knew,
When in a thouſand flitting ſhreds it flew!—

on her fore part, ſo that the latter may be puſhed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the ſails, or by the impreſſion of the wind on the maſts and yards. In the former caſe the ſails on the hind-part of the ſhip are either furled or arranged nearly-parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their ſurfaces; at the ſame time the foremoſt ſails are ſpread abroad, ſo as to receive the greateſt exertion of the wind. See line 4, of this page. The fore-part accordingly yields to this impulſe, and is put in motion; and this motion, neceſſarily conſpiring with that of the wind, puſhes the ſhip about as much as is requiſite to produce the deſired effect.

But when the tempeſt is ſo violent as to preclude the uſe of ſails, the effort of the wind operates almoſt equally on the oppoſite ends of the ſhip, becauſe the maſts and yards ſituated near the head and ſtern ſerve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impreſſion. The effect of the helm is alſo conſiderably diminiſhed, becauſe the head-way, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes neceſſary to deſtroy this equilibrium which ſubſiſts between the maſts and yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the maſts, and it becomes abſolutely neceſſary to veer, in order to ſave the ſhip from de-

Yet Albert new reſources ſtill prepares,
And, bridling grief, redoubles all his cares.
Away there; lower the mizen-yard on deck!
He calls, and brace the foremaſt yards aback!
His great example every boſom fires;
New life rekindles, and new hope inſpires;

deſtruction (ſee line 3, p. 251.), the mizen-maſt muſt be cut away and even the main-maſt, if ſhe ſtill remains incapable of anſwering the helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in navigation by which a ſhip is carried precipitately before a tempeſt. See line 15, p. 238, and line 28, p. 243.

As a ſhip flies with amazing rapidity through the water, whenever this expedient is put in practice, it is never attempted in a contrary wind, unleſs when her condition renders her incapable of ſuſtaining the mutual effort of the wind and waves any longer on her ſide, without being expoſed to the moſt imminent danger.

A ſhip either ſcuds with a ſail extended on her fore-maſt, or, if the ſtorm is exceſſive, without any ſail, which in the ſea-phraſe is called ſcudding under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to ſcudding are, generally, a ſea ſtriking the ſhip's ſtern; the difficulty of ſteering, which perpetually expoſes her to the danger of broaching-to; and the want of ſufficient ſea-room. A ſea which ſtrikes the ſtern violently may ſhatter it to pieces, by which the ſhip muſt inevitably founder. By broaching-to ſuddenly, ſhe is threatened with loſing all her maſts and ſails, or being immediately overturned; and for want of ſea-room, ſhe is expoſed to the dangers of being wrecked on a lee-ſhore.

While

While to the helm unfaithful ſtill ſhe lies,
One deſperate remedy at laſt he tries.—
Haſte, with your weapons cut the ſhrouds and ſtay;
And hew at once the mizen-maſt away!
He ſaid; th' attentive ſailors on each ſide,
At his command the trembling cords divide.
Faſt by the fated pine bold Rodmond ſtands;
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandiſh'd on high, it fell with dreadful ſound;
The tall maſt groaning, felt the deadly wound.
Deep gaſh'd with ſores, the tott'ring ſtructure rings,
And craſhing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter ſwings.
Thus when ſome limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's peſtilential breath;
Th' experienc'd artiſt from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its courſe delays:
But if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital ſtream that warms the heart,
Reſolv'd at laſt, he quits th' unequal ſtrife,
Severs the member, and preſerves the life.

CANTO III.

ARGUMENT.

The design and influence of poetry—Applied to the subject—Wreck of the mizen-mast cleared away—Ship veers before the wind—Her violent agitation—Different stations of the officers—Appearance of the island of Falconera—Excursion to the adjacent nations of Greece, renowned in antiquity—Athens—Socrates—Plato—Aristides—Solon—Corinth—Sparta—Leonidas—Invasion of Xerxes—Lycurgus—Epaminondas—Modern appearance—Arcadia—Its former happiness and fertility—Present distress, the effect of slavery—Ithaca—Ulysses and Penelope—Argos and Mycenæ—Agamemnon—Macronisi—Lemnos—Vulcan and Venus—Delos—Apollo and Diana—Troy—Sestos, Leander and Hero—Delphos Temple of Apollo—Parnassus—The Muses—The subject resumed—Sparkling of the sea—Prodigious tempest, accompanied with rain, hail, and meteors—Darkness, lightning, and thunder—Approach of day—Discovery of land—The ship in great danger passes the island of St. George—Turns her broadside to the shore—Her bowsprit, foremast, and main-topmast carried away—She strikes a rock—Splits asunder—Fate of the crew.

The

The ſcene ſtretches from that part of the Archipelago which lies ten miles to the northward of Falconera, to Cape Colonna, in Attica.—The time is about ſeven hours, being from one till eight in the morning.

WHEN in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
The human ſavage roam'd the gloomy wild;
When ſullen Ignorance her flag diſplay'd,
And Rapine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
Sent from the ſhores of light the Muſes came,
The dark and ſolitary race to tame.
'Twas their's the lawleſs paſſions to controul,
And melt in tender ſympathy the ſoul;
The heart from vice and error to reclaim,
And breathe in human breaſts celeſtial flame.
The kindling ſpirit caught th' empyreal ray,
And glow'd congenial with the ſwelling lay.
Rous'd from the chaos of primæval night,
At once fair Truth and Reaſon ſprung to light.—
When great Mæonides, in rapid ſong,
The thundering tide of battle rolls along,
Each raviſh'd boſom feels the high alarms,
And all the burning pulſes beat to arms.
From earth upborn, on Pegaſean wings,
Far thro' the boundleſs realms of thought he ſprings;
While diſtant poets, trembling as they view
His ſunward flight, the dazzling track purſue.
But when his ſtrings, with mournful magic, tell
What dire diſtreſs Laertes' ſon befel,

The

The ſtrains, meand'ring thro' the maze of woe,
Bid ſacred ſympathy the heart o'erflow.
Thus, in old time, the Muſes' heavenly breath
With vital force diſſolv'd the chains of death:
Each bard in epic lays began to ſing,
Taught by the maſter of the vocal ſtring.—
'Tis mine, alas! thro' dangerous ſcenes to ſtray,
Far from the light of his unerring ray!
While, all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
Darkling I wander with prophetic dread.
To me in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
Awakes the numbers, fraught with living fire!—
Full oft indeed, that mournful harp of yore
Wept the ſad wanderer loſt upon the ſhore;
But o'er that ſcene th' impatient numbers ran,
Subſervient only to a nobler plan.
'Tis mine, the unravel'd proſpect to diſplay,
And chain th' events in regular array.
Tho' hard the taſk, to ſing in varied ſtrains,
While all unchang'd the tragic theme remains!
Thrice happy! might the ſecret powers of art
Unlock the latent windings of the heart!
Might the ſad numbers draw compaſſion's tear
For kindred-miſeries, oft beheld too near:
For kindred-wretches, oft in ruin caſt
On Albion's ſtrand, beneath the wint'ry blaſt:
For all the pangs, the complicated woe,
Her braveſt ſons, her faithful ſailors know!
So pity, guſhing o'er each Britiſh breaſt,
Might ſympathiſe with Britain's ſons diſtreſt:

For

For this, my theme thro' mazes I purſue,
Which nor Mæonidas nor Maro knew.
Awhile the maſt, in ruins dragg'd behind,
Balanc'd the impreſſion of the helm and wind:
The wounded ſerpent, agoniz'd with pain,
Thus trails his mangled volume on the plain,
But now the wreck diſſever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer;
And while around before the wind it falls,
Square all the yards * ! the attentive maſter calls—
You, timoneers, her motion ſtill attend!
For on your ſteerage all our lives depend.
So, ſteddy †! meet her, watch the blaſt behind,
And ſteer her right before the ſeas and wind!
Starboard again! the watchful pilot cries;
Starboard, th' obedient timoneer replies.
Then to the left the ruling helm returns;
The wheel ‡ revolves; the ringing axle burns!
The ſhip no longer, foundering by the lee,
Bears on her ſide th' invaſions of the ſea:
All lonely o'er the deſart waſte ſhe flies,
Scourg'd on by ſurges, ſtorm and burſting ſkies.
As when the maſters of the lance aſſail,
In Hyperborean ſeas, the ſlumbering whale;

* To ſquare the yards, in this place is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ſhip's length.

† Steddy, is the order to ſteer the ſhip according to the line on which ſhe advances at that inſtant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

‡ In all large ſhips the helm is managed by a wheel.

Soon

Soon as the javelins pierce his ſcaly hide,
With anguiſh ſtung, he cleaves the downward tide;
In vain he flies! no friendly reſpite found;
His life-blood guſhes thro' th' inflaming wound.
The wounded bark, thus ſmarting with her pain,
Scuds from purſuing waves along the main;
While, daſh'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow.
Her joints forget their firm elaſtic tone;
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan.
Upheav'd behind her, in tremendous height,
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright!
Now ſhivering, o'er the topmoſt wave ſhe rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides.
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
She hears no more the roaring of the gale;
Till up the dreadful height again ſhe flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the ſkies.
As that rebellious angel who from heaven
To regions of eternal pain was driven;
When dreadleſs he forſook the Stygian ſhore,
The diſtant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on ſulphureous clouds ſublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in ſome hideous gulf deſcending prone,
Far in the rayleſs void of night was thrown:
Even ſo ſhe ſcales the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyſs precipitates her flight.
The maſts, around whoſe tops the whirlwinds ſing,
With long vibration round her axle ſwing.

To

To guide the wayward courſe amid the gloom,
The watchful pilots different poſts aſſume.
Albert and Rodmond, ſtation'd on the rear,
With warning voice direct each timoneer.
High on the prow the guard Arion keeps,
To ſhun the cruiſers wandering o'er the deeps:
Where'er he moves Palemon ſtill attends,
As if on him his only hope depends:
While Rodmond, fearful of ſome neighbouring ſhore,
Cries, ever and anon, *Look out afore!*
Four hours thus ſcudding on the tide ſhe flew,
When Falconera's rocky height they view.
High o'er its ſummit, thro' the gloom of night,
The glimmering watch-tower caſt a mournful light.
In dire amazement rivetted they ſtand,
And hear the breakers laſh the rugged ſtrand:
But ſoon beyond this ſhore the veſſel flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the ſkies.
So from the fangs of her inſatiate foe,
O'er the broad champain ſcuds the trembling roe.—
That danger paſt, reflects a feeble joy;
But ſoon returning fears their hope deſtroy.
Thus, in th' Atlantic, oft the ſailor eyes,
While melting in the reign of ſofter ſkies,
Some alp of ice, from polar regions blown,
Hail the glad influence of a warmer zone:
Its frozen cliffs attemper'd gales ſupply:
In cooling ſtream the aerial billows fly;
Awhile deliver'd from the ſcorching heat,
In gentler tides the feveriſh pulſes beat.

So, when their trembling veſſel paſt this iſle,
Such viſionary joys the crew beguile:
Th' illuſive meteors of a lifeleſs fire!
Too ſoon they kindle, and too ſoon expire!

Say, Memory! thou, from whoſe unerring tongue
Inſtructive flows the animated ſong!
What regions now the flying ſhip ſurround?
Regions of old, thro' all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme, the muſes boaſt,
Now lie in ruins; in oblivion loſt!
Did they, whoſe ſad diſtreſs theſe lays deplore,
Unſkill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconſcious paſs each famous circling ſhore?

They did; for, blaſted in the barren ſhade,
Here, all too ſoon, the buds of ſcience fade:
Sad ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of every ſpringing flower.
Here fancy droops, while ſullen cloud and ſtorm
The generous climate of the ſoul deform.
Then if, among the wandering naval train,
One ſtripling, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in fancy's ſoothing dream,
Approach'd to taſte the ſweet Caſtalian ſtream,
(Since thoſe ſalubrious ſtreams, with power divine,
To purer ſenſe th' attemper'd ſoul refine)
His heart, with liberal commerce here unbleſt,
Alien to joy! ſincerer grief poſſeſt.
Yet on the youthful mind th' impreſſion caſt
Of ancient glory, ſhall for ever laſt.

There

There, all unquench'd by cruel fortune's ire,
It glows with inextinguiſhable fire.
Immortal Athens firſt, in ruin ſpread,
Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head.
Great ſource of ſcience! whoſe immortal name
Stands foremoſt in the glorious roll of fame.
Here godlike Socrates and Plato ſhone,
And, firm to truth, eternal honour won.
The firſt in Virtue's cauſe his life reſign'd,
By Heav'n pronounc'd the wiſeſt of mankind:
The laſt foretold the ſpark of vital fire,
The ſoul's fine eſſence, never could expire.
Here Solon dwelt, the philoſophic ſage,
That fled Piſiſtratus' vindictive rage.
Juſt Ariſtides here maintain'd the cauſe,
Whoſe ſacred precepts ſhine thro' Solon's laws.
Of all her towering ſtructures, now alone
Some ſcatter'd columns ſtand, with weeds o'ergrown.
The wandering ſtranger, near the port, deſcries
A milk-white lion of ſtupendous ſize;
Unknown the ſculptor; marble is the frame:
And hence th' adjacent haven drew its name.
Next, in the gulph of Engia, Corinth lies,
Whoſe gorgeous fabrics ſeem'd to ſtrike the ſkies;
Whom, tho' by tyrant-victors oft' ſubdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with awful wonder view'd
Her name, for Pallas' heavenly art renown'd *,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd.

* Architecture.

But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.
Then further westward on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra! thy modern turrets stand.
Ah! who, unmov'd with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell?
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around.
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore
Thro' all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes, from afar,
Advanc'd with Persia's sumless troops to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece dismay'd beheld the chief draw near;
He, at Thermopylæ's immortal plain,
His force repell'd with Sparta's glorious train.
Tall Oeta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands,
In gasping millions, bleed on hostile lands.
Thus vanquish'd Asia trembling heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame!
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Drew, like thine arms, superlative applause.
Even great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb that spirit with a Theban chain.
But ah! how low her free-born spirit now!
Her abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Infest thy region, and thy name disgrace!
Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains.

Thrice

Thrice happy soil! where still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres taught th' obsequious field,
Rich without art, spontaneous gifts to yield.
Then with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain.
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoils the land.
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight-ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies
The long-lost isle of Ithacus the wise;
Where fair Penelope her absent lord
Full twice ten years with faithful love deplor'd.
Tho' many a princely heart her beauty won,
She, guarded only by her stripling son,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd the nuptial contract held.
With various arts to win her love they toil'd,
But all their wiles by virtuous fraud she foil'd.
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
The beauteous princess triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Far o'er th' Ægean main to Dardan coasts.
Unhappy prince! who, on a hostile shore,
Toil, peril, anguish, ten long winters bore.

And when to native realms reſtor'd at laſt,
To reap the harveſt of thy labours paſt;
A perjur'd friend, alas! and faithleſs wife,
There ſacrific'd to impious luſt thy life!—
Faſt by Arcadia ſtretch theſe deſart plains,
And o'er the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.

Next the fair iſle of Helena * is ſeen,
Where adverſe winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
For whom in arms combin'd the Grecian hoſt,
With vengeance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coaſt;
For whom ſo long they labour'd to deſtroy
The ſacred turrets of imperial Troy.
Here, driven by Juno's rage, the hapleſs dame,
Forlorn of heart, from ruin'd Ilion came.
The port an image bears of Parian ſtone,
Of ancient fabric, but of date unknown.

Due eaſt from this appears th' immortal ſhore
That ſacred Phœbus and Diana bore:
Delos, thro' all the Ægean ſeas renown'd!
(Whoſe coaſt the rocky Cyclades ſurround)
By Phœbus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd;
Her hallow'd groves even diſtant Perſia fear'd.
But now, a ſilent unfrequented land!
No human footſtep marks the trackleſs ſand.
Thence to the north, by Aſia's weſtern bound,
Fair Lemnos ſtands, with riſing marble crown'd;
Where, in her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Ill-fated Vulcan from th' ætherial world.

* Now known by the name of Macroniſi.

There

There his eternal anvils firſt he rear'd;
Then, forg'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
Thunders, that ſhook the ſkies with dire alarms,
And, form'd by ſkill divine, Vulcanian arms.
There, with this crippled wretch, the foul diſgrace
And living ſcandal of th' empyreal race,
The beauteous queen of Love in wedlock dwelt.
In fires profane can heavenly boſoms melt?

Eaſtward of this appears the Dardan ſhore,
That once th' imperial towers of Ilium bore.
Illuſtrious Troy! renown'd in every clime,
Thro' the long annals of unfolding time!
How oft, thy royal bulwarks to defend,
Thou ſaw'ſt thy tutelar gods in vain deſcend!
Tho' chiefs unnumber'd in her cauſe were ſlain,
Tho' nations periſh'd on her bloody plain,
That refuge of perfidious Helen's ſhame
Was doom'd at length to ſink in Grecian flame:
And now, by time's deep plough-ſhare harrow'd o'er,
The ſeat of ſacred Troy is found no more.
No trace of all her glories now remains;
But corn and vines enrich her cultur'd plains.
Silver Scamander laves the verdant ſhore;
Scamander oft' o'erflow'd with hoſtile gore!

Not far remov'd from Ilion's famous land,
In counter view appears the Thracian ſtrand;
Where beauteous Hero, from the turret's height,
Diſplay'd her creſcent each revolving night;
Whoſe gleam directed lov'd Leander o'er
The rolling Helleſpont to Aſia's ſhore;

Till, in a fated hour, on Thracia's coaſt
She ſaw her lover's lifeleſs body toſt:
Then felt her boſom agony ſevere;
Her eyes ſad-gazing pour'd th' inceſſant tear;
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh, frantic with deſpair,
She beat her beauteous breaſt and tore her hair—
On dear Leander's name in vain ſhe cry'd;
Then headlong plung'd into the parting tide,
The parting tide receiv'd the lovely weight,
And proudly flow'd, exulting in its freight.

Far weſt of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,
Remote from ocean, lies the Delphic plain.
The ſacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount aroſe, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile:
Auguſt the fabric! elegant its ſtile!
On brazen hinges turn'd the ſilver doors,
And checquer'd marble pav'd the poliſh'd floors.
The roofs, where ſtoried tablatures appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould were rear'd:
Of ſhining porphyry the ſhafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd.
Apollo's ſuppliant prieſts, a blameleſs train!
Fram'd their oblations on the holy fane:
To front the ſun's declining ray 'twas plac'd;
With golden harps and living laurels grac'd.
The ſciences and arts around the ſhrine
Conſpicuous ſhone, engrav'd by hands divine!
Here Æſculapius' ſnake diſplay'd his creſt,
And burning glories ſparkled on his breaſt:

While

While from his eye's insufferable light
Disease and death recoil'd in headlong flight.
Of this great temple, thro' all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.
Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Parnassus lifts to heaven its honour'd head;
Where, from the deluge sav'd, by heaven's com-
Deucalion leading Pyrrha hand in hand, [mand,
Repeopled all the desolated land.
Around the scene unfading laurels grow,
And aromatic flowers for ever blow.
The winged choirs, on every tree above,
Carol sweet numbers thro' the vocal grove;
While o'er th' eternal spring that smiles beneath,
Young zephyrs borne on rosy pinions breathe.
Fair daughters of the sun! the sacred Nine,
Here wake to ecstasy their songs divine;
Or crown'd with myrtle, in some sweet alcove
Attune the tender strings to bleeding love.
All sadly sweet the balmy currents roll,
Soothing to softest peace the tortur'd soul
While hill and vale with choral voice around
The music of immortal harps resound,
Fair Pleasure leads in dance the happy hours,
Still scattering where she moves Elysian flowers!—
Even now the strains, with sweet contagion fraught,
Shed a delicious languor o'er the thought.—
Adieu ye vales, that smiling peace bestow,
Where Eden's blossoms ever-vernal blow!

Adieu

Adieu ye ſtreams, that o'er inchanted ground
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill ſurround!
Ye fairy ſcenes where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever, O farewell!
The ſoul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the ſenſe Lethean dews diſtill!
Awake, O Memory, from th' inglorious dream!
With brazen lungs reſume the kindling theme!
Collect thy powers! arouſe thy vital fire!
Ye ſpirits of the ſtorm, my verſe inſpire!
Hoarſe as the whirlwinds that enrage the main,
In torrents pour along the ſwelling ſtrain!

Now, borne impetuous o'er the boiling deeps,
Her courſe to Attic ſhores the veſſel keeps:
The pilots, as the waves behind her ſwell,
Still with the wheeling ſtern their force repel.
For this aſſault ſhould either quarter * feel,
Again to flank the tempeſt ſhe might reel.
The ſteerſmen every bidden turn apply;
To right and left the ſpokes alternate fly.
Thus when ſome conquer'd hoſt retreats in fear,
The braveſt leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppoſe
Superior armies that around them cloſe;
Still ſhield the flanks; the routed ſquadrons join;
And guide the flight in one embodied line:
So they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods that laſh her to the ſhore.

* The quarter is the hinder part of a ſhip's ſide; or that part which is near the ſtern.

As

As ſome benighted traveller, thro' the ſhade,
Explores the devious path with heart diſmay'd;
While prowling ſavages behind him roar,
And yawning pits and quagmires lurk before—
High o'er the poop th' audacious ſeas aſpire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire.
As ſome fell conqueror, frantic with ſucceſs,
Sheds o'er the nations ruin and diſtreſs;
So, while the wat'ry wilderneſs he roams,
Incens'd to ſevenfold rage the tempeſt foams;
And o'er the trembling pines, above, below,
Shrill thro' the cordage howls, with notes of woe.
Now thunders, wafted from the burning zone,
Growl, from afar, a deaf and hollow groan!
The ſhip's high battlements, to either ſide
For ever rocking, drink the briny tide:
Her joints unhing'd, in palſied languors play,
As ice diſſolves beneath the noon-tide ray.
The ſkies, aſunder torn, a deluge pour;
The impetuous hail deſcends in whirling ſhower.
High on the maſts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze.
Th' ætherial dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now lurks behind impenetrable ſhade;
Now, flaſhing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the terrors of the night.
Such terror Sinai's quaking hill o'erſpread,
When heaven's loud trumpet ſounded o'er his head.
It ſeem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had all the horrors of the ſkies combin'd;

And

And here, to one ill-fated ſhip oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine diſclos'd.
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he ſprings,
Th' inflaming ſulphur flaſhing from his wings!—
Hark! his ſtrong voice the diſmal ſilence breaks;
Mad chaos from the chains of death awakes!
Loud and more loud the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck their blazing ſides diſcharge:
There, all aghaſt, the ſhivering wretches ſtood,
While chill ſuſpence and fear congeal'd their blood.
Now in a deluge burſts the living flame,
And dread concuſſion rends th' ætherial frame;
Sick earth convulſive groans from ſhore to ſhore,
And nature ſhuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the ſad proſpect riſes on my ſight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful ſhade and light.
Swift thro' my pulſes glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire.
But ah! the force of numbers ſtrives in vain,
The glowing ſcene unequal to ſuſtain.
But lo! at laſt, from tenfold darkneſs born,
Forth iſſues o'er the wave the weeping morn.
Hail, ſacred viſion! who, on orient wing,
The cheering dawn of light propitious bring!
All nature ſmiling hail'd the vivid ray,
That gave her beauties to returning day:
All but our ſhip, that, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope deſcry'd.
For now, in front, her trembling inmates ſee
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee.

So

So the loſt lover views that fatal morn,
On which, for ever from his boſom torn,
The nymph ador'd reſigns her blooming charms,
To bleſs with love ſome happier rival's arms.
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day,
That tore Æneas from her arms away;
That ſaw him parting, never to return,
Herſelf in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial ſource of light,
Conceal thy radiant glories from our ſight!
Go, with thy ſmile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the ſcenes where health and pleaſure reign:
But let not here, in ſcorn, thy wanton beam
Inſult the dreadful grandeur of my theme!

While ſhoreward now the bounding veſſel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs ariſe:
High o'er the reſt a pointed crag is ſeen,
That hung projecting o'er a moſſy green.
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their ſkill relentleſs fates oppoſe.
For, while more eaſtward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow.
While, as ſhe wheels, unable to ſubdue
Her ſallies, ſtill they dread her broaching-to *.

* Broaching-to, is a ſudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ſhip, whilſt ſcudding or ſailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her ſide to windward. It is generally occaſioned by the difficulty of ſteering her, or by ſome diſaſter happening to the machinery of the helm. See the laſt note of the Second Canto.

Alarming

Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her riven ſide could bear th' invading ſea;
And if the following ſurge ſhe ſcuds before,
Headlong ſhe runs upon the dreadful ſhore;
A ſhore where ſhelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where death in ſecret ambuſh lurks around.—
Far leſs diſmay'd, Anchiſes' wandering ſon
Was ſeen the ſtraits of Sicily to ſhun:
When Palinurus, from the helm, deſcry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eaſtern ſide;
While in the weſt, with hideous yawn diſclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulph oppos'd;
The double danger as by turns he view'd,
His wheeling bark her arduous track purſu'd.
Thus, while to right and left deſtruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring veſſel flies.
With boundleſs involution, burſting o'er
The marble cliffs, loud-daſhing ſurges roar.
Hoarſe thro' each winding creek the tempeſt raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves.
Deſtruction round th' inſatiate coaſt prepares,
To cruſh the trembling ſhip, unnumber'd ſnares.
But haply now ſhe 'ſcapes the fatal ſtrand,
Tho' ſcarce ten fathoms diſtant from the land.
Swift as the weapon iſſuing from the bow,
She cleaves the burning waters with her prow;
And forward leaping, with tumultuous haſte,
As on the tempeſt's wing, the iſle ſhe paſt.
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The ſailors view this refuge left behind;

Happy

Happy to bribe, with India's richeſt ore,
A ſafe acceſſion to that barren ſhore!
When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Loſt to the chearful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive waſtes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day;
Not equal pangs his boſom agoniſe,
When far above the ſacred light he eyes,
While, all forlorn, the victim pines in vain,
For ſcenes he never ſhall poſſeſs again.
But now Athenian mountains they deſcry,
And o'er the ſurge Colonna frowns on high.
Beſide the cape's projecting verge is plac'd
A range of columns, long by time defac'd;
Firſt planted by devotion to ſuſtain,
In elder times, Tritonia's ſacred fane.
Foams the wild beach below with mad'ning rage,
Where waves and rocks a dreadful combat wage.
The ſickly heaven, fermenting with its freight,
Still vomits o'er the main the feveriſh weight:
And now, while wing'd with ruin from on high,
Thro' the rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
A flaſh, quick-glancing on the nerves of light,
Struck the pale helmſman with eternal night:
Rodmond, who heard a piteous groan behind,
Touch'd with compaſſion gaz'd upon the blind;
And, while around his ſad companions croud,
He guides th' unhappy victim to the ſhroud.
Hie thee aloft, my gallant friend! he cries;
Thy only ſuccour on the maſt relies!—

The

The helm, bereft of half its vital force,
Now ſcarce ſubdu'd the wild unbridled courſe:
Quick to th' abandon'd wheel Arion came,
The ſhip's tempeſtuous ſallies to reclaim.
Amaz'd he ſaw her, o'er the ſounding foam
Upborn, to right and left diſtracted roam.
So gaz'd young Phaeton, with pale diſmay,
When mounted on the flaming car of day,
With raſh and impious hand the ſtripling try'd
Th' immortal courſers of the ſun to guide.—
The veſſel, while the dread event draws nigh,
Seems more impatient o'er the waves to fly:
Fate ſpurs her on.—Thus iſſuing from afar,
Advances to the ſun ſome blazing ſtar;
And, as it feels th' attraction's kindling force,
Springs onward with accelerated courſe.

With mournful look the ſeamen ey'd the ſtrand,
Where death's inexorable jaws expand:
Swift from their minds elaps'd all dangers paſt,
As, dumb with terror, they beheld the laſt.
Now on the trembling ſhrouds, before, behind,
In mute ſuſpence they mount into the wind.—
The Genius of the deep, on rapid wing,
The black eventful moment ſeem'd to bring.
The fatal Siſters, on the ſurge before,
Yok'd their infernal horſes to the prore.—
The ſteerſmen now receiv'd their laſt command
To wheel the veſſel ſidelong to the ſtrand.
Twelve ſailors, on the foremaſt who depend,
High on the platform of the top aſcend;

Fatal

Fatal retreat! for while the plunging prow
Immerges headlong in the wave below,
Down-preſt by wat'ry weight the bowſprit bends,
And from above the ſtem deep craſhing rends.
Beneath her beak the floating ruins lie;
The foremaſt totters, unſuſtain'd on high:
And now the ſhip, fore-lifted by the ſea,
Hurls the tall fabric backward o'er her lee;
While, in the general wreck, the faithful ſtay
Drags the main-topmaſt from its poſt away.
Flung from the maſt, the ſeamen ſtrive in vain
Thro' hoſtile floods their veſſel to regain.
The waves they buffet, till, bereft of ſtrength,
O'erpower'd they yield to cruel fate at length.
The hoſtile waters cloſe around their head,
They ſink for ever, number'd with the dead!
Thoſe who remain their fearful doom await,
Nor longer mourn their loſt companions' fate.
The heart that bleeds with ſorrows all its own,
Forgets the pangs of friendſhip to bemoan.—
Albert and Rodmond and Palemon here,
With young Arion, on the maſt appear;
Even they, amid th' unſpeakable diſtreſs,
In every look diſtracting thoughts confeſs;
In every vein the refluent blood congeals,
And every boſom fatal terror feels.
Inclos'd with all the demons of the main,
They view'd th' adjacent ſhore, but view'd in vain.
Such torments in the drear abodes of hell,
Where ſad deſpair laments with rueful yell,

Such torments agonize the damned breaſt,
While fancy views the manſions of the bleſt.
For heaven's ſweet help their ſuppliant cries implore;
But heaven, relentleſs, deigns to help no more!

And now, laſh'd on by deſtiny ſevere,
With horror fraught, the dreadful ſcene drew near!
The ſhip hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks riſe, and breakers roar beneath!—
In vain, alas! the ſacred ſhades of yore
Would arm the mind with philoſophic lore;
In vain they'd teach us, at the lateſt breath,
To ſmile ſerene amid the pangs of death.
Even Zeno's ſelf, and Epictetus old,
This fell abyſs had ſhudder'd to behold.
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wiſeſt of the ſons of men proclaim'd,
Beheld this ſcene of phrenzy and diſtreſs,
His ſoul had trembled to its laſt receſs!—
O yet confirm my heart, ye powers above,
This laſt tremendous ſhock of fate to prove.
The tottering frame of reaſon yet ſuſtain!
Nor let this total ruin whirl my brain!

In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For now th' audacious ſeas inſult the yard;
High o'er the ſhip they throw a horrid ſhade,
And o'er her burſt, in terrible caſcade.
Uplifted on the ſurge, to heaven ſhe flies,
Her ſhatter'd top half buried in the ſkies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans! air trembles! and the deeps reſound!

Her

Her giant bulk the dread concuſſion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment, reels.
So reels, convuls'd with agoniſing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murd'rer's blows.—
Again ſhe plunges! hark! a ſecond ſhock
Tears her ſtrong bottom on the marble rock!
Down on the vale of death, with diſmal cries,
The fated victims ſhuddering roll their eyes
In wild deſpair; while yet another ſtroke,
With deep convulſion, rends the ſolid oak:
Till like the mine, in whoſe infernal cell
The lurking dæmons of deſtruction dwell,
At length aſunder torn her frame divides,
And craſhing ſpreads in ruin o'er the tides.

O were it mine with tuneful Maro's art
To wake to ſympathy the feeling heart;
Like him the ſmooth and mournful verſe to dreſs
In all the pomp of exquiſite diſtreſs!
Then, too ſeverely taught by cruel fate
To ſhare in all the perils I relate,
Then might I with unrivall'd ſtrains deplore
Th' impervious horrors of a leeward ſhore.

As o'er the ſurge the ſtooping main-maſt hung,
Still on the rigging thirty ſeamen clung:
Some, ſtruggling, on a broken crag were caſt,
And there by oozy tangles grappled faſt:
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows rage,
Unequal combat with their fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd and feeble they forego
Their ſlippery hold, and ſink to ſhades below.

Some, from the main-yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan.
Three with Palemon on their ſkill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts deſcend.
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who ſeems in agony to ſtrive,
The whirling breakers heave on ſhore alive;
The reſt a ſpeedier end of anguiſh knew,
And preſt the ſtony beach, a lifeleſs crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb!
What ſcenes of miſery torment thy view!
What painful ſtruggles of thy dying crew!
Thy periſh'd hopes all buried in the flood,
O'erſpread with corſes! red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguiſh hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, ſevereſt ſorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering ſteel.
Thus with his helpleſs partners till the laſt,
Sad refuge! Albert hugs the floating maſt;
His ſoul could yet ſuſtain the mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath ſuperior woe:
For now ſoft nature's ſympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with powerful ſtrain;
His faithful wife for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never ſhall return;
To black adverſity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardſhips unforeſeen enclos'd:

His

His lovely daughter left without a friend,
Her innocence to succour and defend;
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His out-stretch'd arms the master's legs enfold.—
Sad Albert feels the dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear;
For death bids every clinching joint adhere.
All-faint, to heaven he throws his dying eyes,
And, "O protect my wife and child!" he cries:
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound!
He gasps! he dies! and tumbles to the ground!
Five only left of all the perish'd throng,
Yet ride the pine which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all the assaults of hostile waves endures.
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives.
Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once beyond relief must die:
And now, sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost.
Thus thought Arion, anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found.

The demons of deſtruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal ſhafts commiſſion'd fly.
And now a breaking ſurge, with forceful ſway,
Two next Arion furious tears away.
Hurl'd on the crags, behold, they gaſp! they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon th' eluſive weed!—
Another billow burſts in boundleſs roar!
Arion ſinks! and Memory views no more!
Ha! total night and horror here preſide!
My ſtunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
It is the funeral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!
But lo! emerging from the watery grave,
Again they float incumbent on the wave!
Again the diſmal proſpect opens round,
The wreck, the ſhores, the dying, and the drown'd!
And ſee! enfeebled by repeated ſhocks,
Thoſe two who ſcramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithleſs hold no longer can retain,
They ſink o'erwhelm'd, and never riſe again!
Two with Arion yet the maſt upbore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the ſhore:
Still trembling to deſcend, they downward gaze,
With horror pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow:
Awhile they wait th' exhauſted wave's retreat,
Then climb ſlow up the beach with hands and feet.
O Heaven! deliver'd by whoſe ſovereign hand,
Still on the brink of hell they ſhuddering ſtand,

Receive

Receive the languid incenſe they beſtow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow.
To thee each ſoul the warm oblation pays,
With trembling ardour of unequal praiſe;
In every heart diſmay with wonder ſtrives,
And Hope the ſicken'd ſpark of life revives;
Her magic powers their exil'd health reſtore,
Till horror and deſpair are felt no more.

A troop of Grecians who inhabit nigh,
And oft theſe perils of the deep deſcry,
Rous'd by the bluſtering tempeſt of the night,
Anxious had climb'd Colonna's neighbouring height;
When gazing downward on th' adjacent flood,
Full to their view the ſcene of ruin ſtood;
The ſurf with mangled bodies ſtrew'd around,
And thoſe yet breathing on the ſea-waſh'd ground!
Tho' loſt to ſcience and the nobler arts,
Yet nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts:
Strait down the vale with haſt'ning ſteps they hied,
Th' unhappy ſufferers to aſſiſt and guide.

Mean while thoſe three eſcap'd beneath explore
The firſt advent'rous youth who reach'd the ſhore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpleſs, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon:—oh! what tumults roll
With hope and terror in Arion's ſoul!
If yet unhurt he lives again to view
His friend and this ſole remnant of our crew!
With us to travel thro' this foreign zone,
And ſhare the future good or ill unknown.

Arion thus; but ah! ſad doom of fate!
That bleeding Memory ſorrows to relate,
While yet afloat on ſome reſiſting rock,
His ribs were daſh'd and fractur'd with the ſhock:
Heart-piercing ſight! thoſe cheeks ſo late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal ſhade!
Diſtilling blood his lovely breaſt o'erſpread,
And clogg'd the golden treſſes of his head!
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious ſtroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;
Th' unconſcious figure ſmiling all ſerene,
Suſpended in a golden chain was ſeen.
Hadſt thou, ſoft maiden! in this hour of woe,
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could expreſs
Thine agony? thine exquiſite diſtreſs?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes ſhall never ſee again!
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiouſly the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with cruel pangs oppreſt,
In faultering accents thus his friend addreſs'd:
" O reſcu'd from deſtruction late ſo nigh,
" Beneath whoſe fatal influence doom'd I lie;
" Are we then exil'd to this laſt retreat
" Of life, unhappy! thus decreed to meet?
" Ah! how unlike what yeſter-morn enjoy'd,
" Inchanting hopes, for ever now deſtroy'd!

" For

" For wounded far beyond all healing power,
" Palemon dies, and this his final hour:
" By thoſe fell breakers, where in vain I ſtrove,
" At once cut off from fortune, life and love!
" Far other ſcenes muſt ſoon preſent my ſight,
" That lie deep-buried yet in tenfold night.
" Ah! wretched father of a wretched ſon,
" Whom thy paternal prudence has undone!
" How will remembrance of this blinded care
" Bend down thy head with anguiſh and deſpair!
" Such dire effects from avarice ariſe,
" That, deaf to nature's voice, and vainly wiſe,
" With force ſevere endeavours to controul
" The nobleſt paſſions that inſpire the ſoul.
" But O, thou ſacred Power! whoſe law connects
" Th' eternal chain of cauſes and effects,
" Let not thy chaſtening miniſters of rage
" Afflict with ſharp remorſe his feeble age!
" And you, Arion! who with theſe the laſt
" Of all our crew ſurvive the Shipwreck paſt—
" Ah! ceaſe to mourn! thoſe friendly tears reſtrain!
" Nor give my dying moments keener pain!
" Since heaven may ſoon thy wandering ſteps reſtore,
" When parted hence, to England's diſtant ſhore;
" Shouldſt thou, th' unwilling meſſenger of fate,
" To him the tragic ſtory firſt relate,
" Oh! friendſhip's generous ardour then ſuppreſs!
" Nor hint the fatal cauſe of my diſtreſs;
" Nor let each horrid incident ſuſtain
" The lengthen'd tale to aggravate his pain.

" Ah!

" Ah! then remember well my laſt requeſt
" For her who reigns for ever in my breaſt;
" Yet let him prove a father and a friend,
" The helpleſs maid to ſuccour and defend.
" Say, I this ſuit implor'd with parting breath,
" So heaven befriend him at his hour of death!
" But oh! to lovely Anna ſhouldſt thou tell
" What dire untimely end thy friend befel,
" Draw o'er the diſmal ſcene ſoft pity's veil,
" And lightly touch the lamentable tale:
" Say that my love, inviolably true,
" No change, no diminution ever knew,
" Lo! her bright image, pendent on my neck,
" Is all Palemon reſcu'd from the wreck;
" Take it and ſay, when panting in the wave,
" I ſtruggled, life and this alone to ſave!
" My ſoul that fluttering haſtens to be free,
" Would yet a train of thoughts impart to thee,
" But ſtrives in vain!—the chilling ice of death
" Congeals my blood, and choaks the ſtream of breath:
" Reſign'd ſhe quits her comfortleſs abode,
" To courſe that long, unknown, eternal road.—
" O ſacred Source of ever-living light!
" Conduct the weary wanderer in her flight!
" Direct her onward to that peaceful ſhore,
" Where peril, pain and death are felt no more!
" When thou ſome tale of hapleſs love ſhalt hear,
" That ſteals from pity's eye the melting tear,
" Of two chaſte hearts, by mutual paſſion join'd,
" To abſence, ſorrow and deſpair conſign'd,

Oh!

" Oh! then, to ſwell the tides of ſocial woe,
" That heal th' afflicted boſom they o'erflow,
" While Memory dictates, this ſad Shipwreck tell,
" And what diſtreſs thy wretched friend befel!
" Then, while in ſtreams of ſoft compaſſion drown'd,
" The ſwains lament, and maidens weep around;
" While liſping children, touch'd with infant fear,
" With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconſcious tear;
" Oh! then this moral bid their ſouls retain,
" All thoughts of happineſs on earth are vain *."

The laſt faint accents trembled on his tongue,
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His boſom heaves a mortal groan—he dies!
And ſhades eternal ſink upon his eyes!

As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeleſs clay;
Transfix'd he ſtood, with awful terror fill'd,
While down his cheek the ſilent drops diſtill'd.

Oh, ill-ſtarr'd vot'ry of unſpotted truth!
Untimely periſh'd in the bloom of youth,
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, tho' painful, thy demand:
His tongue the dreadful ſtory ſhall diſplay,
And all the horrors of this diſmal day!
Diſaſtrous day! what ruin haſt thou bred!
What anguiſh to the living and the dead!

* ——————— ſed ſcilicet ultima ſemper
Expectanda dies homini; " dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo ſupremaque funera debet."
Ovid. Metam. lib. 3.

How

How haſt thou left the widow all forlorn,
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn;
Thro' life's ſad journey hopeleſs to complain!
Can ſacred juſtice theſe events ordain?
But, O my ſoul! avoid that wond'rous maze,
Where reaſon, loſt in endleſs error, ſtrays!
As thro' this thorny vale of life we run,
Great Cauſe of all effects, "Thy will be done!"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpleſs few who yet ſurviv'd:
While paſſing they behold the waves o'erſpread
With ſhatter'd rafts and corſes of the dead,
Three ſtill alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful ſilence on a rock reclin'd.
The generous natives, mov'd with ſocial pain,
The feeble ſtrangers in their arms ſuſtain;
With pitying ſighs their hapleſs lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal ſhore.

OCCASIONAL

ELEGY.

THE ſcene of death is clos'd, the mournful ſtrains
Diſſolve in dying languor on the ear:
Yet pity weeps, yet ſympathy complains,
And dumb ſuſpence awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear.

But the ſad Muſes with prophetic eye
At once the future and the paſt explore;
Their harps oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the ſpirit to th' eternal ſhore.

Then, O Palemon! if thy ſhade can hear
The voice of Friendſhip ſtill lament thy doom;
Yet to the ſad oblations bend thine ear,
That riſe in vocal incenſe o'er thy tomb.

In vain, alas! the gentle maid ſhall weep,
While ſecret anguiſh nips her vital bloom;
O'er her ſoft frame ſhall ſtern diſeaſes creep,
And give the lovely victim to the tomb.

Relentleſs phrenzy ſhall the Father ſting,
Untaught in Virtue's ſchool diſtreſs to bear;
Severe remorſe his tortur'd ſoul ſhall wring,
'Tis his to groan and periſh in deſpair.

Ye loſt companions of diſtreſs, adieu!
Your toils and pains and dangers are no more!
The tempeſt now ſhall howl unheard by you,
While ocean ſmites in vain the trembling ſhore.

On you the blaſt, ſurcharg'd with rain and ſnow,
In winter's diſmal nights no more ſhall beat:
Unfelt by you the vertic ſun may glow,
And ſcorch the panting earth with baneful heat.

No more the joyful Maid, the ſprightly ſtrain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeleſs Love impart undying pain,
When far from ſcenes of ſocial joy you roam.

No more on yon wide wat'ry waſte you ſtray,
While hunger and diſeaſe your life conſume;
While parching thirſt, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blaſted roſe of health to bloom.

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with miſery ſevere;
No more behold pale Famine, ſcattering death,
With cruel ravage deſolate the year.

The thundering drum, the trumpet's ſwelling ſtrain,
Unheard ſhall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble when the hoſtile ſquadrons join.

Since grief, fatigue and hazards ſtill moleſt
The wandering vaſſals of the faithleſs deep,
O! happier now eſcap'd to endleſs reſt,
Than we who ſtill ſurvive to wake and weep.

What tho' no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crouds ſhall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your ſable bier,
Who ſadly liſten to the paſſing bell:

The tutor'd ſigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguiſh to the ſoul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends beſtow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart.

What tho' no ſculptur'd pile your name diſplays,
Like thoſe who periſh in their country's cauſe;
What tho' no epic Muſe in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applauſe:

Full oft the flattering marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the ſpotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muſes crown
The ſlaves of vice with never-dying fame.

Yet ſhall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your ſcene, and ſigh with grief ſincere;
And ſoft Compaſſion, at your tragic tale,
In ſilent tribute pay her kindred tear.

A POEM

A

POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

FROM the big horror of war's hoarſe alarms,
And the tremendous clang of claſhing arms,
Deſcend, my Muſe! a deeper ſcene to draw
(A ſcene will hold the liſt'ning world in awe*)
Is my intent: Melpomene inſpire,
While, with ſad notes, I ſtrike the trembling lyre!
And may my lines with eaſy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:
Big with the ſorrow it deſcribes, my ſong,
In ſolemn pomp, majeſtic, move along.
Oh! bear me to ſome awful ſilent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting ſhade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus ſhone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarſer winds howl murm'ring thro' the grove;

* By awe, here, is meant attention.

Where ſome unhappy wretch ay mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wand'ring thro' the gloom;
Where Solitude and Meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpſe of hope can come;
Place me in ſuch an unfrequented ſhade,
To ſpeak to none but with the mighty dead:
T' aſſiſt the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarſe howling Boreas with my ſighs.

When Winter's horrors left Britannia's iſle,
And Spring in blooming verdure 'gan to ſmile;
When rills unbound, began to purl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal ſong;
When ſprouting roſes, deck'd in crimſon dye,
Began to bloom,———
Hard fate! then, noble FRED'RIC, didſt thou die:
Doom'd by inexorable Fate's decree,
Th' approaching Summer ne'er on earth to ſee;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whoſe flame the virtue of no herbs aſſwage;
No cooling med'cine can its heat allay,
Relentleſs Deſtiny cries, "No delay."
Ye Pow'rs! and muſt a Prince ſo noble die?
(Whoſe equal breathes not under th' ambient ſky:)
Ah! muſt he die, then, in youth's full-blown prime,
Cut by the ſcythe of all-devouring Time?
Yes, Fate has doom'd! his ſoul now leaves its weight,
And all are under the decree of Fate;
Th' irrevocable doom of Deſtiny
Pronounc'd, All mortals muſt ſubmiſſive die.

The

The Princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
With doleful noiſe the matrons ſcream around,
With female ſhrieks the vaulted roofs rebound:
A diſmal noiſe! Now one promiſcuous roar
Cries, "Ah! the noble FRED'RIC is no more!"
The Chief reluctant yields his lateſt breath;
His eye-lids ſettle in the ſhades of death:
Dark ſable ſhades preſent before each eye,
And the deep vaſt abyſs, Eternity!
Thro' Perpetuity's expanſe he ſprings;
And o'er the vaſt profound he ſhoots on wings:
The Soul to diſtant regions ſteers her flight,
And ſails incumbent on inferior night:
With vaſt celerity ſhe ſhoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To ſhine forever in the heav'nly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on earth.
The melancholy patriots round it wait,
And mourn the royal hero's timeleſs fate.
Diſconſolate they move, a mournful band!
In ſolemn pomp they march along the ſtrand:
The noble Chief interr'd in youthful bloom,
Lies in the dreary regions of the tomb.

Adown AUGUSTA's pallid viſage flow
The living pearls, with unaffected woe:
Diſcons'late, hapleſs, ſee pale Britain mourn,
Abandon'd iſle! forſaken and forlorn!
With deſp'rate hands her bleeding breaſt ſhe beats;
While o'er her, frowning, grim Deſtruction threats,

She mourns with heart-felt grief, she rends her hair,
And fills with piercing cries the echoing air.
Well may'st thou mourn thy Patriot's timeless end,
Thy Muses patron, and thy Merchants friend.
What heart shall pity thy full-flowing grief?
What hand now deign to give thy poor relief?
T' encourage arts, whose bounty now shall flow,
And learned science to promote, bestow?
Who now protect thee from the hostile frown,
And to the injur'd Just return his own?
From us'ry and oppression who shall guard
The helpless, and the threat'ning ruin ward?
Alas! the truly noble Briton's gone,
And left us here in ceaseless woe to moan!
Impending Desolation hangs around,
And ruin hovers o'er the trembling ground:
The blooming Spring droops her enamel'd head,
Her glories wither, and her flow'rs all fade:
The sprouting leaves already drop away;
Languish the living herbs with pale decay:
The bowing trees, see! o'er the blasted heath,
Depending, bend beneath the weight of death:
Wrapp'd in th' expansive gloom, the lightnings play,
Hoarse thunder mutters thro' th' aerial way:
All nature feels the pangs, the storms renew,
And sprouts, with fatal haste, the baleful yew.
Some pow'r avert the threat'ning horrid weight,
And, godlike, prop Britannia's sinking state!
Minerva, hover o'er young GEORGE's soul;
May sacred wisdom all his deeds controul!

Exalted

Exalted grandeur in each action ſhine,
His conduct all declare the youth divine.
Methinks I ſee him ſhine a glorious ſtar,
Gentle in peace, but terrible in war!
Methinks each region does his praiſe reſound,
And nations tremble at his name around!
His fame, thro' ev'ry diſtant kingdom rung,
Proclaims him of the race from whence he ſprung:
So ſable ſmoke, in volumes, curls on high,
Heaps roll on heaps, and blacken all the ſky:
Already ſo, his fame, methinks, is hurl'd
Around th' admiring venerating world.
So the benighted wand'rer, on his way,
Laments the abſence of all-cheering day;
Far diſtant from his friends and native home,
And not one glimpſe does glimmer thro' the gloom:
In thought he breathes, each ſigh his lateſt breath,
Preſent, each meditation, pits of death:
Irreg'lar, wild chimæras fill his ſoul,
And death, and dying, every ſtep controul.
Till from the eaſt there breaks a purple gleam,
His fears then vaniſh as a fleeting dream.
Hid in a cloud the Sun firſt ſhoots his ray,
Then breaks effulgent on th' illumin'd day;
We ſee no ſpot then in the flaming rays,
Confus'd and loſt within th' exceſſive blaze.

O D E

ON THE

DUKE OF YORK's SECOND DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND AS REAR ADMIRAL.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE ROYAL GEORGE.

AGAIN the royal ſtreamers play!
To glory Edward haſtes away;
Adieu, ye happy ſilvan bowers,
Where Pleaſure's ſprightly throng await!
Ye domes, where regal Grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of ſtate!
Ye ſcenes where Virtue's ſacred ſtrain
Bids the tragic Muſe complain!
Where Satire treads the comic ſtage,
To ſcourge and mend a venal age;
Where Muſic pours the ſoft, melodious lay,
And melting Symphonies congenial play!
Ye ſilken Sons of Eaſe, who dwell
In flowery vales of Peace, farewel!
In vain the Goddeſs of the Myrtle Grove
Her charms ineffable diſplays;
In vain ſhe calls to happier realms of Love,
Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays:
In vain her living roſes blow,
And ever-vernal pleaſures grow;

The

The gentle ſports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful ſhore:
Arcadian eaſe no longer charms,
For War and Fame alone can pleaſe.
His throbbing boſom beats to arms,
To War the Hero moves, thro' ſtorms and wintery ſeas.

CHORUS.

The gentle ſports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful ſhore,
For War and Fame alone can pleaſe;
To War the Hero moves, thro' ſtorms and wintery ſeas.

Though Danger's hoſtile train appears
To thwart the courſe that Honour ſteers;
Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
Deſpiſing peril and diſmay:
His Country calls; to guard her laws,
Lo! every joy the gallant youth reſigns;
Th' avenging naval ſword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lines;
Hark! his ſprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the ſounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Maſter 's come.

CHORUS.

Hark! his ſprightly clarions play,
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the ſounding drum,
Tell the deeps their Maſter 's come.

Thus

Thus Alcmena's warlike Son
The thorny courſe of Virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice:
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardors to ſubdue:
For Pleaſure Venus' lovely form aſſum'd;
Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And ſtruck his raviſh'd ſight.
Transfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd:
Inchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confeſt
Th' alternate paſſions in his breaſt:
Her ſwelling boſom half reveal'd,
Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thouſand tender pains inſtill'd,
A thouſand flatt'ring thoughts inſpir'd:
Perſuaſion's ſweeteſt language hung
In melting accent on her tongue:
Deep in his heart, the winning tale
Infus'd a magic power;
She preſt him to the roſy vale,
And ſhew'd th' Elyſian bower:
Her hand, that trembling ardors move,
Conducts him bluſhing to the bleſt alcove:
Ah! ſee, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's reſiſtleſs arms,
The captive yields to Nature's ſoft alarms!

CHORUS.

Ah! ſee, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's reſiſtleſs arms,
The captive yields to Nature's ſoft alarms!

Aſſiſt, ye guardian Powers above!
From Ruin ſave the ſon of Jove!
By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
And check'd the fatal flame:
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whoſe point the magnet's influence feels,
Inſpir'd with awe,
He, turning, ſaw
The Nymph divine
Tranſcendent ſhine;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a ſacred impulſe ſway'd:
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And Love, Regret, and Hope, divide his ſoul.
But ſoon her words his pain deſtroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Return'd by her celeſtial art,
Now ſwell'd to ſtrains of nobler joy.
Inſtructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy ſteps the realms explore
Where guilt and error are no more:
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before her breath diſpelling, melt away:

Broke

Broke looſe from Pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd her ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke looſe from Pleaſure's glittering chain,
He ſcorn'd the ſoft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, reſolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breaſt paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other Hope ſhe ſhone,
Like him the royal youth ſhe won:
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France:
Aloft his martial enſigns flow,
And hark! his brazen trumpets blow!
The wat'ry profound,
Awak'd by the ſound,
All trembles around:
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields:
High on the deck behold he ſtands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join:
They, while the warlike trumpet's ſtrain,
Deep ſounding, ſwells along the main,
Extend the embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly ſaw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vaſt ocean give law.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly ſaw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vaſt ocean give law.

Now with ſhouting peals of joy,
The ſhips their horrid tubes diſplay,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the ſignal to deſtroy:
The ſailors all burn to engage:
Hark! hark! their ſhouts ariſe,
And ſhake the vaulted ſkies!
Exulting with bacchanal rage,
Then, Neptune, the Hero revere,
Whoſe power is ſuperior to thine!
And, when his proud ſquadrons appear,
The trident and chariot reſign!

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the Hero revere,
Whoſe power is ſuperior to thine!
And, when his proud ſquadrons appear,
The trident and chariot reſign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!
Let thy hills and vales rejoice:
O'er remoteſt hoſtile regions
Thy victorious flags are known;
Thy reſiſtleſs martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone;

Thy

Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe controul:
Thy ſeamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can ſubdue:
To thy great truſt
Severely juſt,
All diſſonant ſtrife they diſclaim;
To meet the foe,
Their boſoms glow;
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy ſeamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can ſubdue:
All diſſonant ſtrife they diſclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine!
Triumphant ſtrike each living ſtring,
For him, in extacy divine,
Your choral Io Pæans ſing!
For him your feſtive concerts breathe!
For him your flowery garlands wreathe!
Wake! O wake the joyful ſong!
Ye Fauns of the woods,
Ye Nymphs of the floods,
The muſical current prolong!
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
To ſwell the grand chorus accord!
Ye Tritons, that ſport on the main,
Exulting, acknowledge your Lord!

Till

Till all the wild numbers combin'd,
That floating proclaim
Our Admiral's name,
In ſymphony roll on the wind!

CHORUS.

Wake! O wake the joyful ſong!
Ye Sylvans, that dance on the plain,
Ye Tritons, that ſport on the main,
The muſical current prolong!

O! while conſenting Britons praiſe,
Theſe votive meaſures deign to hear;
For thee my Muſe awakes her lays,
For thee th' unequal viol plays,
The tribute of a ſoul ſincere.
Nor thou, illuſtrious Chief, refuſe
The incenſe of a nautic muſe!
For ah! to whom ſhall Neptune's ſons complain,
But him whoſe arms unrivall'd rule the main.
Deep on my grateful breaſt
Thy favour is impreſt:
No happy ſon of wealth or fame
To court a royal patron came!
A hapleſs youth, whoſe vital page
Was one ſad lengthen'd tale of woe,
Where ruthleſs fate, impelling tides of rage,
Bade wave on wave in dire ſucceſſion flow,
To glittering ſtars and titled names unknown,
Preferr'd his ſuit to thee alone.

The

The tale your ſacred pity mov'd;
You felt, conſented, and approv'd.
Then touch my ſtrings, ye bleſt Pierian quire!
Exalt to rapture every happy line!
My boſom kindle with Promethean fire!
And ſwell each note with energy divine.
No more to plaintive ſounds of woe
Let the vocal numbers flow!
Perhaps the Chief to whom I ſing
May yet ordain auſpicious days,
To wake the lyre with nobler lays,
And tune to war the nervous ſtring.
For who, untaught in Neptune's ſchool,
Though all the powers of genius he poſſeſs,
Though diſciplin'd by claſſic rule,
With daring pencil can diſplay
The fight that thunders on the watery way,
And all its horrid incidents expreſs?
To him, my Muſe, theſe warlike ſtrains belong!
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy ſong.

CHORUS.

To him, my Muſe, theſe warlike ſtrains belong!
Source of thy hope, and patron of thy ſong.

A BALLAD.

THE

FOND LOVER,

A BALLAD.

I.

A NYMPH of ev'ry charm poſſeſs'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my boſom all-confeſs'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathleſs deep,
While ſadly ſocial with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

II.

If beauty's ſacred influence charms
The rage of adverſe fate,
Say why the pleaſing ſoft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts, by ſenſe refin'd,
Unartful truth expreſs,
Say wherefore ſenſe and truth are join'd
To give my ſoul diſtreſs?

III.

If when her blooming lips I preſs,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Thro' all my veins the ſweet exceſs
In trembling motion thrills;

Say whence this ſecret anguiſh grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleaſure glows,
Shou'd vital peace deſtroy?

IV.

If when my fair, in melting ſong,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleaſing ſounds convey;
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondeſt love,
Why heaves this broken ſigh?
For then my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

V.

Accept, my charming maid, the ſtrain
Which you alone inſpire;
To thee the dying ſtrings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding boſom eaſe,
That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happy art to pleaſe,
Or deign to love like me.

THE

THE

DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is the attempt, in these licentious times,
When with such towering strides Sedition climbs,
With sense or satire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great decisive hour:
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the pass of Fate to bar her way:
Whose heart, by frowning arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking snares of specious fraud,
The threats of giant-faction can deride,
And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly:
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Pursues the incautious victim to destroy:
And Slander strives, with unrelenting aim,
To spit her blasting venom on his name:
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble stings:
In vain the wretch retreats, while, in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Inclos'd with perils thus the conscious Muse,
Alarm'd, tho' undismay'd, her danger views.
Nor shall unmanly terror now controul
The strong resentment struggling in her soul;

While Indignation, with reſiſtleſs ſtrain,
Pours her full deluge thro' each ſwelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breaſt,
By ſordid caution is her voice ſuppreſt,
While Arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious ſtruts on Power's imperial ſtage;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black Diſcord, ſcreaming, ſhakes her fatal brand:
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The ſacrilegious ſword Rebellion draws;
Shall ſhe at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! ſhe fears no threat'ning foe,
When conſcious Juſtice bids her boſom glow:
And while *ſhe* kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of Friendſhip blame!
She feels the ſting of keen Reſentment goad,
Tho' guiltleſs yet of Satire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown!
While fools adore, and vaſſal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch Aſs thro' Gotham bray!
Our poet brandiſhes no mimic ſword,
To rule a realm of dunces ſelf-explor'd:
No bleeding victims curſe his iron ſway;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herſelf, unarm'd, the fearleſs Muſe
Thro' Reaſon's path her ſteddy courſe purſues:
True to herſelf advances, undeterr'd
By the rude clamours of the ſavage herd.

As

As ſome bold ſurgeon, with inſerted ſteel,
Probes deep the putrid ſore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our PATRIOT load,
Shall ſhe with cauſtic's healing fires corrode.
Yet ere from patient ſlumber Satire wakes,
And brandiſhes th' avenging ſcourge of ſnakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark receſſes of his heart diſplay;
Let candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in ſevereſt danger's trying hour!
Let Truth conſenting, with the trump of Fame,
His glory, in auſpicious ſtrains, proclaim!
He bade the tempeſt of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from ſhore to ſhore.
How oft, amid the horrors of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of Danger's car,
How oft my boſom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applauſe beſtow'd;
Applauſe, that, genuine as the bluſh of youth
Unknown to guile, was ſanctify'd by truth!
How oft I bleſt the PATRIOT's honeſt rage,
That greatly dar'd to laſh the guilty age;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and ſtrong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That Power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
And all Corruption's venal arts defy'd!
When from afar thoſe penetrating eyes
Beheld each ſecret hoſtile ſcheme ariſe;
Watch'd every motion of the faithleſs foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow:

A fond enthuſiaſt, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in ſecret with congenial flame;
While my young boſom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.
Such then he ſeem'd, and ſuch indeed might be,
If Truth with Error ever could agree!
Sure Satire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object ſhe deſign'd to brand.
Alas! that virtue ſhould ſo ſoon decay,
And Faction's wild applauſe thy heart betray!
The Muſe with ſecret ſympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments:
But when thoſe dangerous errors, big with fate,
Spread diſcord and diſtraction thro' the ſtate,
Reaſon ſhould then exert her utmoſt power
To guard our paſſions in that fatal hour.
There was a time, ere yet his conſcious heart
Durſt from the hardy path of Truth depart,
While yet with generous ſentiment it glow'd,
A ſtranger to Corruption's ſlippery road;
There was a time our PATRIOT durſt avow
Thoſe honeſt maxims he deſpiſes now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the inſatiate German vulture rail!
Whoſe cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whoſe hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
The miſts of error, that in darkneſs held
Our reaſon, like the ſun, his voice diſpell'd.
And lo! exhauſted, with no power to ſave,
We view Britannia panting on the wave;

Hung

Hung round her neck, a millſtone's ponderous weight
Drags down the ſtruggling victim to her fate!
While horror at the thought our boſom feels,
We bleſs the man this horror who reveals.
But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze;
For, lo! poſſeſt of Power's imperial reins,
Our chief thoſe viſionary ills diſdains!
Alas! how ſoon the ſteddy PATRIOT turns!
In vain this change aſtoniſh'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill the accurs'd Weſtphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millſtone feels the touch, and melts away!
And, ſtrange to tell, ſtill ſtranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er ſaw, and heart could ne'er conceive,
At once, tranſplanted by the Sorcerer's wand,
Columbian hills in diſtant Auſtria ſtand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Weſtphalia utters groan for groan:
By ſympathy ſhe fevers with her fires,
Burns as ſhe burns, and as ſhe dies expires.
From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true:
Swoln with ſucceſs, and with applauſe inflam'd,
He ſcorn'd all caution, all advice diſclaim'd;
Arm'd with War's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Thoſe patriot-principles maintain'd before.

Perverſe, inconſtant, obſtinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful ſtrand
He once devoted all his powers to brand!
Our hapleſs country views with weeping eyes,
On every ſide, o'erwhelming horrors riſe;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhauſted of her power,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;
Her armies waſted with inceſſant toils,
Or doom'd to periſh in contagious foils,
To guard ſome needy royal plunderer's throne,
And ſent to fall in battles not their own.
Th' enormous debt at home, tho' long o'ercharg'd,
With grievous burdens annually enlarg'd:
Cruſh'd with increaſing taxes to the ground,
That ſuck like vampires every bleeding wound:
Ground with ſevere diſtreſs th' induſtrious poor,
Driven by the ruthleſs landlord to the door.
While thus our land her hapleſs fate bemoans
In ſecret, and with inward ſorrow groans;
Tho' deck'd with tinſel trophies of renown,
All gaſh'd with ſores, with anguiſh bending down,
Can yet ſome impious parricide appear,
Who ſtrives to make this anguiſh more ſevere?
Can one exiſt, ſo much his country's foe,
To bid her wounds with freſh effuſion flow?
There can; to him in vain ſhe lifts her eyes,
His ſoul relentleſs hears her piercing ſighs!
Shameleſs of front, impatient of controul,
He ſpurs her onward to Deſtruction's goal!

Nor yet content on curst Westphalia's shore
With mad profusion to exhaust her store,
Still Peace his pompous fulminations brand,
As pirates tremble at the sight of land:
Still to new wars the public eye he turns;
Defies all peril, and at reason spurns;
Till prest with danger, by distress assail'd,
That baffled courage, and o'er skill prevail'd;
Till foundering in the storm himself had brew'd,
He strives at last its horrors to elude.
Some wretched shift must still protect his name,
And to the guiltless head transfer his shame:
Then hearing modest Diffidence oppose
His rash advice, that golden time he chose;
And while big surges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
The ship, ingloriously forsook the helm.
But all th' events collected to relate,
Let us his actions recapitulate.
He first assum'd, by mean perfidious art,
Those patriot tenets foreign to his heart:
Next, by his country's fond applauses swell'd,
Thrust himself forward into power, and held
The reins on principles which he alone,
Grown drunk and wanton with success, could own;
Betray'd her interest and abus'd her trust;
Then deaf to prayers, forsook her in disgust;
With tragic mummery, and most vile grimace,
Rode thro' the city with a woeful face,
As in distress, a PATRIOT out of place!
Insults his generous Prince, and in the day
Of trouble skulks, because he cannot sway!

In

In foreign climes embroils him with allies!
And bids at home the flames of DISCORD rise!
She comes! from Hell the exulting Fury springs!
With grim Destruction sailing on her wings!
Around her scream an hundred harpies fell!
An hundred demons shriek with hideous yell!
From where, in mortal venom dipt on high,
Full-drawn the deadliest shafts of satire fly,
Where Churchill brandishes his clumsy club,
And Wilkes unloads his excremental tub,
Down to where Entick, aukward and unclean,
Crawls on his native dust, a worm obscene!
While with unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,
Myriads of nameless buzzing drones appear:
From their dark cells the angry insects swarm,
And every little sting attempt to arm.
Here *Chaplains* *, *Privileges* *, moulder round,
And feeble *Scourges* * rot upon the ground:
Here hungry Kenrick strives, with fruitless aim,
With Grub-street slander to extend his name:
At Bruin flies the slavering, snarling cur,
But only fills his famish'd jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin spreads th' assassinating cloke,
Where lurking rancour gives the secret stroke;
While gorg'd with filth, around this senseless block,
A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock:
While his demure Welch Goat, with lifted hoof,
In *Poet's-Corner* hangs each flimsy woof;

* Certain poems intended to be very satirical; but alas!—we refer our reader to the Reviews.

And

And friſky grown, attempts, with aukward prance,
On Wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
Here, ſeiz'd with iliac paſſion, mouthing Leech,
Too low, alas! for Satire's whip to reach,
From his black entrails, Faction's common ſewer,
Diſgorges all her excremental ſtore.

With equal pity and regret the Muſe
The thundering ſtorms that rage around her views;
Impartial views the tides of Diſcord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
Were not her Patriot-heart with anguiſh torn,
Would eye the oppoſing chiefs with equal ſcorn.
Let Freedom's deadlieſt foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her who govern or who fall!
Aloof ſhe ſtands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"
While villany the ſcourge of juſtice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilkes."
Let ſome ſoft mummy of a peer, who ſtains
His rank, ſome ſodden lump of aſs's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his ſanction give;
Support his ſlander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wiſdom all to him ſubmit!
Let proud Ambition's ſons, with hearts ſevere,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag diſplay,
And in embodied ranks her troops array!
While coward Juſtice, trembling on her ſeat,
Like a vile ſlave deſcends to lick her feet!

Nor here let Cenſure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward Muſe has ſtray'd!
Sometimes th' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant burſting, ſwamps the adjacent grounds;
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Thro' the deep channel ſtill purſues its way.
Our pilot now retir'd, no pleaſure knows,
But every man and meaſure to oppoſe;
Like Æſop's cur, ſtill ſnarling and perverſe,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curſe,
No more at Council his advice will lend,
But with all others who adviſe contend:
He bids diſtraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, ſwelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes*:

* After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary perſon is characteriſed, we cannot reſiſt the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very ſimilar complexion and conſtitution, who was alſo diſtinguiſhed by a train of incidents pretty nearly reſembling thoſe we have mentioned above; although he poſſibly never anticipated the ſimilitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of the government of Florence, our hiſtorian informs us, that, "Luca Pitt, a bold and reſolute man, being now made gonfalioncre of juſtice,—having entered upon his office, was very importunate with the people to appoint a balia; but perceiving it was to no purpoſe, he not only treated thoſe that were members of the council with great inſolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and ſoon after put his threats in execution: for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo, in the month of Auguſt 1453, he called the people together

Swallows the penſion; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to ſave,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave.

But ſhould ſome frantic wretch, whom all men know
To nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to ſhame and friendſhip's ſocial tie;
Should ſuch a miſcreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
With cruel rancour wreſting from his heirs
What nature taught them to expect as theirs;

gether into the Piazza, and there compelled them, by force of arms, to do that which they would not ſo much as hear of before. Pitt had alſo very rich preſents, not only from Coſimo and the ſignory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generoſity to him; ſo that it was thought he had above twenty thouſand ducats given him at that time; after which he became ſo popular, that the city was no longer governed by Coſimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This inſpired him with vanity.—After this he had recourſe to very extraordinary means; for he not only extorted more and greater preſents from the chief citizens, but alſo made the commonalty ſupply him with workmen and artificers." MACHIAVEL's Hiſt. Florence. This has an unlucky reſemblance to a certain great perſon's driving through the city with borrowed horſes, and being offered to have his horſes unyoked, and his chariot drawn by his good friends the mob. We ſhall, in due time and place, give ſome account of the fall of Mr. Luca Pitt, and the contempt with which, after ſome particular events, he was univerſally regarded.

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou with this deteſted robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin?
Forbid it, Heaven! thou canſt not be ſo baſe,
To blaſt thy name with infamous diſgrace!
The Muſe who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not ſo black a thought anticipate:
By Heaven, the Muſe her ignorance betrays;
For while a thouſand eyes with wonder gaze,
Tho' gorg'd and glutted with his country's ſtore,
The vulture pounces on the ſhining ore;
In his ſtrong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.
The great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, ſtrikes Expectation dumb.
O! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and liſten to the Muſe's tale,
That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair ſucceſſion ſhall impart!
Ere yet the deſolating god of war
Had cruſh'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had ſhook her ſhores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, To arms!
In climes remote, beyond the ſetting ſun,
Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas! poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain did thy filial boſom groan!
What ſavage armies did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and diſtant from maternal aid!
Thy cottages with cruel flames conſum'd,
And the ſad owner to deſtruction doom'd;

Mangled

Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguiſh torn,
Or left to periſh naked and forlorn!
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins ſhriek'd in vain!
In every look diſtraction ſeem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horror and deſpair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and inſtant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming ſword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That ſhook the deep abyſs from zone to zone:
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the ſtorm of lightning on the foe:
Nor ceas'd till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet *.

* Although our author has no preſent inclination to enter into political controverſy, yet he cannot avoid citing an article from one of the modern dictionaries, which in ſome meaſure is connected with this part of his ſubject, and exhibits a view of the fidelity and gratitude of our fellow-ſubjects in America.

We are informed in the article referred to, that a "cartel in the marine is a ſhip provided in time of war to exchange the priſoners of any two hoſtile powers; alſo to carry any particular requeſt or propoſal from the one to the other: for this reaſon ſhe is particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms, only a ſingle gun for firing ſignals.

"Our honeſt Americans however, who have ſo ſorely grieved of late for paying a ſmall part of the great taxes of this country, although demanded for their own particular protection, made

not

Her fears diſpell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
Her fertile grounds induſtriouſly improv'd,

not only no ſcruple to diſobey and deſpiſe this regulation of cartels during the late war, but, on the contrary, gave continual ſupplies of proviſions to our enemies in the Weſt-Indies, and thereby recovered them, and recruited their fallen ſpirits, at a time when they were gaſping under the weight of our arms. With ſo much addreſs, indeed, did theſe oppreſſed and unfortunate traders conduct this ſcheme, that ten or twelve cartels being laden at the ſame time with beef, pork, bread, flour, &c. ſailed together for the French iſlands, and, in order to evade the ſtrict examination of our ſhips of war, were provided with a guardian privateer, equipped by the ſame expert owners, to ſeize their own veſſels, and direct their courſe to the places of their firſt deſtination; but if they were examined by our ſhips of war, to an Engliſh port. But this clumſy trick did not long eſcape the vigilance of our naval officers, who found that the fellows ſent abroad, by way of commanders or prize-maſters, were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any ſhip; and of conſequence only ſent to elude their ſcrutiny.

"The moſt bare-faced piece of effrontery, however, that was ever committed of this kind, was the ſeizing an armed veſſel, fitted in Philadelphia, to take theſe illegal cartels. She was commanded by a gentleman, whom the majority of the merchants in that city joined to oppoſe and diſtreſs. They employed a crew of ruffians, who ſeized his veſſel openly, in the moſt unwarranted and lawleſs manner, and brought her up in triumph to the town, when ſhe had only five men aboard: and ſo inveterate was their hatred to the commander, that he was obliged to leave the country precipitately, as being in danger of his life."

There cannot be a ſtronger confirmation of the truth of the above account, than the following letter of Mr. Pitt:

Copy

Her towns with trade, with fleets her harbours crown'd,
And Plenty ſmiling on her plains around;
Thus bleſt with all that commerce could ſupply,
America regards with jealous eye,
And canker'd heart, the *Parent*, who ſo late
Had ſnatch'd her gaſping from the jaws of Fate;
Who now, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
With grievous aggravated burdens tax'd,
Her treaſures waſted by a hungry brood
Of cormorants, that ſuck her vital blood;
Who now of *her* demands that tribute due,
For whom alone th' avenging ſword ſhe drew.

Copy of a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the ſeveral Governors and Councils in North America, relating to the Flag of Truce Trade.

" Whitehall, Auguſt 24, 1760.

" Gentlemen,

" The commanders of his Majeſty's forces and fleets in North America and the Weſt Indies have tranſmitted certain and repeated intelligences of an illegal and moſt pernicious trade carried on by the king's ſubjects in North America and the Weſt Indies, as well to the French iſlands as to the French ſettlements on the continent in America, and particularly to the rivers Mobile and Miſſiſippi; by which the enemies, to the great reproach and detriment of government, are ſupplied with proviſions and other neceſſaries; whereby they are principally, if not alone, enabled to ſuſtain and protract this long and expenſive war. And it further appearing, that large ſums of bullion are ſent by the king's ſubjects to the above places, in return whereof commodities are taken, which interfere with the product of the Britiſh colonies themſelves, in open contempt of the authority of the mother-country, as well as the moſt manifeſt prejudice of the

Scarce had America the juſt requeſt
Receiv'd, when kindling in her faithleſs breaſt
Reſentment glows, enrag'd ſedition burns,
And, lo! the mandate of our laws ſhe ſpurns!
Her ſecret hate, incapable of ſhame
Or gratitude, incenſes to a flame,
Derides our power, bids Inſurrection riſe,
Inſults our honour, and our laws deſies;
O'er all her coaſts is heard th' audacious roar,
"England ſhall rule America no more!"

manufactures and trade of Great-Britain: in order, therefore, to put the moſt ſpeedy and effectual ſtop to ſuch flagitious practices, ſo utterly ſubverſive of all laws, and ſo highly repugnant to the well-being of this kingdom:

"It is his majeſty's expreſs will and pleaſure, that you do forthwith make the ſtricteſt and moſt diligent enquiry into the ſtate of this dangerous and ignominious trade; and that you do uſe every means in your power to detect and diſcover perſons concerned either as principals or acceſſaries therein; and that you do take every ſtep authoriſed by law to bring all ſuch heinous offenders to the moſt exemplary and condign puniſhment: and you will, as ſoon as may be, and from time to time tranſmit to me, for the king's information, full and particular accounts of the progreſs you ſhall have made in the execution of this his majeſty's commands, to the which the king expects that you pay the moſt exact obedience. And you are further to uſe your utmoſt endeavours to trace out and inveſtigate the various artifices and evaſions by which the dealers in this iniquitous intercourſe find means to cover their criminal proceedings, and to elude the law; in order that from ſuch lights due and timely conſiderations may be had what farther proviſion may be neceſſary to reſtrain an evil of ſuch extenſive and pernicious conſequences.

I am, &c.

Soon

Soon as on Britain's ſhore th' alarm was heard,
Stern indignation in her look appear'd;
Yet, loth to puniſh, ſhe her ſcourge withheld
From her perfidious ſons who thus rebell'd:
Now ſtung with anguiſh, now with rage aſſail'd,
Till pity in her ſoul at laſt prevail'd,
Determin'd not to draw her penal ſteel
Till fair Perſuaſion made her laſt appeal.
And now the great deciſive hour drew nigh,
She on her darling *Patriot* caſt her eye;
His voice like thunder will ſupport her cauſe,
Enforce her dictates, and ſuſtain her laws;
Rich with her ſpoils, his ſanction will diſmay,
And bid th' inſurgents tremble and obey.
He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to hit,
Diſcover language or ideas fit?
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and ſwagger,
The ſenſe to puzzle, and the brain to ſtagger?
Our *Patriot* comes!—with frenzy fir'd, the Muſe
With allegoric eye his figure views:
Like the grim portreſs of hell-gate he ſtands,
Bellona's ſcourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous ſhark,
'A cry of hell-hounds never-ceaſing bark!'
And lo! th' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millſtone hangs upon his neck!
On him Ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.
Our *Patriot* comes!—the buckles of whoſe ſhoes
Not Cromwell's ſelf was worthy to unlooſe.

Repeat his name in thunder to the ſkies!
Ye hills fall proſtrate, and ye vales ariſe!
Thro' Faction's wilderneſs prepare the way!
Prepare, ye liſtening ſenates, to obey!
The idol of the mob, behold him ſtand,
The alpha and omega of the land!
Methinks I hear the bellowing *Demagogue*
Dumb-ſounding declamations diſembogue,
Expreſſions of immeaſurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of ſtrength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the ſenſe;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exaſperated metaphors convey!
With theſe auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enrag'd Sedition beat the charge;
From England's ſanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And liſts to *guide* in Inſurrection's cauſe.
And lo! where, in her ſacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while ſhe yet ſuſpends her impious aim,
With thoſe infernal lungs arouſe the flame!
Tho' England merits not her leaſt regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes ſhall reward!
Ariſe, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies and provoke the war!
Rebellion waits, impatient of delay,
The ſignal her black enſigns to diſplay *.

* * * * * * * * * * *

* Luca Pitt continued at Florence, preſuming upon his late alliance, and the promiſes which Pietro had made him; * * * *

But

To thee, whoſe ſoul, all ſteadfaſt and ſerene,
Beholds the tumults that diſtract our ſcene;
And, in the calmer ſeats of wiſdom plac'd,
Enjoys the ſweets of ſentiment and taſte;
To thee, O *Marius!* whom no factions ſway,
Th' impartial Muſe devotes her honeſt lay!
In her fond breaſt no proſtituted aim,
Nor venal hope, aſſumes fair Friendſhip's name:
Sooner ſhall *Churchill*'s feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering *Demagogue* aſtray,

But amongſt all the changes that enſued upon this revolution, nothing was more remarkable than the caſe of Luca Pitt, who ſoon began to experience the difference betwixt proſperity and adverſity, betwixt living in authority and falling into diſgrace. His houſe, which uſed to be crowded with ſwarms of followers and dependants, was now as unfrequented as a deſert; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being ſeen with him, but durſt not even ſalute him if they met him in the ſtreet; ſome of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their eſtates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he had begun to build were abandoned by the workmen; the ſervices he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuſe; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable preſents, now came to demand them again, as only lent; and others, who before uſed to flatter and extol him to the ſkies, in theſe circumſtances, loaded him with contumely and reproaches of ingratitude and violence; ſo that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt. MACH. Hiſt. Flor.

Darkling

Darkling to grope and flounce in Error's night,
Eclipſe great *Mansfield*'s ſtrong meridian light,
Than ſhall the change of fortune, time or place,
Thy generous friendſhip in my heart efface!
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering ſcenes of war;
Or in the bleſt retreat of Virtue laid,
Where Contemplation ſpreads her awful ſhade;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven deſert me at my lateſt hour!
Still Satire bids my boſom beat to arms,
And throb with irreſiſtible alarms.
Like ſome full river charg'd with falling ſhowers,
Still o'er my breaſt her ſwelling deluge pours.
But Reſt and Silence now, who wait beſide,
With their ſtrong flood-gates bar th' impetuous tide.

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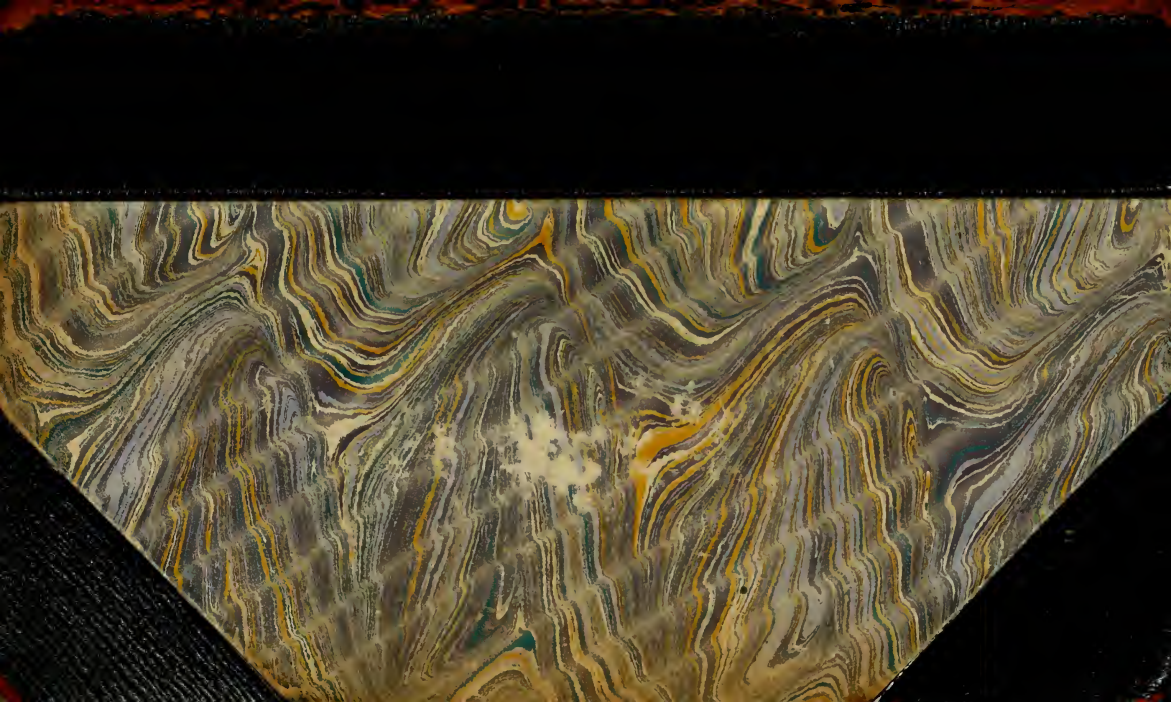
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